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James M. Crothers.

James M. Crothers

JAMES M. CROTHERS
415 HODGE HALL
PRINCETON, N. J.

Hymns in which the time
is incorrectly sung.

344
222
207
187
209
270
192

35
247
~~246~~ 42
286
163
249
3016



The Greatest Hymns

GEO. C. STEBBINS

R. A. TORREY

Compilers

Printed in the U. S. A.



PRICES

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Foreword

THERE has been a growing demand for a combination Hymnal and Gospel Song Book, a book which could be used in any service of the Church for any purpose. Mr. Stebbins and Dr. Torrey, because of their many years of experience in Church, Bible Conference and Evangelistic work, are particularly fitted to compile a book of this character. We believe that they have selected the best songs available.

In keeping with the high character of the songs are the fine printing and binding. We have endeavored to build into these books many years of satisfied service.

We wish to record our appreciation to the composers and publishers, who have so graciously allowed us to use their best songs.

It is our prayer and desire that this book may be used by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the saving of many souls and the drawing of others closer to Him.

THE PUBLISHERS

The Greatest Hymns

LORD'S DAY

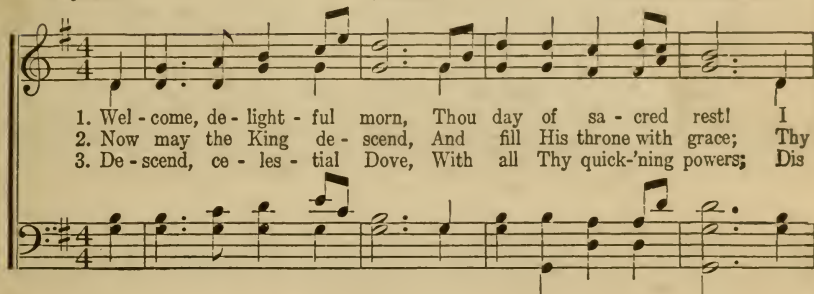
1

Welcome, Delightful Morn.

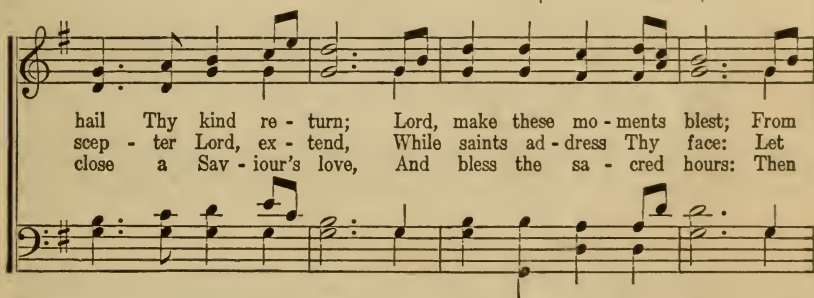
Hayward.

(Lischer.)

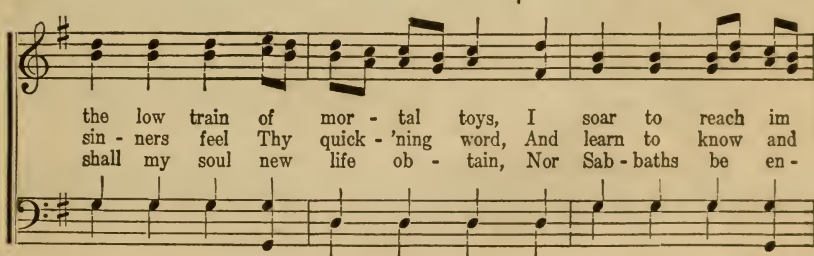
Friedrich Schneider.



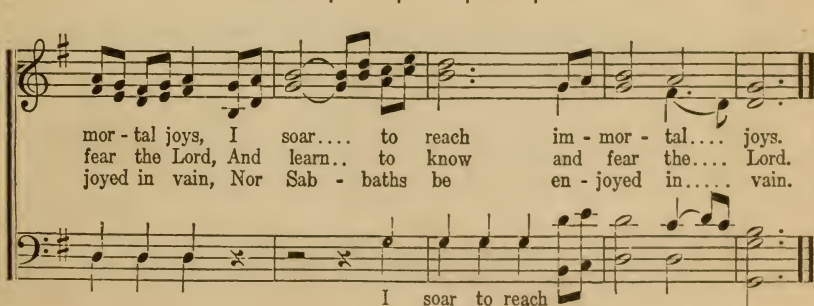
1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I
 2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
 3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning powers; Dis



hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest; From
 scep - ter Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face; Let
 close a Sav - iour's love, And bless the sa - cred hours: Then



the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im
 sin - ners feel Thy quick - 'ning word, And learn to know and
 shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab - baths be en -



mor - tal joys, I soar... to reach im - mor - tal... joys.
 fear the Lord, And learn.. to know and fear the... Lord.
 joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in.... vain.

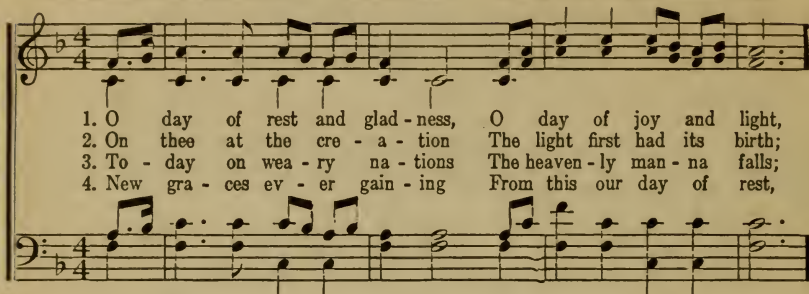
I soar to reach

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

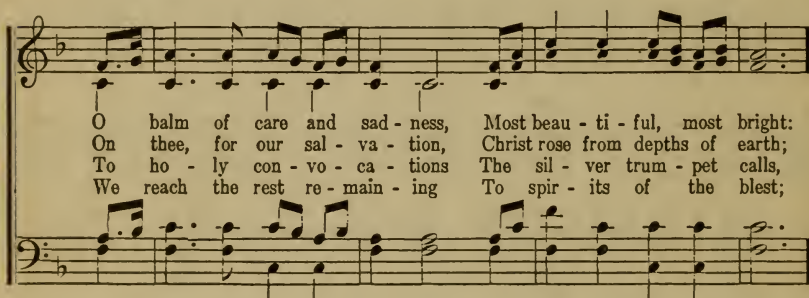
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

(Mendebras.)

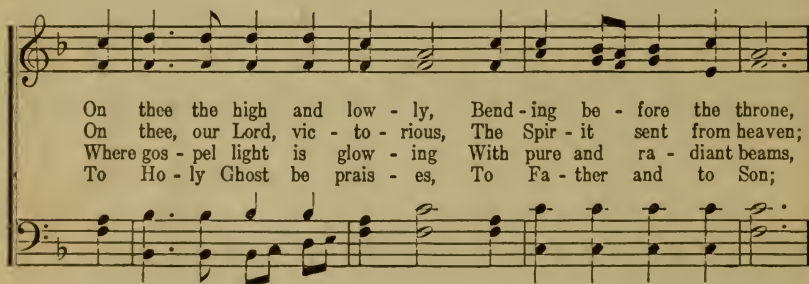
Arranged by Lowell Mason, 1830.



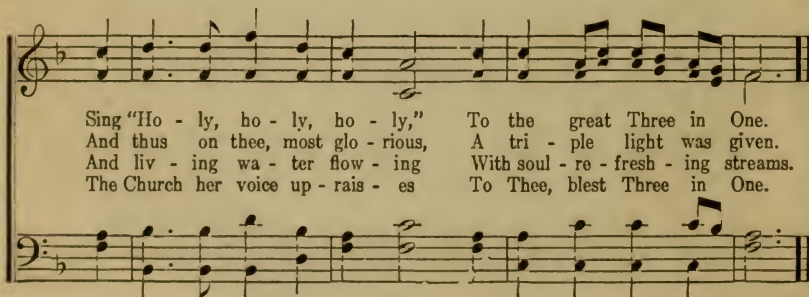
1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. On thee at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
 3. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heaven-ly man-na falls;
 4. New gra-cies ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,



O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright:
 On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
 To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver trum-pet calls,
 We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest;



On thee the high and low-ly, Bend-ing be-fore the throne,
 On thee, our Lord, vic-to-ri-ous, The Spir-it sent from heaven;
 Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams,
 To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther and to Son;



Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great Three in One.
 And thus on thee, most glo-ri-ous, A tri-ple light was given.
 And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.
 The Church her voice up-rai-s-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

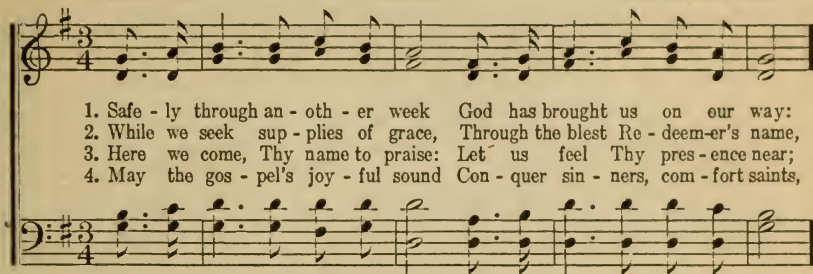
3

Safely Through Another Week.

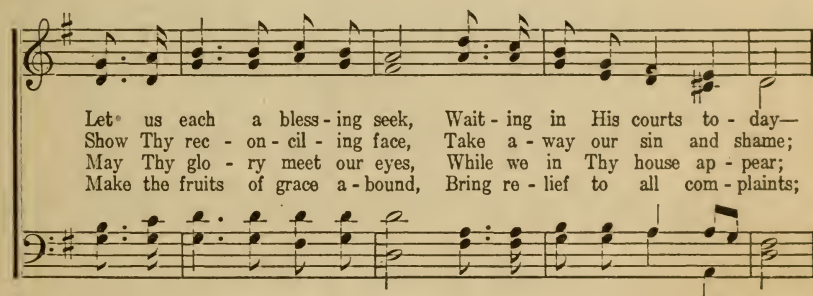
John Newton, 1779.

(Sabbath.)

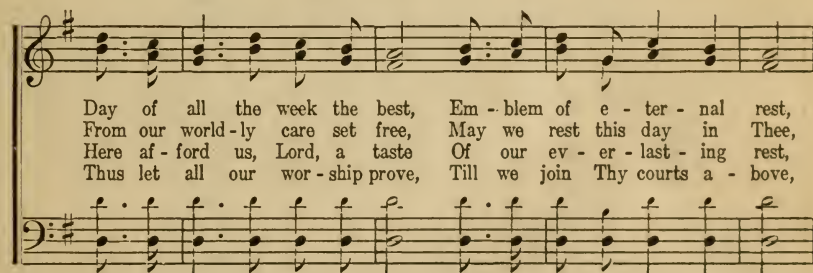
Lowell Mason, 1824.



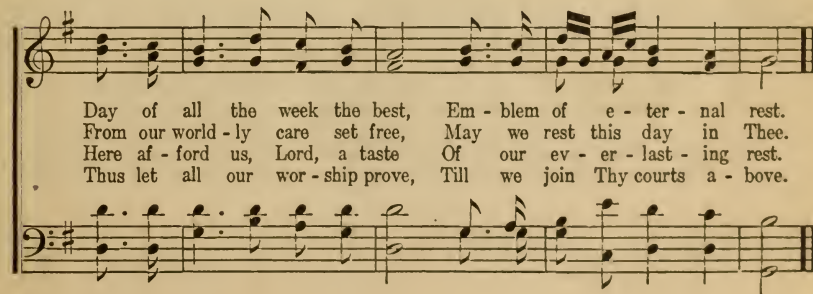
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way:
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Through the blest Re - deem-er's name,
 3. Here we come, Thy name to praise: Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints,



Let us each a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day—
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,
 From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest,
 Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove,



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.
 Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove.

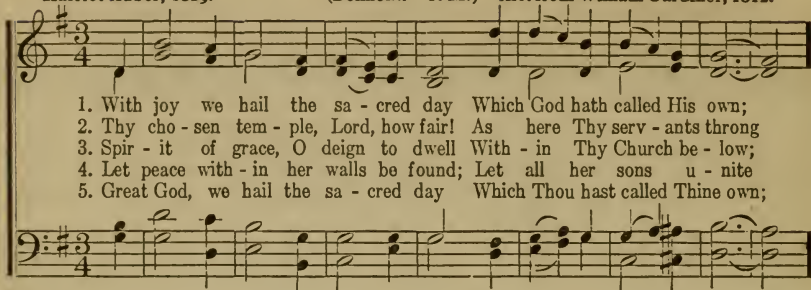
4

With Joy We Hail the Sacred Day.

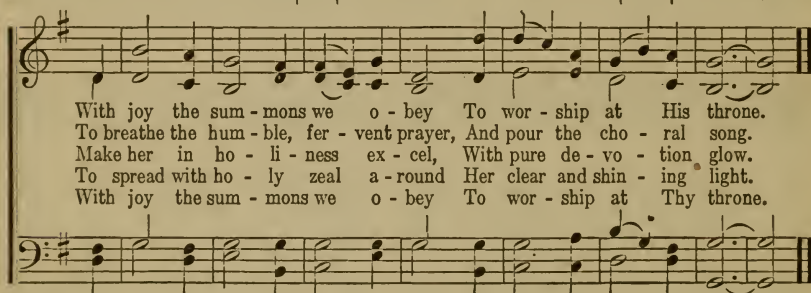
Harriet Auber, 1829.

(Belmont. C. M.)

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812.



1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God hath called His own;
 2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here Thy serv - ants throng
 3. Spir - it of grace, O deign to dwell With - in Thy Church be - low;
 4. Let peace with - in her walls be found; Let all her sons u - nite
 5. Great God, we hail the sa - cred day Which Thou hast called Thine own;



With joy the sum - mons we o - bey To wor - ship at His throne.
 To breathe the hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the cho - ral song.
 Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.
 To spread with ho - ly zeal a - round Her clear and shin - ing light.
 With joy the sum - mons we o - bey To wor - ship at Thy throne.


5

This Is the Day of Light.

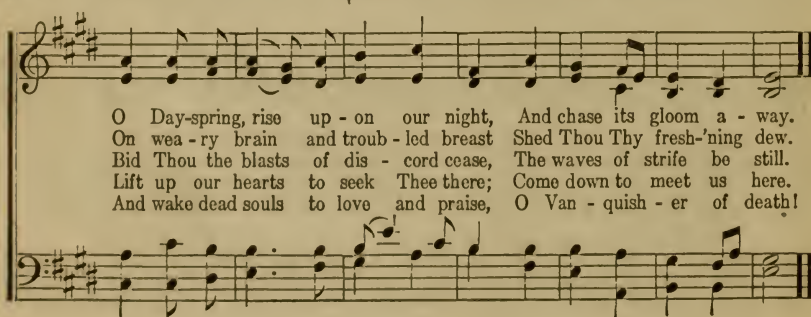
John Ellerton.

(Mornington. S. M.)

Earl of Mornington.



1. This is the day of Light: Let there be light to - day;
 2. This is the day of Rest: Our fail - ing strength re - new;
 3. This is the day of Peace: Thy peace our spir - its fill;
 4. This is the day of Prayer: Let earth to heaven draw near;
 5. This is the First of days: Send forth Thy quick - 'ning breath,



O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.
 On wea - ry brain and troub - led breast Shed Thou Thy fresh - ning dew.
 Bid Thou the blasts of dis - cord cease, The waves of strife be still.
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there; Come down to meet us here.
 And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Van - quish - er of death!

6

Our Day of Praise is Done.

John Ellerton, 1868.

(Leighton. S. M.)

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;
 2. A - round the throne on high, Where night can nev - er be,
 3. Too faint our an - thems here; Too soon of praise we tire;
 4. Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will, If Thou at - tune the heart,
 5. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each way - ward thought re - claim,
 6. A lit - tle while, and then Shall come the glo - rious end;

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light - 'nest all.
 The white-robed harp - ers of the sky Bring cease - less hymns to Thee.
 But O the strains how full and clear, Of that e - ter - nal choir!
 We in Thine an - gels' mu - sic still May bear our low - er part.
 And make our life a dai - ly psalm Of glo - ry to Thy name.
 And songs of an - gels and of men In per - fect praise shall blend.

7

Softly Fades the Twilight Ray.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

(Holley. 7. 7. 7. 7.)

George Hews, 1835.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;
 2. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God;
 3. Still the Spir - it lin - gers near, Where the eve - ning wor - ship - per
 4. Sav - iour, may our Sab - baths be Days of peace and joy in Thee!

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
 Sym - bol of the peace with - in, When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Seeks com - mun - ion with the skies, Press - ing on - ward to the prize.
 Till in heav'n our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

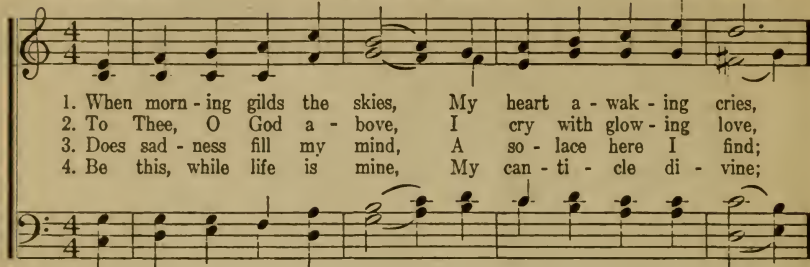
8

When Morning Gilds the Skies.

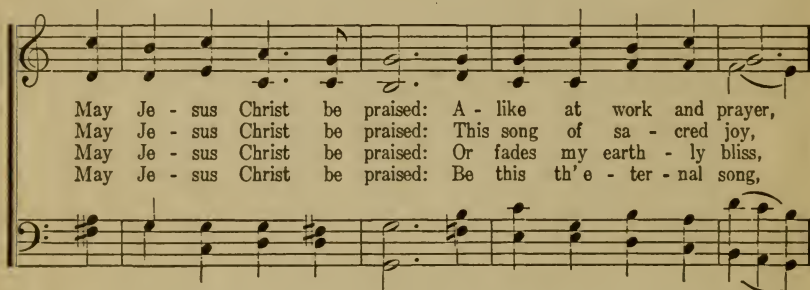
Edward Caswell, Tr.

(Laudes Domini 6. 6. 6. D.)

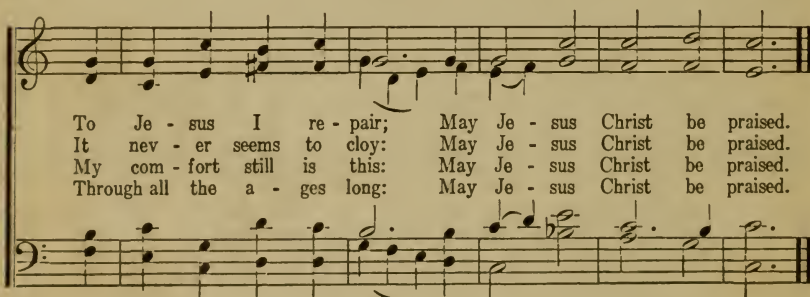
Joseph Barnby.



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. To Thee, O God a - bove, I cry with glow - ing love,
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A so - lace here I find;
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine;



May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: This song of sa - cred joy,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Be this th'e - ter - nal song,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 It nev - er seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Through all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

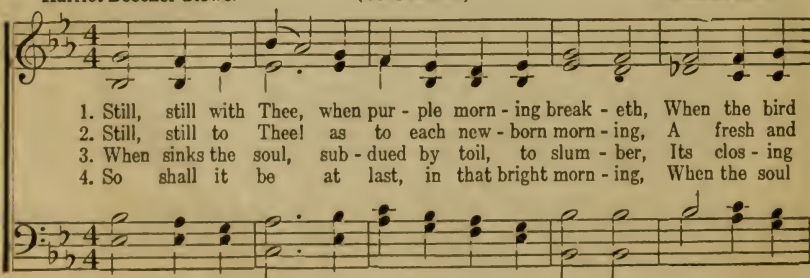
9

Still, Still With Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

(Consolation.)

Mendelssohn.



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
 2. Still, still to Thee! as to each new - born morn - ing, A fresh and
 3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
 4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul

Still, Still With Thee.—Concluded.

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, lov - li -
sol - emn splen - dor still is given, So does this bless - ed con - sci -
eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy
wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than

er than day - light, Dawns the sweet con - sci - ous - ness, I am with Thee.
ness a - wak - ing, Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and heaven.
wings o'er shad - ing, But sweet - er still to wake and find Him there.
day - light dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought—I am with Thee.

10

Sweetly the Holy Hymn.

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

Joseph E. Sweetser.

1. Sweet - ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn - ing air:
2. While flowers are wet with dews, Dew of our souls, de - scend:
3. Up - on the bat - tle - field, Be - fore the fight be - gins,
4. On the lone moun - tain side, Be - fore the morn - ing's light,
5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,

Be - fore the world with smoke is dim We meet to of - fer prayer.
Ere yet the sun the day re - news, O Lord, Thy Spir - it send.
We seek, O Lord, Thy shelt - 'ring shield, To guard us from our sins.
The Man of sor - rows wept and cried, And rose re - freshed with might.
We make the Sav - iour's name our plea, And sure - ly must pre - vail.

11 Lord, in the Morning Thou Shalt Hear.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Warwick. C. M.)

Samuel Stanley, 1800.

1. Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
 2. Up to the hills, where Christ is gone To plead for all His saints,
 3. But to Thy house will I re - sort, To taste Thy mer - cies there;
 4. O may Thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right - eous - ness;

To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.
 Pre - sent - ing at His Fa - ther's throne, Our songs and our com - plaints.
 I will fre - quent Thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in Thy fear.
 Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face.

12 New Every Morning Is the Love.

John Keble, 1822.

(Canonbury. L. M.)

Robert Schumann, 1833.

1. New ev - 'ry morn - ing is the love Our wak - ning and up - ris - ing prove,—
 2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, Hov - er a - round us while we pray,—
 3. The tri - vial round, the com - mon task, Will fur - nish all we ought to ask,—
 4. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit us for per - fect rest a - bove,

Through sleep and dark - ness safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life and power, and thought.
 New per - ils past, new sins for - given, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
 Room to de - ny our - selves, a road To bring us dai - ly near - er God.
 And help us, this and ev - 'ry day, To live more near - ly as we pray.

13

God of the Morning.

Thomas Ken, 1692.

(Duke Street. L. M.)

John Hatton, -1793.

1. God of the morn-ing at whose voice The cheer-ful sun makes haste to rise,
 2. From the fair cham-bers of the East The cir-cuit of his race be-gins;
 3. O, like the sun, may I ful-fill Th'appoint-ed du-ties of the day,
 4. Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low,

And like a gi-ant doth re-joice To run his jour-ney thro' the skies.
 And with-out wea-ri-ness or rest, Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
 With read-y mind and ac-tive will March on, and keep my heaven-ly way!
 Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

14

Lord God of Morning.

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1862.

(Germany.)

Arr. from Beethoven, 1815.

1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
 2. Fresh hopes have waken-ed in the heart, Fresh en-er-gy to do our part;
 3. O Lord of light! 'tis Thou a-lone Canst make our dark-ened hearts Thine own;
 4. Praise God, our Mak-er and our Friend; Praise Him thro' time, till time shall end;

As in the dawn the shad-ows fly, We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
 Thy thous-and sleeps our strength re-store, A thous-and-fold to serve Thee more.
 Tho' this new day with joy we see, Great dawn of God! we cry for Thee.
 Till psalm and song His name a-dore Thro' heav'n's great day of ev-er-more.

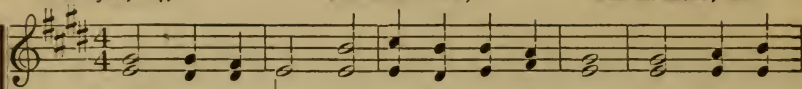
15

Abide With Me.

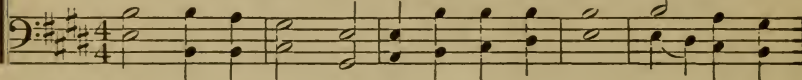
H. F. Lyte., 1847

(Eventide. 10 s.)

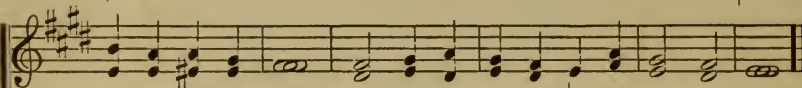
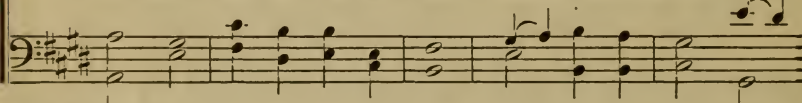
Wm. H. Monk, 1861.



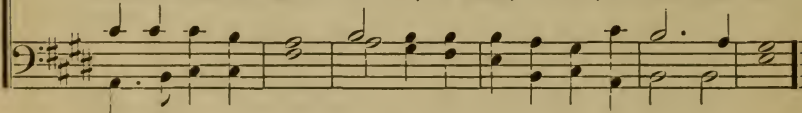
1. A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the



- deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bidel When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempt - er's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn - ing breaks and



- fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - eth not, a - bid with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid with me!
 earth's vain shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!



16

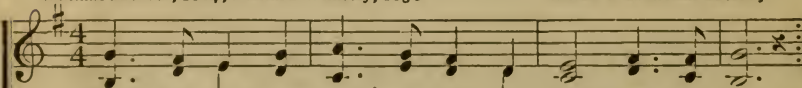
God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.

(Ar Hyd Y Nos. 8.4.8.4.8 8.8.4.)

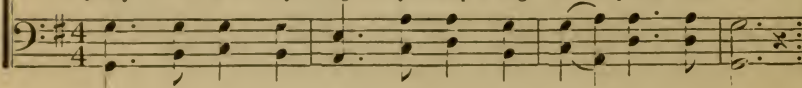
Reginald Hebner, 1783-1826.

William Mercer, 1864; Richard Whately, 1838

Welsh Traditional Melody.



1. { God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light; }
 { Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night; }
 2. { And when morn a - gain shall call us To run life's way, }
 { May we still, what - e'er be - fall us, Thy will o - bey. }
 3. { Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die, }
 { May we in Thy might - y keep - ing All peace - ful lie. }



God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.—Concluded.

May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy
From the power of e - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way
When the last dread trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord, for -

send us, Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
guide us, Nor Thy smile be e'er de - nied us, The live - long day.
sake us, But to reign in glo - ry take us, With Thee on high.

17

Now the Day Is Over.

S. Baring-Gould.

J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Through the long night - watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - derest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

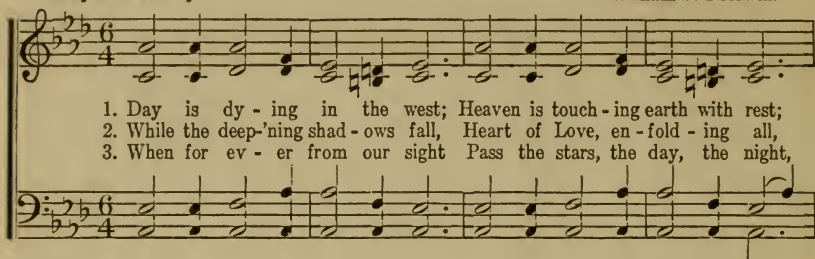
eve-ning Steal a - cross

the sky.

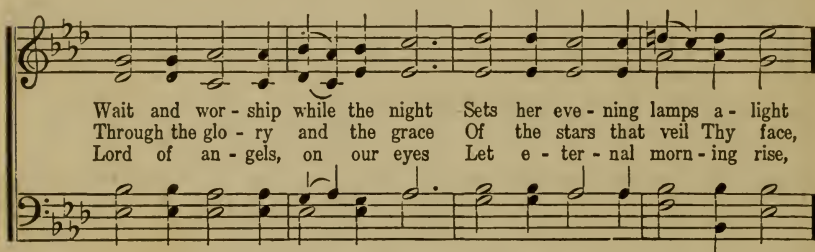
Day Is Dying In the West.

Mary A. Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

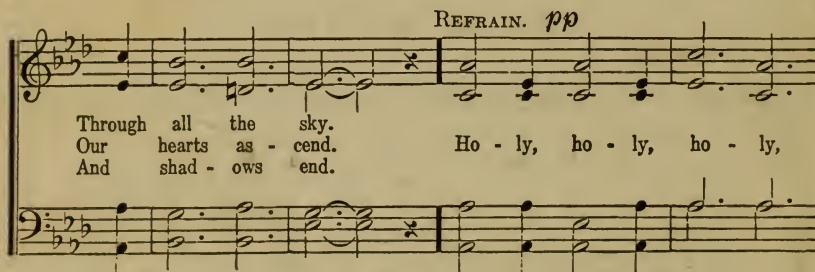


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing earth with rest;
 2. While the deep - ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
 3. When for ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,



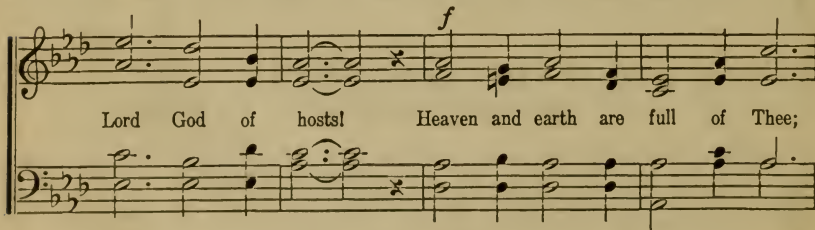
Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light
 Through the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face,
 Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise,

REFRAIN. *pp*



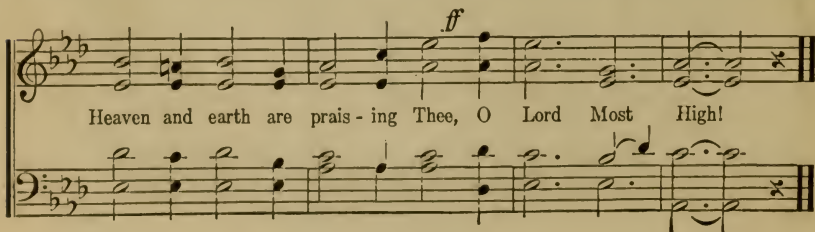
Through all the sky.
 Our hearts as - cend. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 And shad - ows end.

f



Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee;

ff



Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

19 Saviour, Breathe An Evening Blessing.

James Edmeston.

(Evening Prayer. 8s. 7s.)

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
 2. Though de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly;
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

rit.
 Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An - gel - guards from Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

Copyright, 1919, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., Owners.

20 Softly Now the Light of Day.

Geo. W. Doane.

(Seymour. 7s.)

Carl M. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
 2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es-apes, with-out, with - in,
 3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

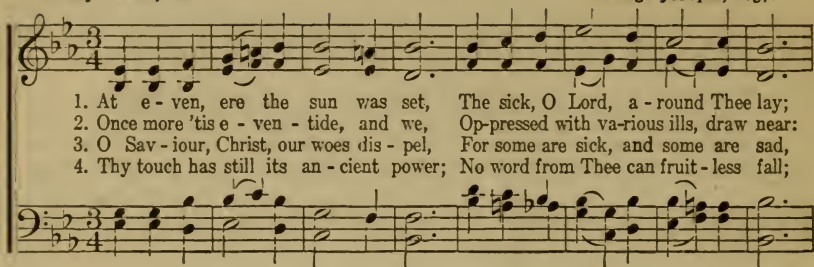
21

At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set.

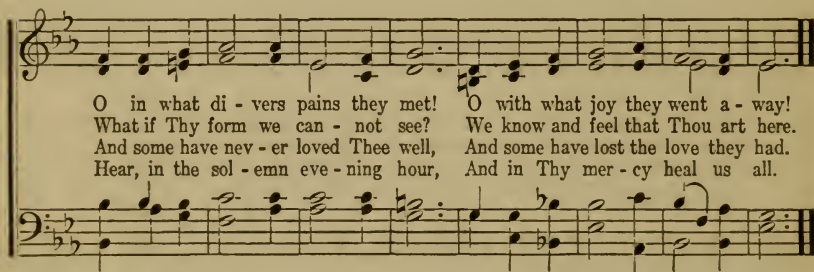
Henry Twells, 1868.

(Angelus. L. M.)

George Josephi, 1657.



1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;
 2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we, Op-pressed with va-rious ills, draw near:
 3. O Sav - iour, Christ, our woes dis - pel, For some are sick, and some are sad,
 4. Thy touch has still its an - cient power; No word from Thee can fruit - less fall;



O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a - way!
 What if Thy form we can - not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
 And some have nev - er loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
 Hear, in the sol - emn eve - ning hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all.

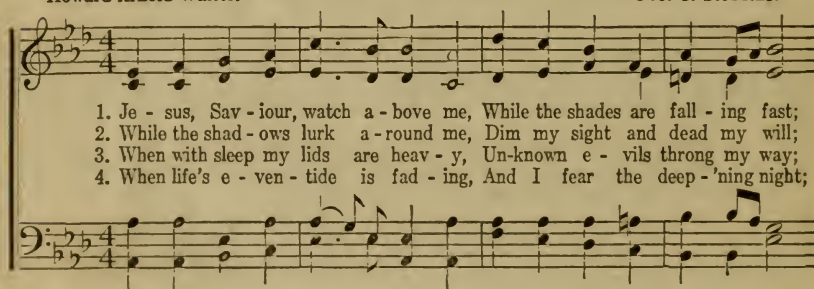
22

Jesus, Saviour, Watch Above Us.

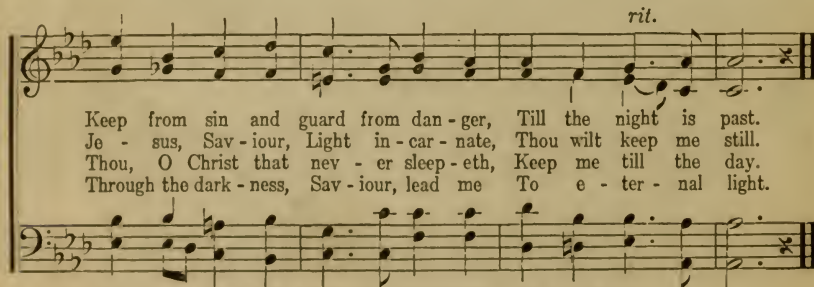
Howard Arnold Walter.

(Vesper Hymn. 8s. 7s.)

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, watch a - bove me, While the shades are fall - ing fast;
 2. While the shad - ows lurk a - round me, Dim my sight and dead my will;
 3. When with sleep my lids are heav - y, Un-known e - vils throng my way;
 4. When life's e - ven - tide is fad - ing, And I fear the deep - 'ning night;



rit.
 Keep from sin and guard from dan - ger, Till the night is past.
 Je - sus, Sav - iour, Light in - car - nate, Thou wilt keep me still.
 Thou, O Christ that nev - er sleep - eth, Keep me till the day.
 Through the dark - ness, Sav - iour, lead me To e - ter - nal light.

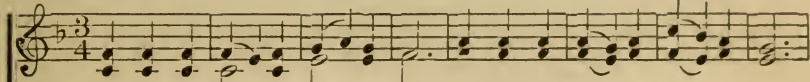
23

Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

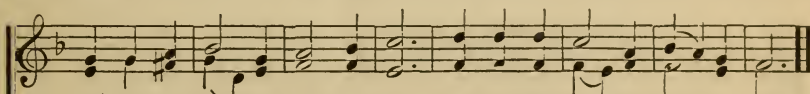
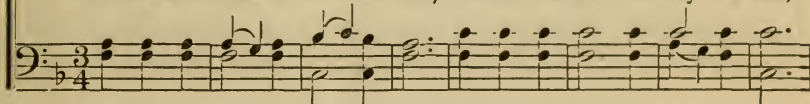
John Keble, 1820.

(Hursley. L. M.)

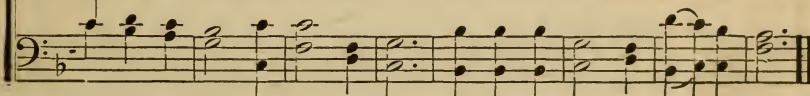
Peter Ritter, 1792.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dew's of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,



- O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o-cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.



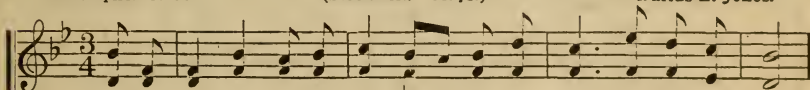
24

Silently the Shades of Evening.

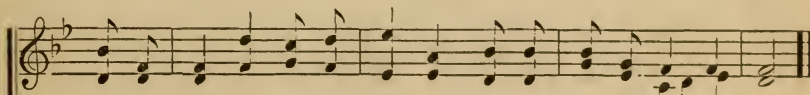
Christopher C. Cox.

(Stockwell. 8s. 7s.)

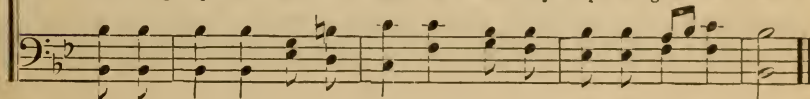
Darius E. Jones.



1. Si-lent-ly the shades of eve-ning Gath-er round my low-ly door;
 2. Oh, the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got;
 3. Liv-ing in the si-lent ho-urs, Where our spir-its on-ly blend,
 4. How such ho-ly memories clus-ter, Like the stars when storms are past,



- Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me Fa-cies I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone-ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.
 They, un-linked with earth-ly trou-ble, We still hop-ing for its end.
 Point-ing up to that fair heav-en We may hope to gain at last.



25 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton.

(Ellers. ros.)

E. J. Hopkins.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise: We stand to bless Thee
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark - ness in - to light: From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

ere our wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

26 The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away.

Godfrey Thring, 1864.

(Almsgiving. 8.8.8.4.)

John B. Dykes, 1865.

1. The ra - daint morn hath passed a - way And spent too soon its gold - en store,
 2. Our life is but an au - tumn sun, Its glo - rious noon how quick - ly past;
 3. O by Thy soul - in - spir - ing grace Up - lift our hearts to realms on high!
 4. Where saints are clothed in spot - less white, And eve - ning shad - ows nev - er fall;

The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away.—Concluded.

The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more.
 Lead us, O Christ, our life - work done, Safe home at last.
 Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the sky.
 Where Thou, e - ter - nal Light of Light, Art Lord of all.

27 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

(Sicily. 8.7.8.7.8.7.)

Anon., 1773; Ascribed to Joseph Fawcett.

Tattersall's Psalmody, 1794.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
 3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sav - iour, from the world a - way,

Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound:
 Let no fear of death ap - pal us Glad Thy sum - mons to o - bey:

O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav - ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
 Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er faith - ful, To the truth may we be found;
 May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Thee in end - less day.

28 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

Reginald Heber.

(Nicæa.)

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see. On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in power in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

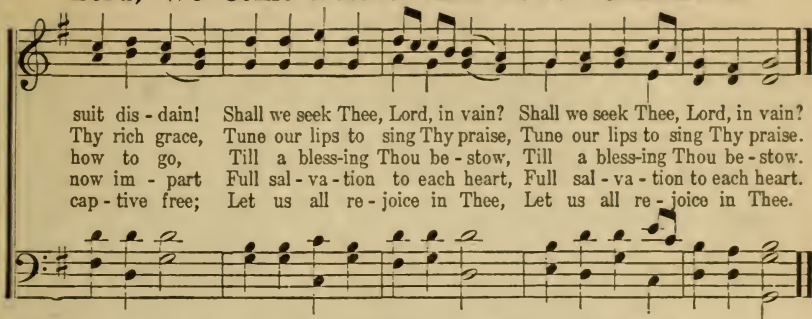
29 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

Rev. William B. Hammond, 1745. (Hendon. 7.7.7.7.)

Cæsar Malan, 1827.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow; O, do not our
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with
 3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, we know not
 4. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford; Let Thy spir - it
 5. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Heal the sick; the

Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.—Concluded.



suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 how to go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
 now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart, Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
 cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in Thee, Let us all re - joice in Thee.

30

Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.

(Louvan. L. M.)

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847.



1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick - 'ning ray Sheds on our
 3. Our mid - night is Thy smile with - drawn; Our noon - tide
 4. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is
 5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind - ling

flames from sun and star; Cen - ter and soul of
 path the glow of day; Star of our hope, Thy
 is Thy gra - cious dawn; Our rain - bow arch, Thy
 truth, whose warmth is love, Be - fore Thy ev - er -
 hearts that burn for Thee, Till all Thy liv - ing

ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
 soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
 mer - cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
 blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - ter of our own.
 al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heaven - ly flame.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

(Italian Hymn.)

Felice de Giardini, 1769.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To Thee, great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who Al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sov - reign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

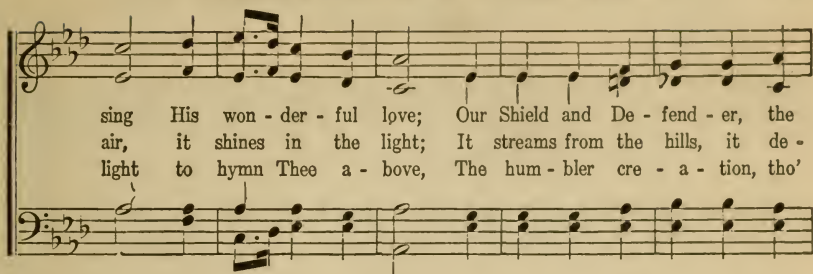
Robert Grant.

(Lyons.)

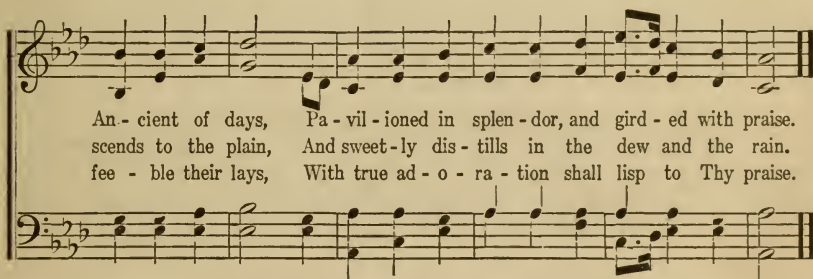
Haydn.

1. O wor - ship the King, all - glo - ri - ous a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
 2. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 3. Our Fa - ther and God, how faith - ful Thy love! While an - gels de -

O Worship the King.—Concluded.



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
 light to hymn Thee a - bove, The hum - bler cre - a - tion, tho'



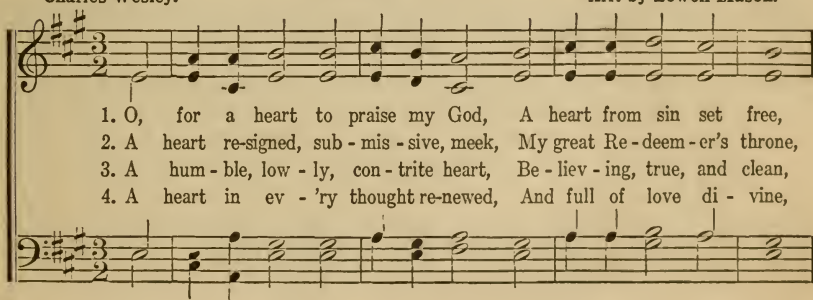
An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 fee - ble their lays, With true ad - o - ra - tion shall lisp to Thy praise.

33 O, For a Heart to Praise My God.

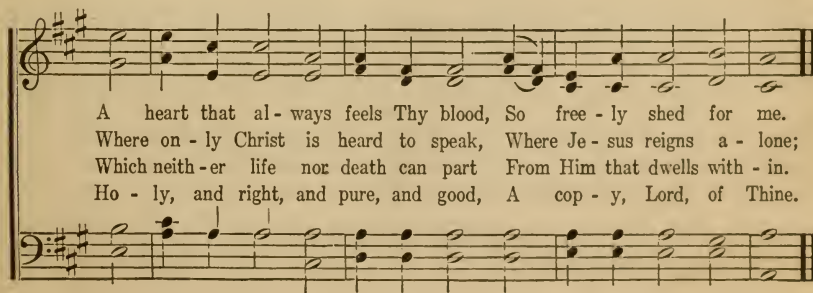
Charles Wesley.

(Azmon. C. M.)

Carl G. Glaser, 1828.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart re-signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne,
 3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di - vine,



A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me.
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone;
 Which neith - er life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.
 Ho - ly, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

34 Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

Thomas Ken, 1692.

(Old Hundredth. L. M.)

Louis Bourgeois, 1551.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

35 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(Manoah. C. M.)

Arranged from Rossini.

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heaven-ly theme, And speak some bound-less thing,
2. Tell of His won-drous faith-ful-ness, And sound His power a - broad;
3. His ver - y word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
4. O might I hear Thy heaven-ly tongue But whis - per "Thou art mine!"

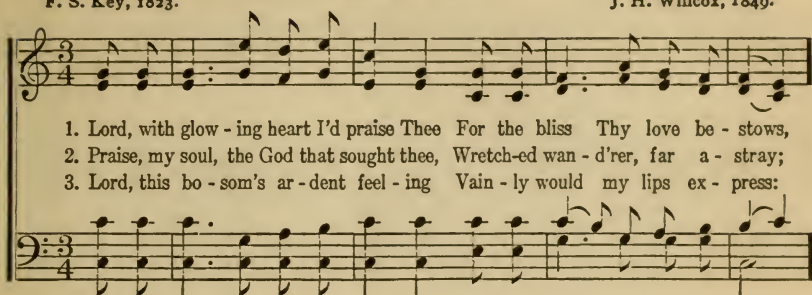
The might - y works, or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.
 Sing the sweet prom - ise of His grace, The love and truth of God.
 The voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom - is - es.
 Those gen - tle words should raise my song To notes al - most di - vine.

36 Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

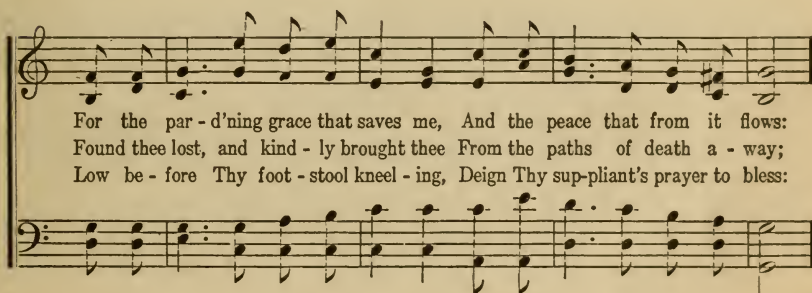
F. S. Key, 1823.

(Fabien. 8s. 7s. D.)

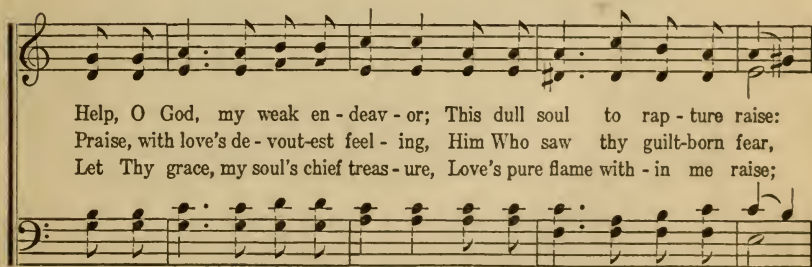
J. H. Willcox, 1849.



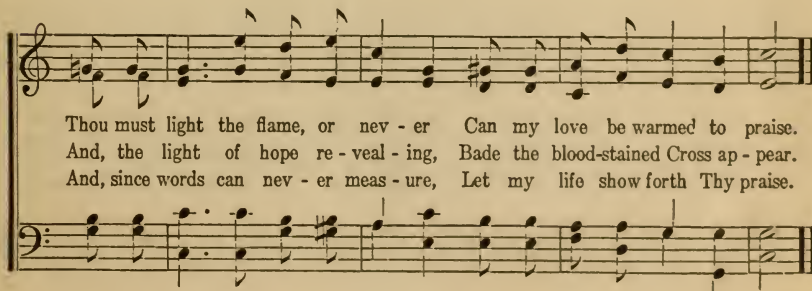
1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
 2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretch-ed wan - d'rer, far a - stray;
 3. Lord, this bo - som's ar - dent feel - ing Vain - ly would my lips ex - press:



For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
 Found thee lost, and kind - ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way;
 Low be - fore Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, Deign Thy sup-pliant's prayer to bless:



Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:
 Praise, with love's de - vout-est feel - ing, Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with - in me raise;



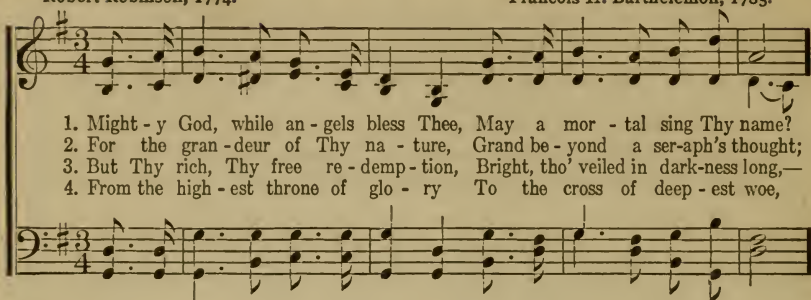
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
 And, the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood-stained Cross ap - pear.
 And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee.

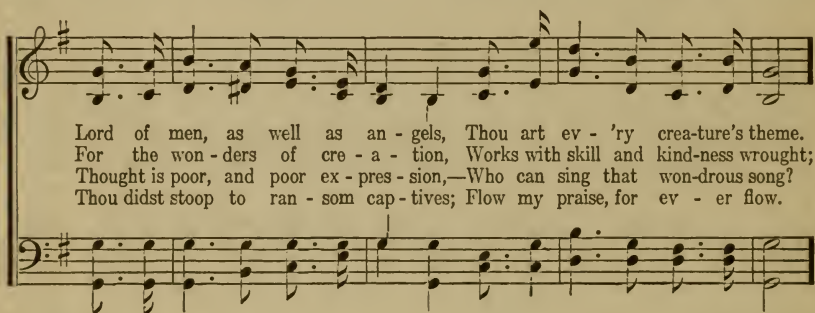
Robert Robinson, 1774.

(Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.)

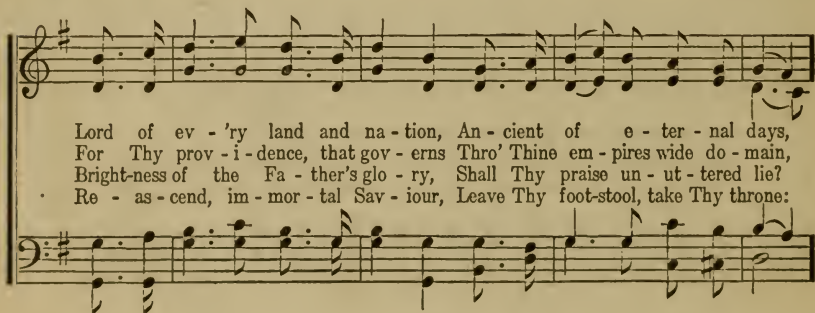
Francois H. Barthelemon, 1785.



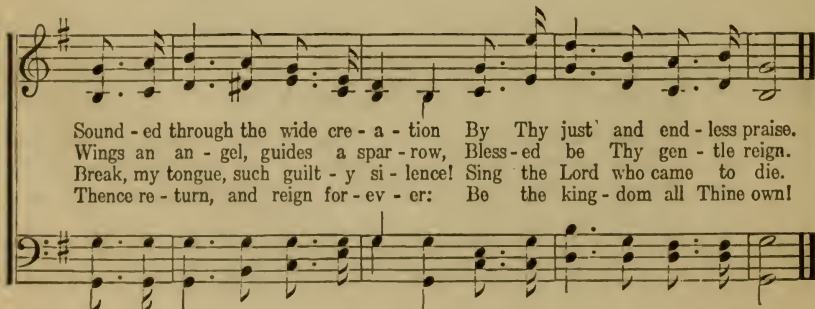
1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?
 2. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture, Grand be - yond a ser - aph's thought;
 3. But Thy rich, Thy free re - demp - tion, Bright, tho' veiled in dark - ness long,—
 4. From the high - est throne of glo - ry To the cross of deep - est woe,



Lord of men, as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme.
 For the won - ders of cre - a - tion, Works with skill and kind - ness wrought;
 Thought is poor, and poor ex - pres - sion,—Who can sing that won - drous song?
 Thou didst stoop to ran - som cap - tives; Flow my praise, for ev - er flow.



Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,
 For Thy prov - i - dence, that gov - erns Thro' Thine em - pires wide do - main,
 Bright - ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
 Re - as - cend, im - mor - tal Sav - iour, Leave Thy foot - stool, take Thy throne:



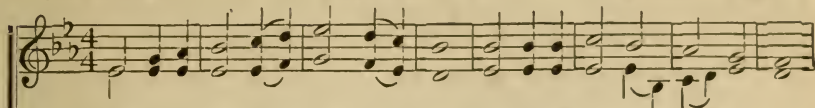
Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion By Thy just' and end - less praise.
 Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row, Bless - ed be Thy gen - tle reign.
 Break, my tongue, such guilt - y si - lence! Sing the Lord who came to die.
 Thence re - turn, and reign for - ev - er: Be the king - dom all Thine own!

38 Awake, My Tongue, Thy Tribute Bring.

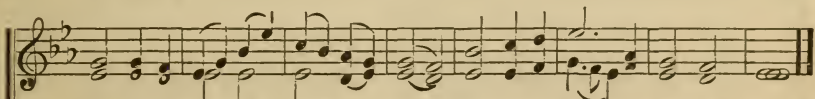
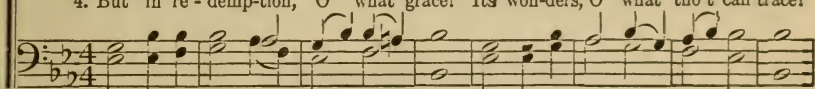
John Needham.

(Duke Street. L. M.)

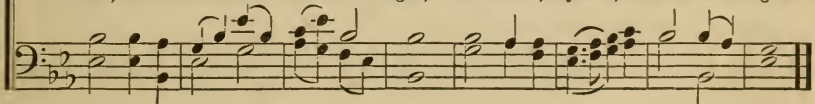
John Hatton, c. 1793.



1. A-wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To Him who gave thee power to sing;
2. How vast His knowl-edge, how pro - found! A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned;
3. Thro' each bright world a-bove, be - hold Ten thousand, thousand charms un-fold:
4. But in re - demp-tion, O what grace! Its won-ders, O what tho't can trace!



Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.
 The stars He num - bers, and their names He gives to all those heav - en - ly flames.
 Earth, air and might - y seas com - bine To speak His wis - dom all di - vine.
 Here, wis - dom shines for - ev - er bright; Praise Him, my soul, with sweet de - light.

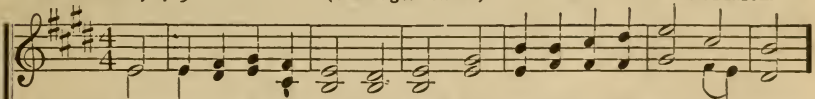


39 The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord.

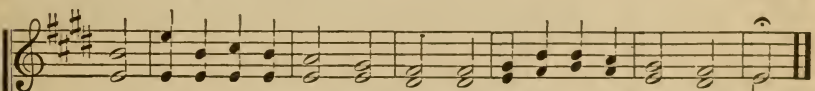
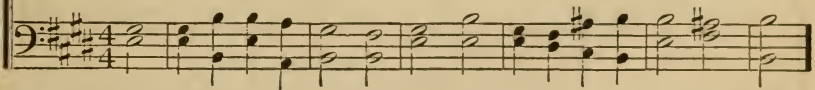
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Uxbridge. L. M.)

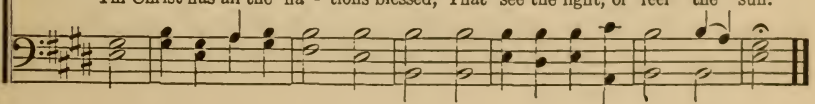
Lowell Mason.



1. The heavens declare Thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom shines;
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days Thy power con - fess;
3. Sun, moon, and stars con - vey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand;
4. Nor shall Thy spreading gos - pel rest, Till thro' the world Thy truth has run,



But, when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.
 But the blest vol - ume Thou hast writ Re - veals Thy jus - tice and Thy grace.
 So, when Thy truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev - 'ry land.
 Till Christ has all the na - tions blessed, That see the light, or feel the sun.



Charles Wesley.

(Mendelssohn. 7s. D.)

F. Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Right - eous - ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb:
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.

Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see; Hail th' In - car - nate De - i - ty,
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus our Im - man - u - el,
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King."

O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks, 1865.

(St. Louis. 8. 6. 7.)

Lewis H. Redner, 1865.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

Isaac Watts.

(Antioch. 8s. 6s.)

G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns: Let men their songs em-ploy, While
 3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tion prove The

ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
 comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found. Far
 glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heaven and nature

heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven and heaven and na-ture sing.
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.
 won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.

sing, And heaver and na-ture sing,

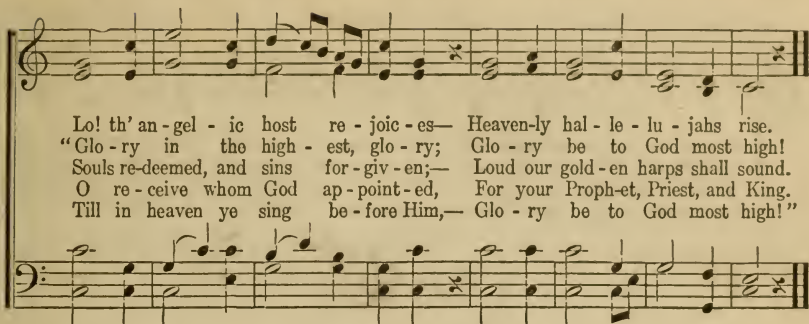
John Cawood.

(Rathbun. 8s. 7s.)

Ithamar Conkey.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voic-es, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?
 2. Lis-ten to the won-drous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
 3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reach-ing far as man is found;
 4. "Christ is born, the great A-noint-ed; Heaven and earth His prais-es sing:
 5. "Has-ten, mor-tals, to a-dore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy;

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices.—Concluded.



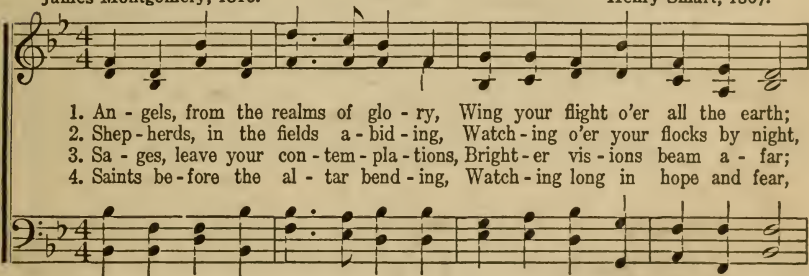
Lo! th' an - gel - ic host re - joic - es— Heaven-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
 "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!
 Souls re-deemed, and sins for-giv-en;— Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.
 O re - ceive whom God ap-point-ed, For your Proph-et, Priest, and King.
 Till in heaven ye sing be-fore Him,— Glo - ry be to God most high!"

44 Angels, from the Realms of Glory.

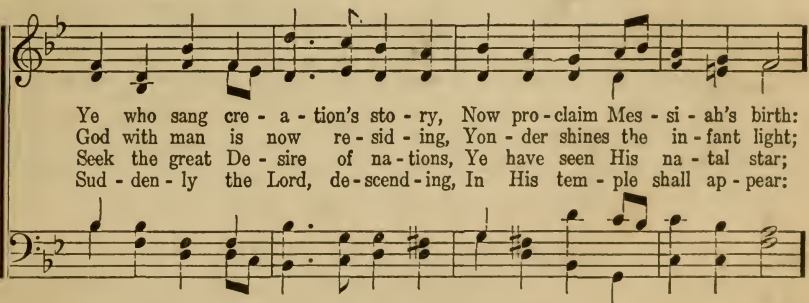
(Regent Square, 8s. 7s.)

James Montgomery, 1816.

Henry Smart, 1867.

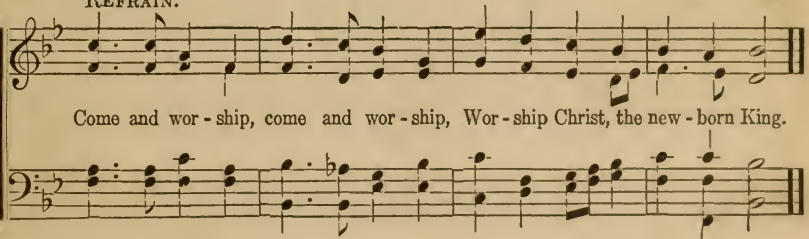


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 2. Shep - herds, in the fields a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far;
 4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light;
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star;
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear:

REFRAIN.



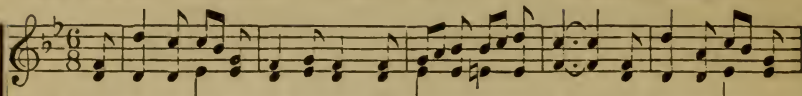
Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

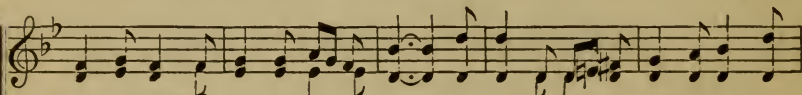
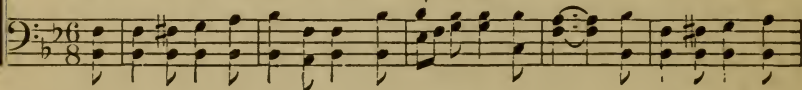
Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1850.

(Carol. C. M. D.)

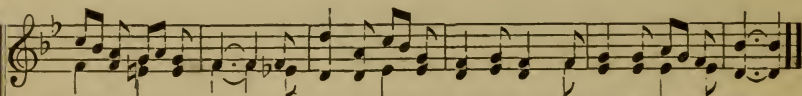
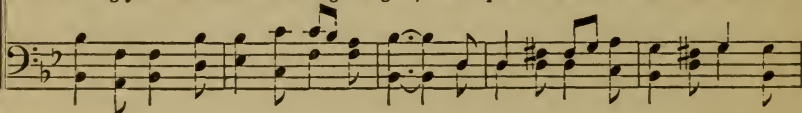
Richard S. Willis, 1850.



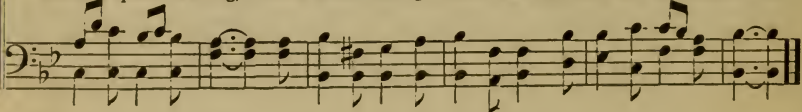
1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, From an-gels bend-ing
2. Still thro' the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled, And still their heavenly
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low, Who toil a-long the
4. For lo, the days are hast'-ning on, By proph-et bards fore-told, When with the ev-er-



near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From mus-ic floats O'er all the wea-ry world: A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,—Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold; When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its



heaven's all-gra-cious King:" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing. bend on hov'-ring wing. And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel-sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing. swift-ly on the wing: O rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing. an-cient splen-dors fling, And the whole world give back the song Which now the an-gels sing.

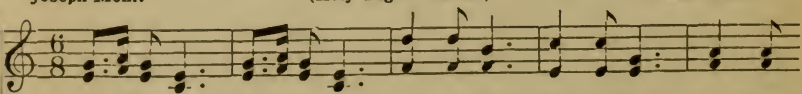


Silent Night! Holy Night!

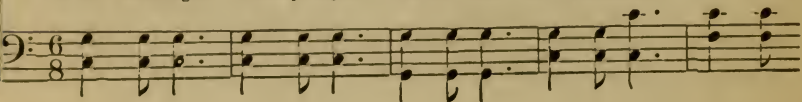
Joseph Mohr.

(Holy Night. 6s. 8s.)

Franz Gruber.



1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight, Glo-ries
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light, Ra-diant



Silent Night! Holy Night!—Concluded.

Vir - gin Moth - er and Child. Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
 stream from heav - en a - far, Heav - en - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
 beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour is born!
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

47 Calm On the Listening Ear of Night.

Edmund H. Sears, 1854.

(St. Agnes. C. M.)

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866.

1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains,
 2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
 3. The answering hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply,
 4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm;
 5. "Glo - ry to God!" the loft - y strain The realm of e - ther fills;
 6. "Glo - ry to God!" the sound - ing skies Loud with their an - thems ring:

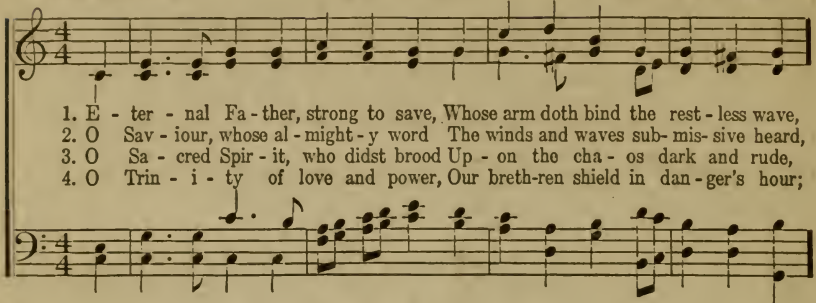
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.
 And an - gels, with their spark - ling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
 And greet from all their ho - ly heights The Day-Spring from on high.
 And Shar - on waves in sol - emn praise Her si - lent groves of palm.
 How sweeps the song of sol - emn joy O'er Ju - dah's sa - cred hills!
 "Peace on the earth; good - will to men, From heaven's e - ter - nal King."

Eternal Father, Strong to Save.

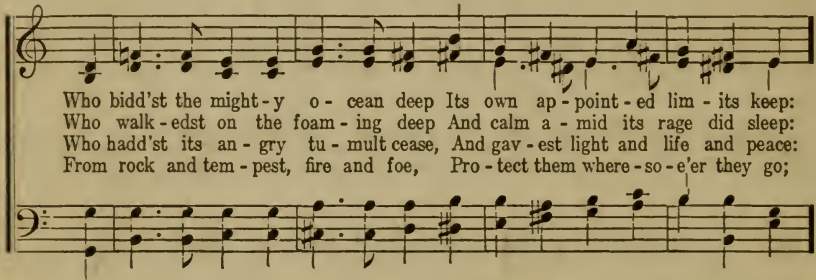
William Whiting.

(Melita. 8s. 6l.)

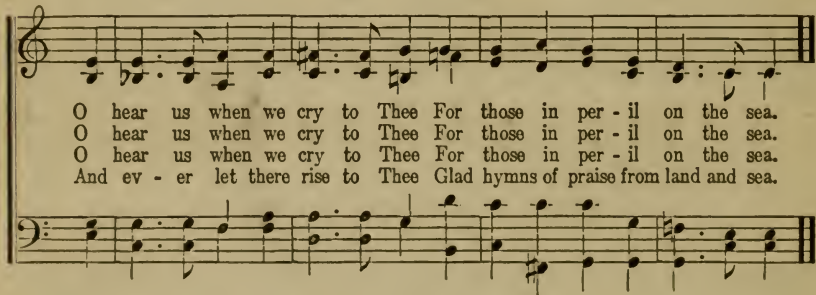
Rev. John B. Dykes.



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave,
 2. O Sav - iour, whose al - might - y word The winds and waves sub - mis - sive heard,
 3. O Sa - cred Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude,
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour;



Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:
 Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep And calm a - mid its rage did sleep:
 Who hadd'st its an - gry tu - mult cease, And gav - est light and life and peace:
 From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go;



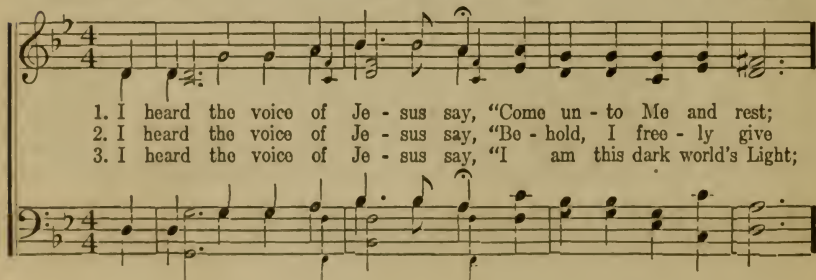
O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 And ev - er let there rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatious Bonar.

(Vox Dilecti. 8s. 6s.)

J. B. Dykes.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.—Concluded.

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."
The liv-ing wa-ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
Look un-to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad,
I came to Je-sus and I drank Of that life giv-ing stream;
I looked to Je-sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav-'lling days are done.

50

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatious Bonar.

(Evan. 8s. 6s. Second Tune.)

Wm. H. Havergal.

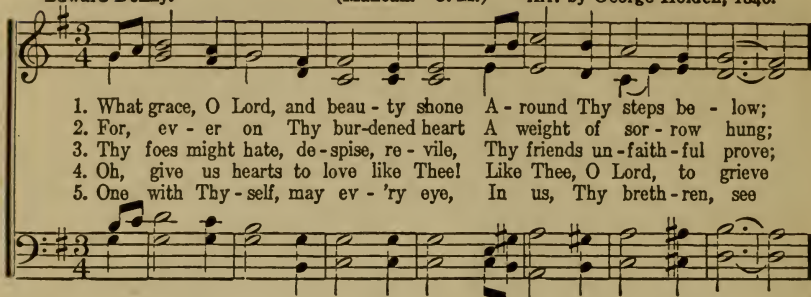
1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."

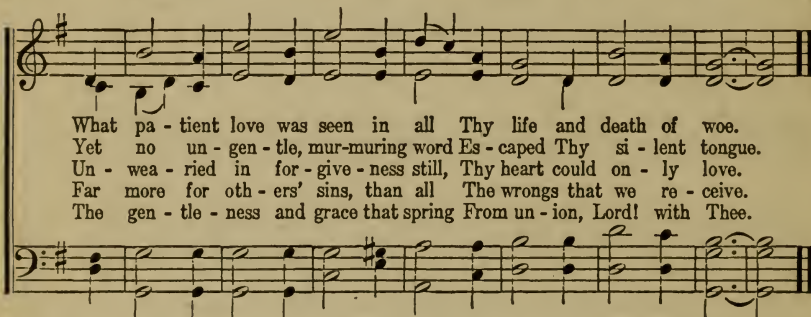
51 What Grace, O Lord, and Beauty Shone.

Edward Denny.

(Manoah. C. M.)

From Rossini.
Arr. by George Holden, 1840.


1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;
 2. For, ev - er on Thy bur-dened heart A weight of sor - row hung;
 3. Thy foes might hate, de-spise, re - vile, Thy friends un-faith - ful prove;
 4. Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee! Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
 5. One with Thy - self, may ev - 'ry eye, In us, Thy breth-ren, see



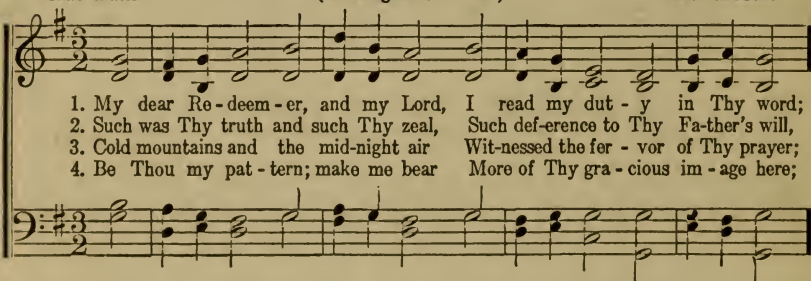
What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
 Yet no un - gen - tle, mur-muring word Es - caped Thy si - lent tongue.
 Un - wea - ried in for - give - ness still, Thy heart could on - ly love.
 Far more for oth - ers' sins, than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.
 The gen - tle - ness and grace that spring From un - ion, Lord! with Thee.

52 My Dear Redeemer, and My Lord.

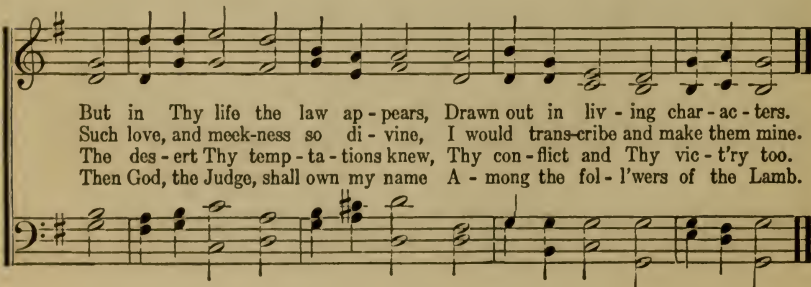
Isaac Watts.

(Rockingham. L. M.)

Lowell Mason.



1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my dut - y in Thy word;
 2. Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal, Such de-fere-nce to Thy Fa-ther's will,
 3. Cold mountains and the mid-night air Wit-nessed the fer - vor of Thy prayer;
 4. Be Thou my pat - tern; make me bear More of Thy gra - cious im - age here;



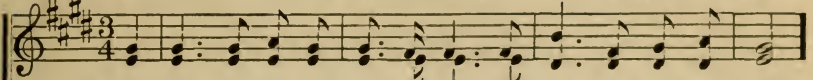
But in Thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.
 Such love, and meek-ness so di - vine, I would trans-cribe and make them mine.
 The des - ert Thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy con - flict and Thy vic - t'ry too.
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A - mong the fol - l'wers of the Lamb.

53 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

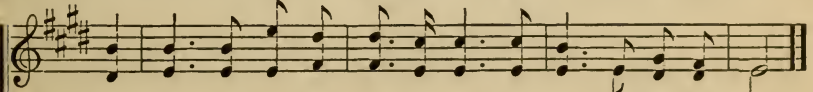
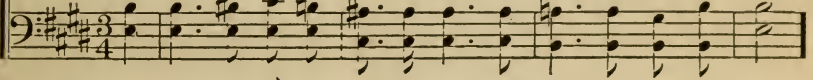
John G. Whittier.

(Serenity. 8s. 6s.)

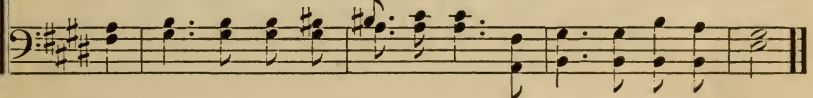
William V. Wallace.



1. We may not climb the heaven-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
 3. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
 4. Through Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
 5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,



- In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has yet its Ol-i-vet, And love its Gal-i-lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.
 The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

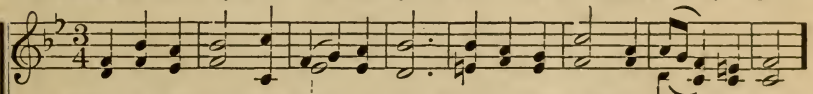


54 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

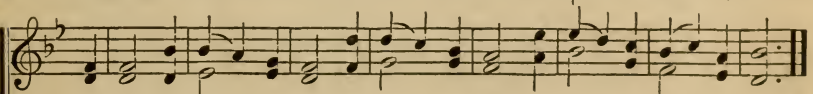
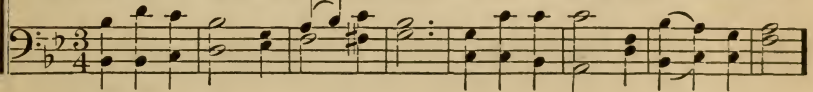
Frank Mason North, 1905.

(Germany. L. M.)

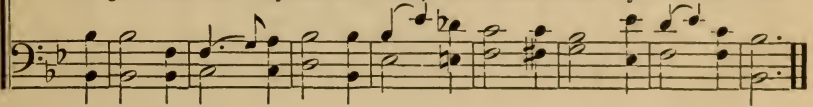
Arr. from Beethoven, 1815.



1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
 2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shad-owed thresh-holds dark with fears,
 3. The cup of wa-ter given for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
 4. O Mas-ter from the moun-tain side, Make haste to heal those hearts of pain;
 5. Til sons of men shall learn Thy love, And fol-low where Thy feet have trod;



- A-bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
 From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis-ion of Thy tears.
 Yet long these mul-ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
 A-mong these rest-less throngs a-bide, O tread the cit-y's streets a-gain.
 Till glo-rious from Thy heaven a-bove, Shall come the cit-y of our God.

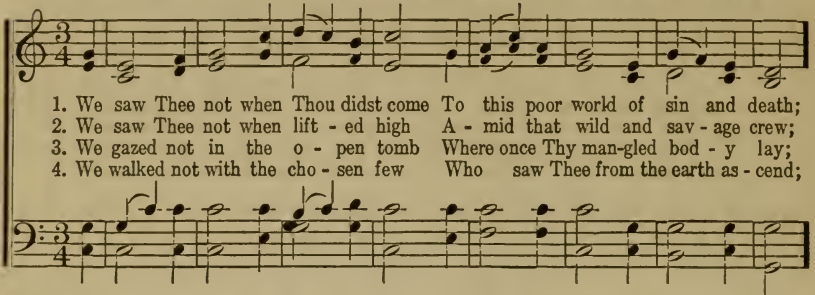


55 We Saw Thee Not When Thou Didst Come.

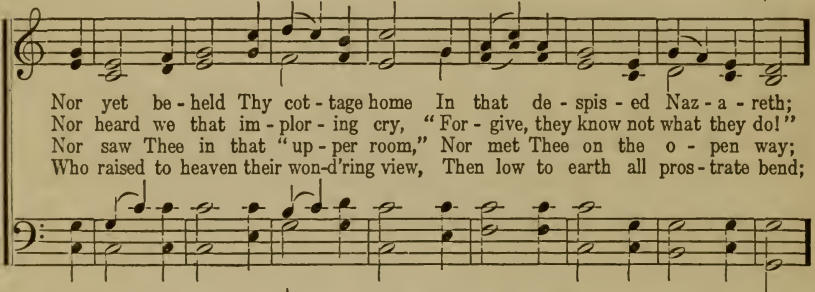
J. H. Gurney, 1802-1862.

(St. Petersburg. L. M.)

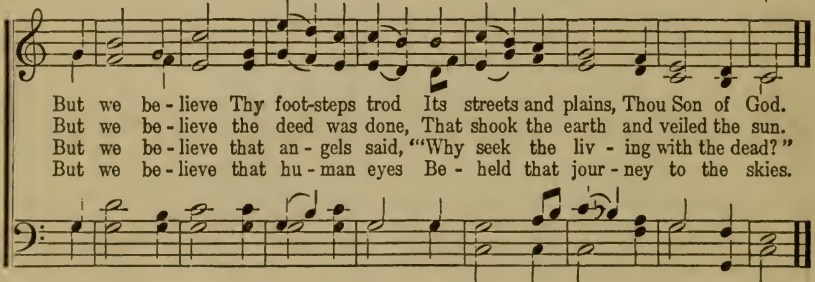
D. S. Bortniansky, 1751-1825.



1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
 2. We saw Thee not when lift - ed high A - mid that wild and sav - age crew;
 3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb Where once Thy man-gled bod - y lay;
 4. We walked not with the cho - sen few Who saw Thee from the earth as - cend;



Nor yet be - held Thy cot - tage home In that de - spis - ed Naz - a - reth;
 Nor heard we that im - plor - ing cry, "For - give, they know not what they do!"
 Nor saw Thee in that "up - per room," Nor met Thee on the o - pen way;
 Who raised to heaven their won - d'ring view, Then low to earth all pros - trate bend;



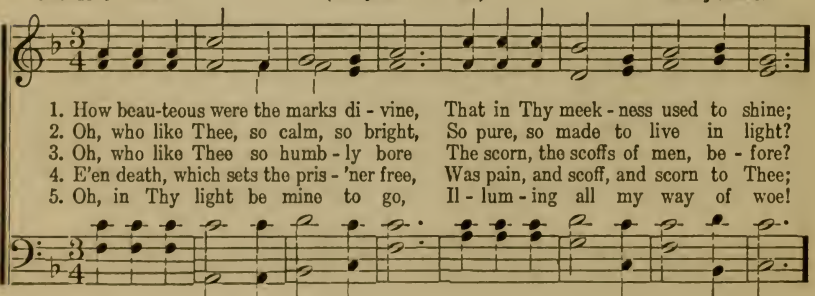
But we be - lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
 But we be - lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
 But we be - lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
 But we be - lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour - ney to the skies.

56 How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine.

Arthur C. Cox.

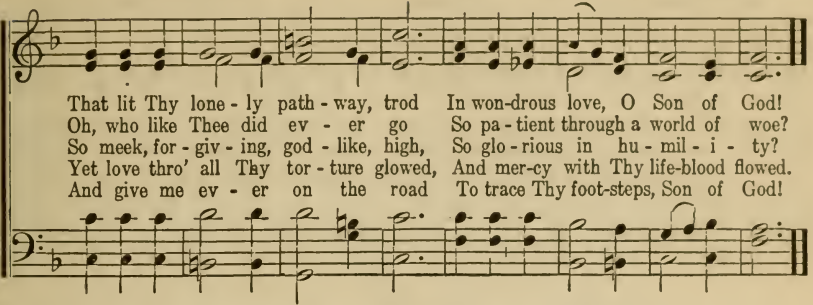
(Hesperus. L. M.)

Henry Baker.



1. How beau-teous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy meek - ness used to shine;
 2. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light?
 3. Oh, who like Thee so humb - ly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, be - fore?
 4. E'en death, which sets the pris - 'ner free, Was pain, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
 5. Oh, in Thy light be mine to go, Il - lum - ing all my way of woe!

How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine.—Concluded.



That lit Thy lone - ly path - way, trod In won-drous love, O Son of God!
 Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go So pa-tient through a world of woe?
 So meek, for - giv - ing, god - like, high, So glo-rious in hu - mil - i - ty?
 Yet love thro' all Thy tor - ture glowed, And mer-cy with Thy life-blood flowed.
 And give me ev - er on the road To trace Thy foot-steps, Son of God!

57 As Oft, With Worn and Weary Feet.

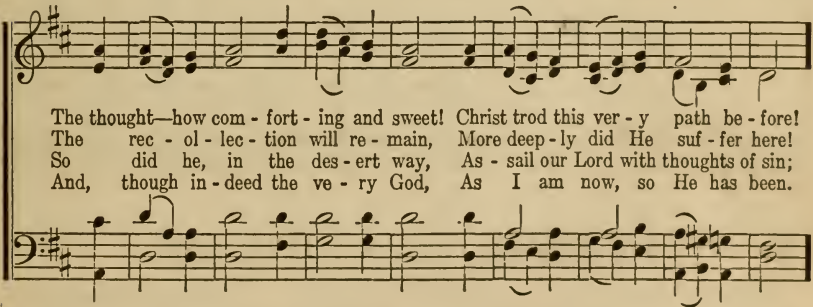
James Edmonston, 1847.

(8s. 61.)

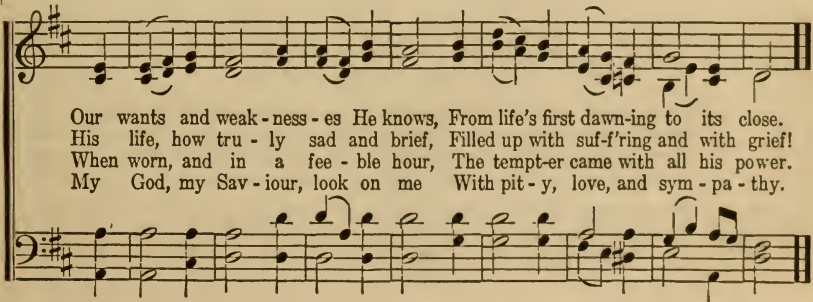
Old English Melody.



1. As oft, with worn and wea - ry feet, We tread earth's rug - ged val - ley o'er,
 2. Do sick - ness, fee - ble - ness, or pain, Or sor - row in our path ap - pear,
 3. If Sa - tan tempt our hearts to stray, And whis - per e - vil things with - in,
 4. Just such as I, this earth He trod, With ev - 'ry hu - man ill but sin;



The thought—how com - fort - ing and sweet! Christ trod this ver - y path be - fore!
 The rec - ol - lec - tion will re - main, More deep - ly did He suf - fer here!
 So did he, in the des - ert way, As - sail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
 And, though in - deed the ve - ry God, As I am now, so He has been.



Our wants and weak - ness - es He knows, From life's first dawn - ing to its close.
 His life, how tru - ly sad and brief, Filled up with suf - f'ring and with grief!
 When worn, and in a fee - ble hour, The tempt - er came with all his power.
 My God, my Sav - iour, look on me With pit - y, love, and sym - pa - thy.

Go to Dark Gethsemane.

James Montgomery, 1820.

(Gethsemane. 7s. 6l.)

Richard Redhead, 1853.

1. Go to dark Geth-se-m-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
 2. See Him at the judg-ment hall, Beat-en, bound, re-viled, ar-rainged;
 3. Cal-vary's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; There a-dor-ing at His feet,

Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see; Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;
 See Him meek-ly bear-ing all; Love to man His soul sus-tained;
 Mark that mir-a-cle of time, God's own sac-ri-fice com-plete:

Turn not from His griefs a-way; Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.
 Shun not suf-f'ring, shame or loss; Learn of Christ to bear the cross.
 "It is fin-ished!" hear Him cry; Learn of Je-sus Christ to die.

'Tis Midnight, and On Olive's Brow.

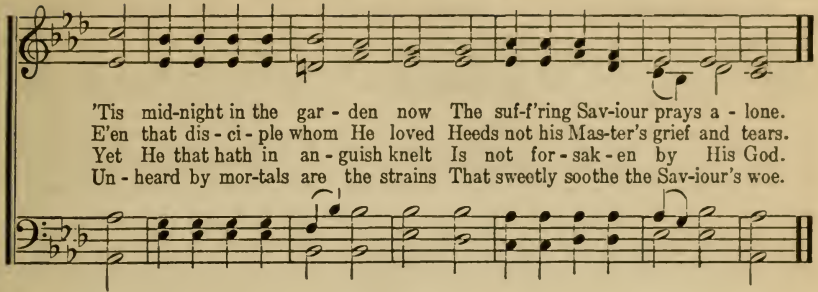
William B. Tappan, 1822.

(Olive's Brow. L. M.)

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1853.

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on O-live's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved, The Sav-iour wres-tles lone with fears—
 3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth-er's guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis mid-night, and from e-ther-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know—

'Tis Midnight, and On Olive's Brow.—Concluded.



'Tis mid-night in the gar - den now The suf-f'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
 E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
 Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
 Un - heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-iour's woe.

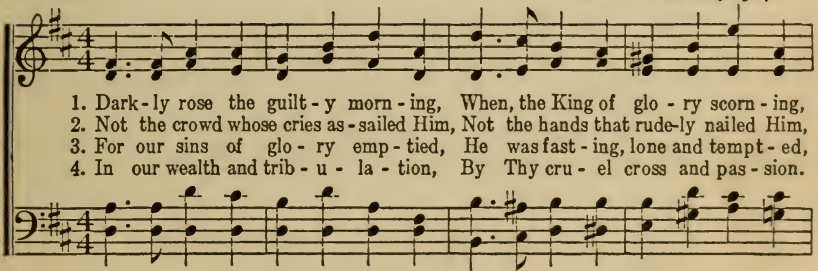
60

Darkly Rose the Guilty Morning.

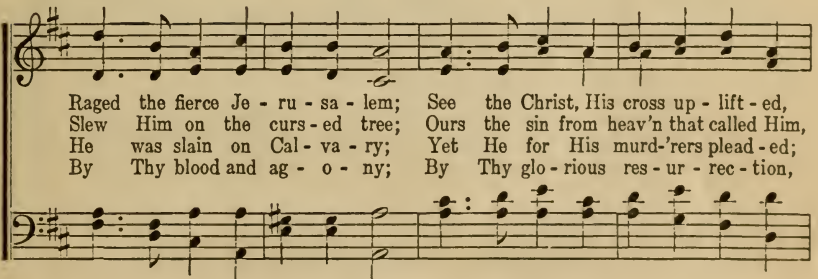
Anon.

(Crucifixion. 8.8.7.8.8.7.)

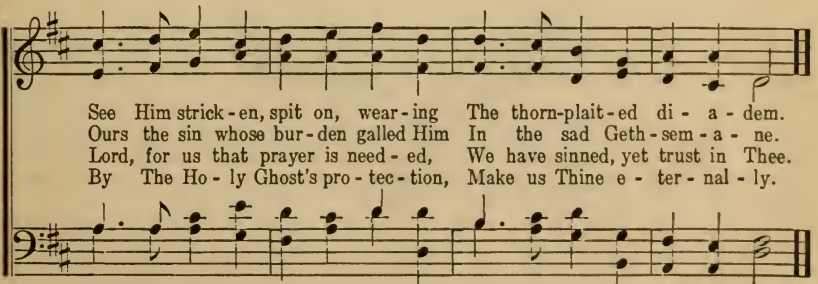
Geo. C. Stebbins, 1914.



1. Dark-ly rose the guilt-y morn-ing, When, the King of glo - ry scorn-ing,
 2. Not the crowd whose cries as-sailed Him, Not the hands that rude-ly nailed Him,
 3. For our sins of glo - ry emp-tied, He was fast-ing, lone and tempt-ed,
 4. In our wealth and trib-u - la - tion, By Thy cru - el cross and pas-sion.



Raged the fierce Je - ru - sa - lem; See the Christ, His cross up - lift-ed,
 Slew Him on the curs-ed tree; Ours the sin from heav'n that called Him,
 He was slain on Cal - va - ry; Yet He for His murd'-ers plead-ed;
 By Thy blood and ag - o - ny; By Thy glo - rious res - ur - rec - tion,



See Him strick-en, spit on, wear-ing The thorn-plait-ed di - a - dem.
 Ours the sin whose bur-den galled Him In the sad Geth-sem-a - ne.
 Lord, for us that prayer is need-ed, We have sinned, yet trust in Thee.
 By The Ho - ly Ghost's pro - tec - tion, Make us Thine e - ter - nal - ly.

Ride On, Ride On In Majesty!

SUFFERING AND DEATH

Henry H. Milman, 1820.

(Hebron. L. M.)

Lowell Mason.

1. Ride on, ride on, in maj-es-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die!
 2. Ride on, ride on, in maj-es-ty! The Wing-ed squad-rons of the sky
 3. Ride on, ride on, in maj-es-ty! The last and fier-c-est strife is nigh!
 4. Ride on, ride on, in maj-es-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die:

O Christ! Thy tri-umph now be-gin O'er cap-tive death and conquered sin.
 Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see th'app-roach-ing sac-ri-fice.
 The Fa-ther on His sapphire throne Ex-pects His own an-noint-ed Son.
 Bow Thy meek head to mor-tal pain, Then take, O God! Thy power and reign.

He Dies! the Friend of Sinners Dies!

Isaac Watts.

(Uxbridge. L. M.)

Lowell Mason.

1. He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep a-round:
 2. Ye saints, approach! the an-guish view Of Him who groans beneath your load;
 3. Here's love and grief be-vond de-gree, The Lord of Glo-ry dies for men;
 4. Say, "Live for-ev-er, glo-rious King, Born to re-deem, and strong to save!"

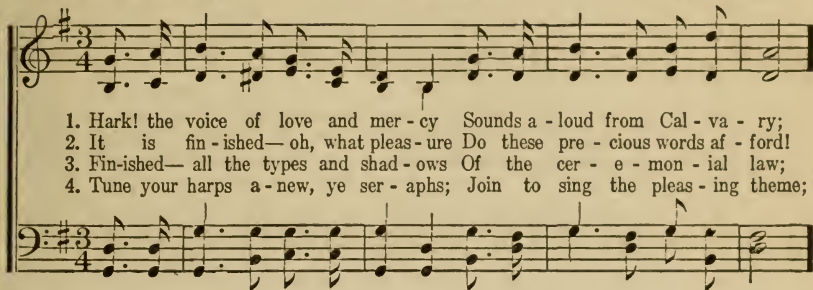
A sol-umn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground.
 He gives His pre-cious life for you, For you He sheds His pre-cious blood.
 But lo! what sud-den joys we see, Je-sus, the dead, re-vives a-gain.
 Then ask,—“O death, where is thy sting? And where thy vic-to-ry, O grave!”

Hark! the Voice of Love and Mercy.

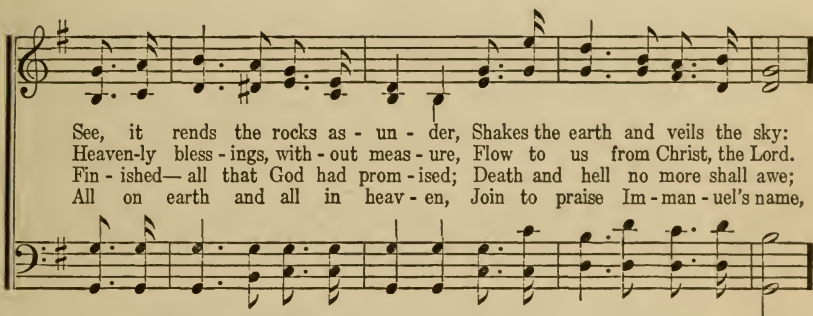
Rev. B. Francis, 1734.

Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.

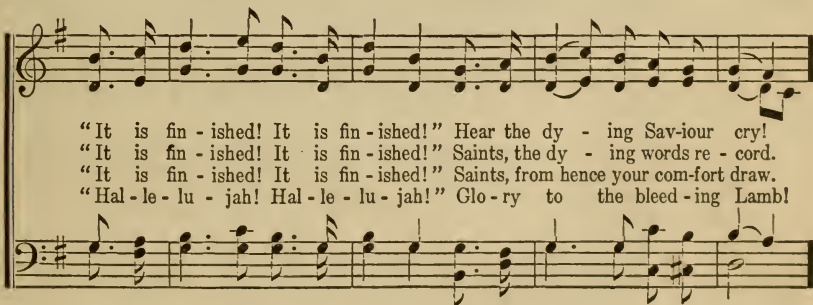
Louis Von Esch.



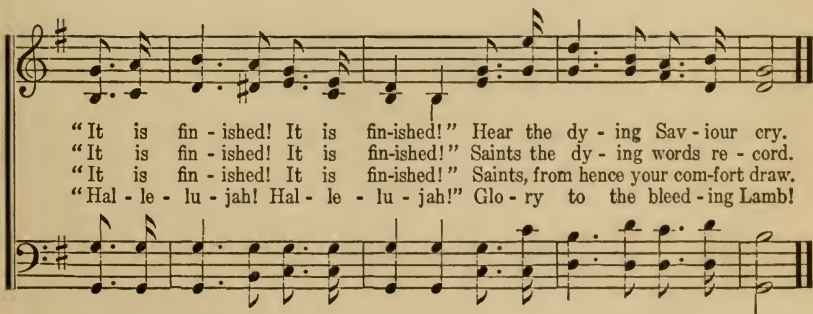
1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;
 2. It is fin-ished—oh, what pleas-ure Do these pre-cious words af-ford!
 3. Fin-ished—all the types and shad-ows Of the cer-e-mon-ial law;
 4. Tune your harps a-new, ye ser-aphs; Join to sing the pleas-ing theme;



See, it rends the rocks as-un-der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
 Heaven-ly bless-ings, with-out meas-ure, Flow to us from Christ, the Lord.
 Fin-ished—all that God had prom-ised; Death and hell no more shall awe;
 All on earth and all in heav-en, Join to praise Im-man-uel's name,



"It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry!
 "It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" Saints, the dy-ing words re-cord.
 "It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" Saints, from hence your com-fort draw.
 "Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!" Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!



"It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.
 "It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" Saints the dy-ing words re-cord.
 "It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!" Saints, from hence your com-fort draw.
 "Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!" Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

64

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

(Hamburg. L. M.)

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small:

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

65

From Calvary a Cry Was Heard.

Cunningham.

(Federal Street. L. M.)

Henry K. Oliver, 1832.

1. From Cal-va-ry a cry was heard—A bit-ter and heart-rend-ing cry;
 2. A hor-ror of great dark-ness fell On Thee, Thou spot-less, ho-ly One!
 3. The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace— These Thou could'st bear, nor once re-pine;
 4. Let the dumb world its si-lence break; Let peal-ing an-thems rend the sky;

My Sav-iour! ev-'ry mourn-ful word Be-spoke Thy soul's deep ag-o-ny.
 And all the eag-er hosts of hell Con-spired to tempt God's on-ly Son.
 But when Jo-ho-vah veiled His face, Un-ut-ter-a-ble pangs were Thine.
 A-wake, my slug-gish soul, a-wake! He died, that we might nev-er die.

66

Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Frederick C. Maker.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The shad-ow of a
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see. The ver-y dy - ing
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad-ow For my a-bid - ing place; I ask no oth - er

might-y Rock With - in a wea - ry land, A home with - in the wil-der-ness, A
 form of One Who suffered there for me; And from my smitten heart with tears, Two
 sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face; Con-tent to let the world go by, To

rest upon the way, From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.
 wonders I confess,— The wonders of His glo-rious love And my own worth-less-ness.
 know no gain nor loss, My sin - ful self my on-ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross!

67

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. Bowring.

(Rathbun.)

I. Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance, stream-ing, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro all time a - bide.

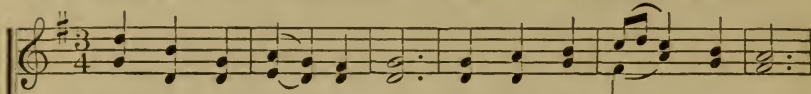
68

Rise, Glorious Conqueror, Rise.

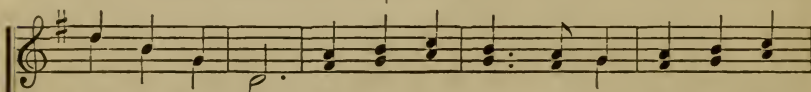
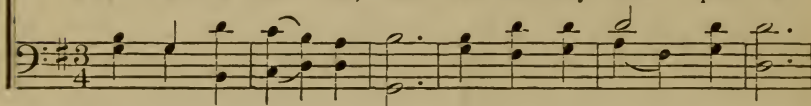
Matthew Hodges, 1848.

(Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.)

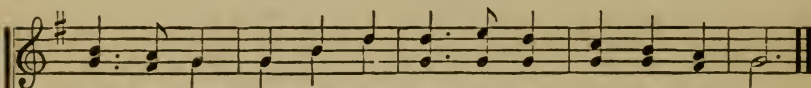
Felice de Giardini, 1769.



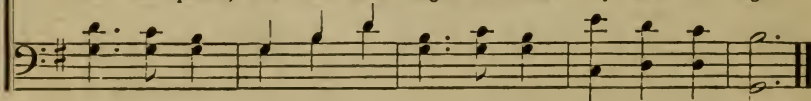
1. Rise, glo - rious Con - qu'ror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies!
 2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic le - gions swell
 3. En - ter, in - car - nate God! No feet but Thine have trod
 4. Li - on of Ju - dah, hail! And let Thy name pre - vail



As - sume Thy right! And where in ma - ny a fold The clouds are
 The ra - dant train; Prais - es all heaven in - spire; Each an - gel
 The ser - pent down. Blow the full trump - ets, blow, Wid - er yon
 From age to age; Lord of the roll - ing years, Claim for Thine



back - ward rolled, Pass through the gates of gold, And reign in light!
 sweeps His lyre, And claps His wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain!
 por - tals throw! Sav - iour tri - umph - ant, go And take Thy crown!
 own the spheres, For Thou hast bought with tears Thy her - it - age.



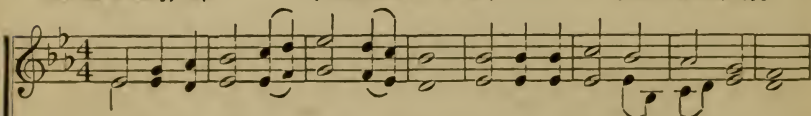
69

Our Lord Is Risen From the Dead.

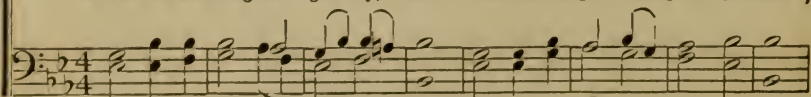
Charles Wesley, 1841.

(Duke Street. L. M.)

John Hatton, 1793.



1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Sav-iour is gone up on high;
 2. There His tri-umph-al char - iot waits, And an-gels chant the sol - emn lay;
 3. Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide un-fold the ra - dant scene;
 4. Who is the King of glo - ry, who? The Lord of glo - rious pow'r pos-sessed,



Our Lord Is Risen From the Dead.—Concluded.

The powers of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.
 "Lift up your heads, ye heaven - ly gates," Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, give way!
 He claims those man - sions as His right; Re - ceive the King of glo - ry in.
 The King of saints and an - gels too, God, o - ver all, for - ev - er blessed.

70

Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Mathew Bridges, 1851.

(Diademata. S. M. D.)

George J. Elvey, 1868.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark! how the heaven - ly
2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side—Those wounds, yet vis - i -
3. Crown Him the Lord of heaven, One with the Fa - ther known,—And the blest Spir - it

anthem drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of
 ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied! No an - gel in the sky Can
 thro' Him given From yonder glorious throne! All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For

Him who died for thee! And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 ful - ly bear that sight, But down ward bends His wondering eye At mysteries so bright.
 Thou hast died for me; Thy praise and glory shall not fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

Low In the Grave He Lay.

R. L.

(CHRIST AROSE.)

Robert Lowry.

Slow,

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
 3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour, He tore the

CHORUS. *Faster.*

com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose,
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose!

With a might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a
 He a - rose;

Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign;

He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

72

That Eastertide With Joy Was Bright.

Anon..

(Truro. L. M.)

Charles ^{EDWARD} Burney, 1779.

1. That Eas - ter - tide with joy was bright, The sun shone out a fair - er light,
 2. He bade them see His hands, His side, Where yet the glo - rious wounds a - bide;
 3. Je - sus, the King of right - eous - ness, Do Thou Thy - self our hearts pos - sess,
 4. O Lord of all, with us a - bide In this our joy - ous Eas - ter - tide;

When to their long - ing eyes re - stored, Th' a - pos - tles saw their ris - en Lord.
 O to - kens true, which made it plain Their Lord in - deed was risen a - gain.
 That we may give Thee all our days The tri - bute of our grate - ful praise.
 From ev - 'ry wea - pon death can wield Thine own re - deemed for - ev - er shield.

73

Angels, Roll the Rock Away.

LADDIE

Thomas Scott, 1769.

(Hendon. 7s.)

Cesar ~~1827~~, 1827.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy might-y prey, See, the Sav-iour
 2. Saints on earth, lift up your eyes; Now to glo - ry see Him rise In long tri-umph
 3. Heaven un-folds its por-tals wide; Mighty Conqu'r'or, thro' them ride: King of glo - ry
 4. Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs, Sing and sweep your golden lyres, Souls of men, in

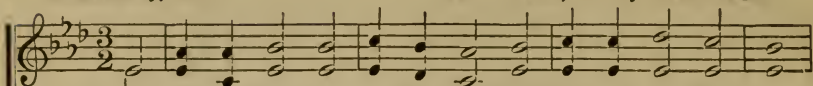
leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom.
 through the sky, Up to wait - ing worlds on high, Up to wait - ing worlds on high.
 mount Thy throne, Boundless empire is Thine own, Boundless empire is Thine own.
 hum - bler strain Sing your might-y Sav-iour's reign, Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

74 The Head That Once Was Crowned With Thorns.

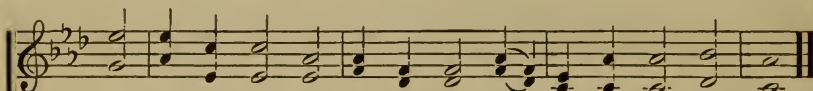
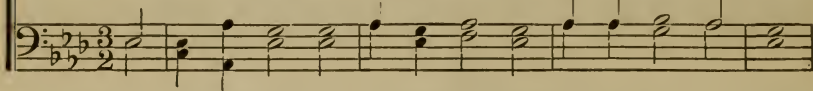
(Azmon. C. M.)

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

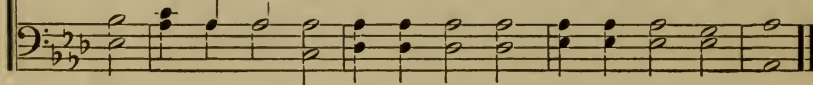
Carl G. Glaser, Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heaven af - fords Is His, is His by right,
3. The Joy of all who dwell a - bove, The Joy of all be - low
4. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is given,—



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heaven's e - ter - nal Light,
 To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
 Their name an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heaven.

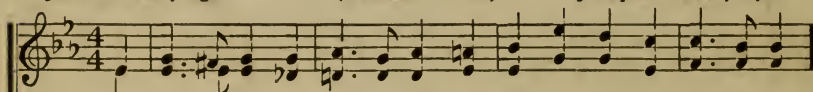


75 Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now.

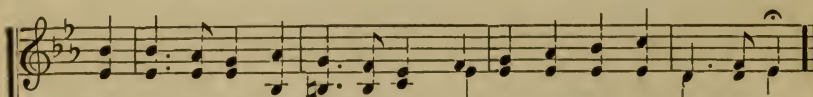
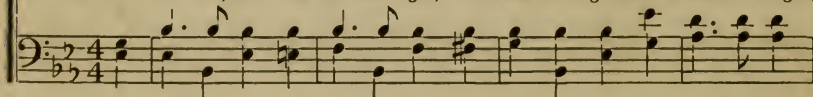
John M. Neale, 1851.

(Waltham. L. M.)

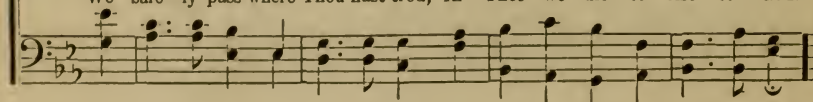
J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.



1. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now! The whole wide world re - joic - es now;
2. In vain with stone the cave they barred; In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3. And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
4. O Vic - tor, aid us in the fight, And lead through death to realms of light;



The Lord hath tri-umphed glo-rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly.
 Ma - jes - tic from the spoil - ed tomb, In pomp of tri - umph Christ is come.
 And hope, and joy, and peace be - gin, For Christ has won, and man shall win.
 We safe - ly pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God.



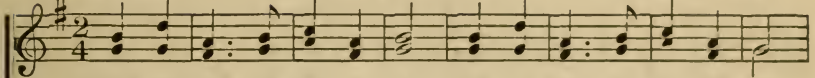
76

Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

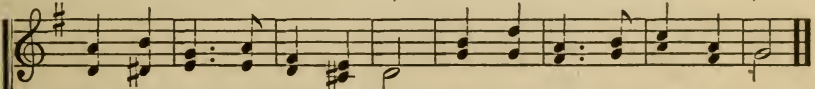
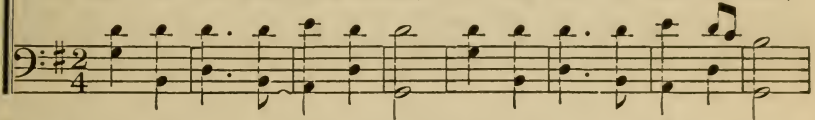
Charles Wesley.

(Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.)

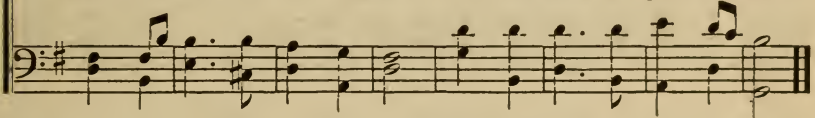
Ignace J. Pleyel.



1. Christ the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won:
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ has burst the gates of hell:
 4. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 5. Soar we now where Christ has led, Fol - low our ex - alt - ed Head;



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.
 Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise.
 Once He died our souls to save; Where's thy vic - t'ry boast - ing grave?
 Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!



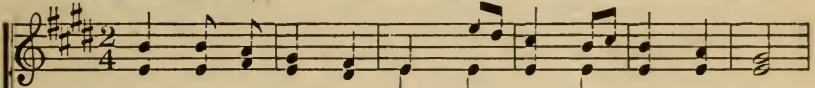
77

The Lord Is Risen Indeed.

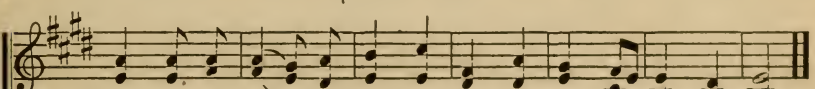
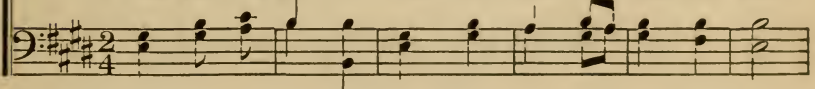
Thomas Kelly. *NEWLAND*

(Mornington. S. M.)

Earl of Mornington.



1. The Lord is risen in - deed; The grave hath lost its prey;
 2. The Lord is risen in - deed; He lives to die no more:
 3. The Lord is risen in - deed; At - tend - ing an - gels, hear!
 4. Then wake your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheer - ful chord;



With Him shall rise the ran-somed seed, To reign in end - less day.
 He lives, the sin - ner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame He bore.
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed, The joy - ful ti - dings bear:
 Join, all ye bright cel - es - tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.

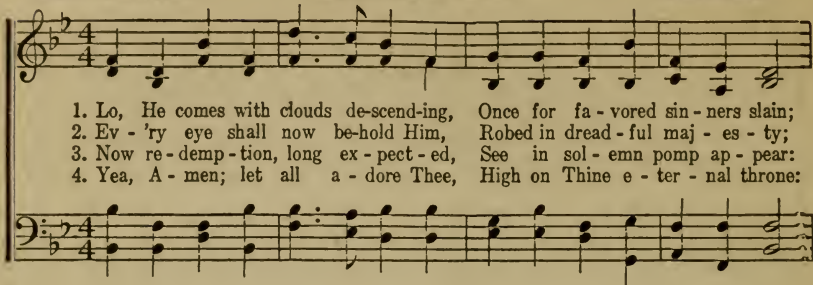


78 Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending.

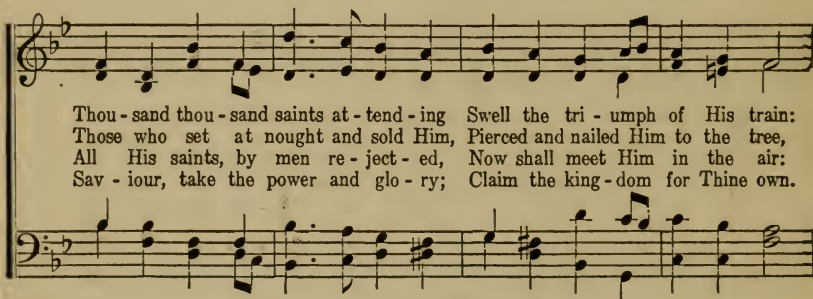
Rev. Thomas Kelly.

(Regent Square. 8s. 7s.)

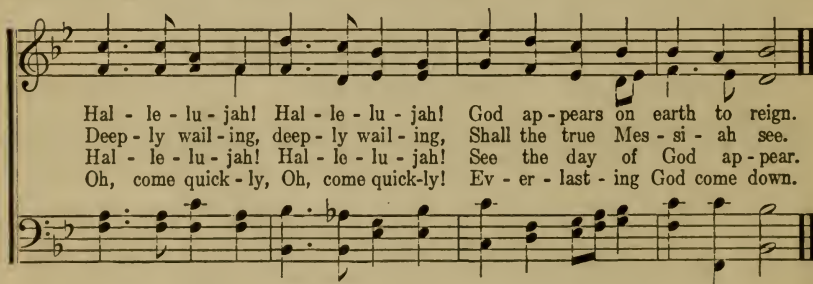
Henry Smart.



1. Lo, He comes with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain;
 2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be-hold Him, Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty;
 3. Now re - demp - tion, long ex - spect - ed, See in sol - emn pomp ap - pear:
 4. Yea, A - men; let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter - nal throne:



Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train:
 Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 All His saints, by men re - ject - ed, Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Sav - iour, take the power and glo - ry; Claim the king - dom for Thine own.



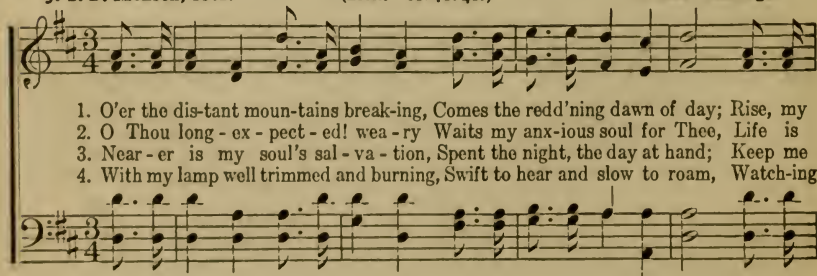
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.
 Deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear.
 Oh, come quick - ly, Oh, come quick - ly! Ev - er - last - ing God come down.

79 O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862.

(Zion. 8s. 7s. 4s.)

Thomas Hastings.



1. O'er the dis - tant moun - tains break - ing, Comes the redd'ning dawn of day; Rise, my
 2. O Thou long - ex - spect - ed! wea - ry Waits my anx - ious soul for Thee, Life is
 3. Near - er is my soul's sal - va - tion, Spent the night, the day at hand; Keep me
 4. With my lamp well trimmed and burning, Swift to hear and slow to roam, Watch - ing

O'er the Distant Mountains.—Concluded.

soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray; 'Tis thy Sav- iour,
dark, and earth is drear - y, Where Thy light I do not see: O my Sav- iour,
in my low - ly sta - tion, Watch- ing for Thee, till I stand, O my Sav- iour,
for Thy glad re - turn - ing, To re - store me to my home, Come, my Saviour,

On His bright re - turn - ing way, 'Tis thy Sav- iour, On His bright re - turn - ing way.
When wilt Thou re - turn to me? O my Sav- iour, When wilt Thou return to me?
In Thy bright and promised land! O my Sav- iour, In Thy bright and promised land!
O my Sav- iour, quick - ly come! Come, my Saviour, O my Sav- iour, quickly come!

80

Come, Lord, and Tarry Not.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846.

(Greenwood. S. M.)

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849.

1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not; Bring the long - looked - for day;
2. Come, for Thy saints still wait; Dai - ly as - cends their sigh:
3. Come, for cre - a - tion groans, Im - pa - tient of Thy stay,
4. Come, and make all things new; Build up this ruin - ed earth;
5. Come, and be - gin Thy reign Of ev - er - last - ing peace;

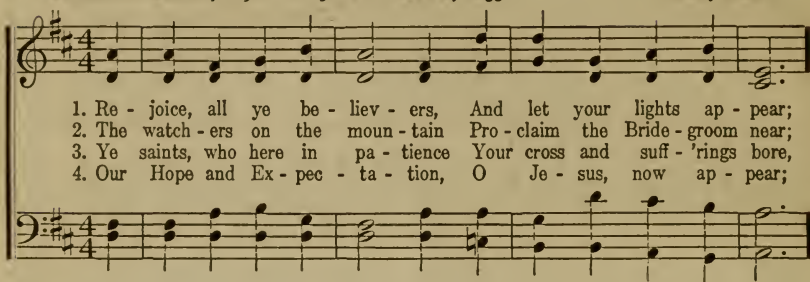
O why these years of wait - ing here, These a - ges of de - lay?
The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come:" Dost Thou not hear the cry?
Worn out with these long years of ill, These a - ges of de - lay.
Re - store our fad - ed Par - a - dise, Cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth.
Come, take the king - dom to Thy - self, Great King of Right - eous - ness.

Rejoice, All Ye Believers.

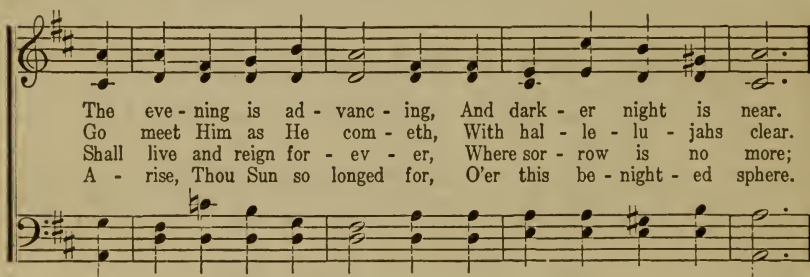
(Lancashire. 7s. 6s. D.)

Laurentius Laurenti, 1690. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853

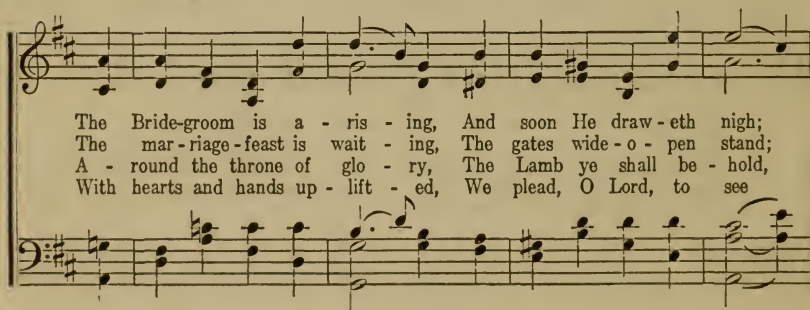
Henry Smart



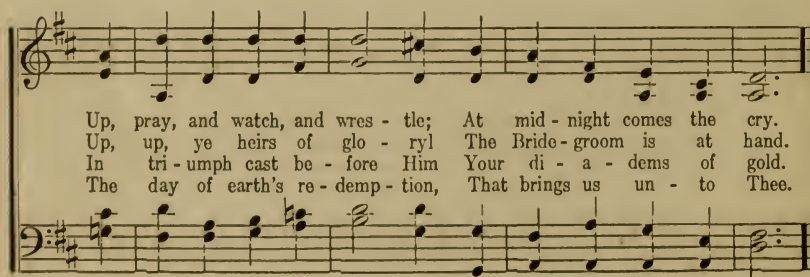
1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
 2. The watch - ers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bride - groom near;
 3. Ye saints, who here in pa - tience Your cross and suff - 'rings bore,
 4. Our Hope and Ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;



The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
 Go meet Him as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
 Shall live and reign for - ev - er, Where sor - row is no more;
 A - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere.



The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;
 The mar - riage - feast is wait - ing, The gates wide - o - pen stand;
 A - round the throne of glo - ry, The Lamb ye shall be - hold,
 With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see



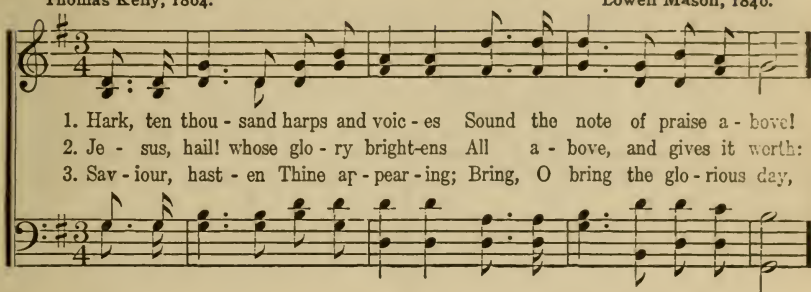
Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle; At mid - night comes the cry.
 Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bride - groom is at hand.
 In tri - umph cast be - fore Him Your di - a - dems of gold.
 The day of earth's re - demp - tion, That brings us un - to Thee.

82 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

(Harwell. 8.7.8.7-7.7. With Refrain.)

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

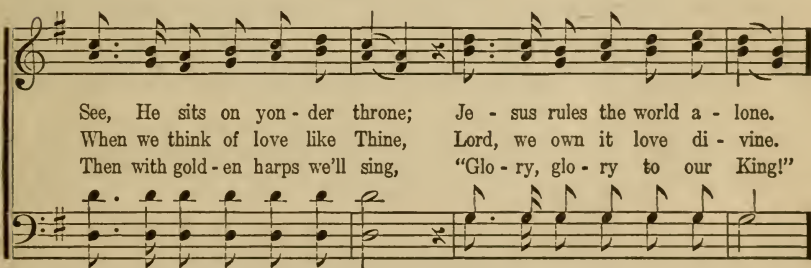
Lowell Mason, 1840.



1. Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove!
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and gives it worth:
 3. Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,

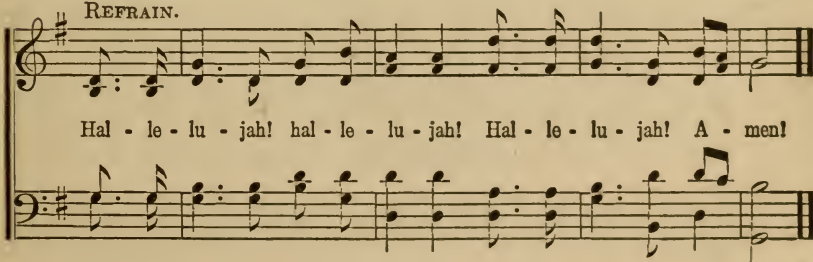


Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
 Lord of life, Thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth:
 When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a - way;



See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Then with gold - en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

83 Bride of the Lamb, Awake, Awake!

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

(St. Agnes. C. M.)

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866.

1. Bride of the Lamb, a - wake, a - wake! Why sleep for sor - row now?
 2. Thy spir - it, through the lone - ly night, From earth - ly joy a - part,
 3. But see! the night is wan - ing fast, The break - ing morn is near;
 4. He comes— for, oh, His yearn - ing heart No more can bear de - lay—
 5. Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own, His crown, His joy di - vine;

The hope of glo - ry, Christ, is thine, A child of glo - ry thou.
 Hath sighed for one that's far a - way, The Bride-groom of thy heart.
 And Je - sus comes, with voice of love, Thy droop - ing heart to cheer.
 To scenes of full un - min - gled joy To call His bride a - way.
 And, sweet - er far than all be - side, He, He Him - self is thine!

84 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

(Bradford. C. M.)

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742,

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1741.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives And ev - er prays for me;
 2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;
 3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with - stand His will?
 4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
 His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
 The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

85

All Hail the Power.

E. Perronet.

(Coronation. C.M.)

Oliver Holden, 1792.



1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball;
 3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

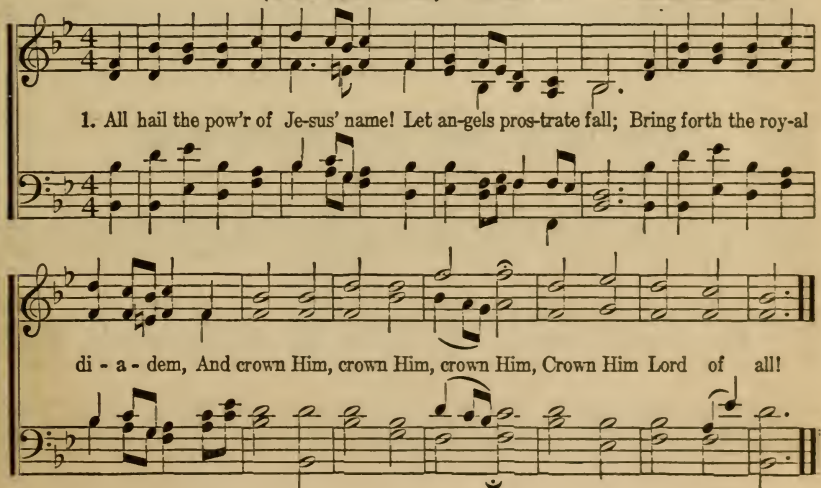
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

86

All Hail the Power.

(Miles' Lane. C.M.) Second Tune.

William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
 di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

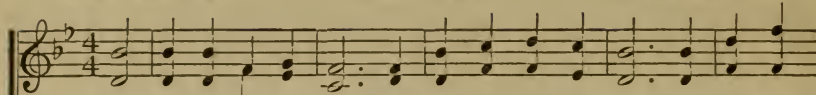
87

Arise, My Soul, Arise!

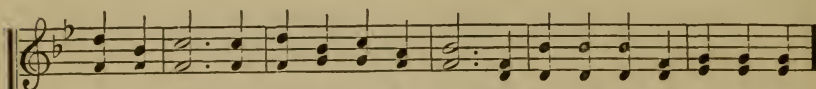
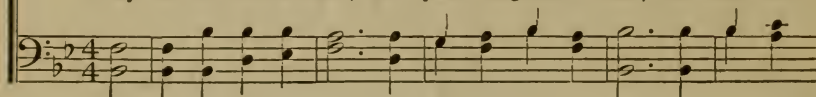
Charles Wesley, 1742.

(Lenox. S.M.)

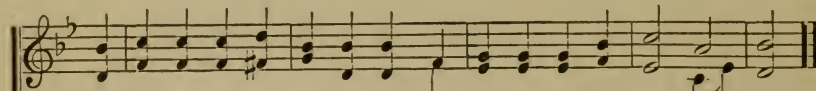
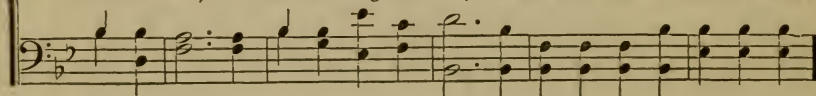
Lewis Edson, 1782.



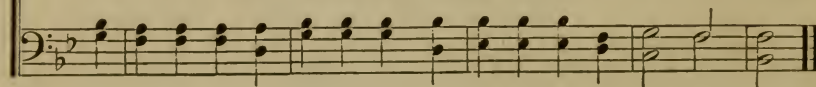
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - re -
 3. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard - 'ning voice I hear; He owns me



Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
 deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
 for His child; I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands: My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprink - les now the throne of grace.
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.



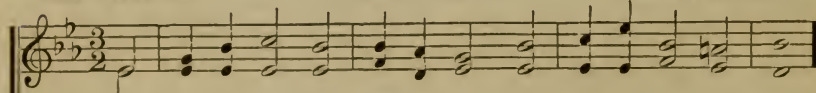
88

Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

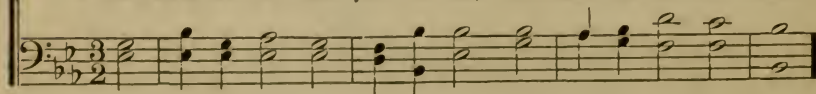
Isaac Watts, 1702.

(Downs. C.M.)

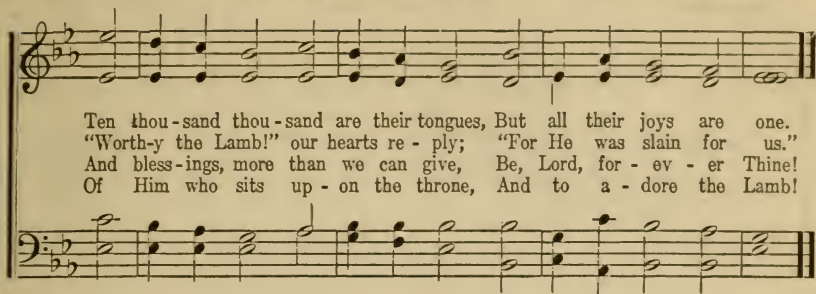
Lowell Mason, 1832.



1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
 2. "Worth - y the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
 3. Je - sus is worth - y to re - ceive Hon - or and power di - vine;
 4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name



Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.—Concluded.



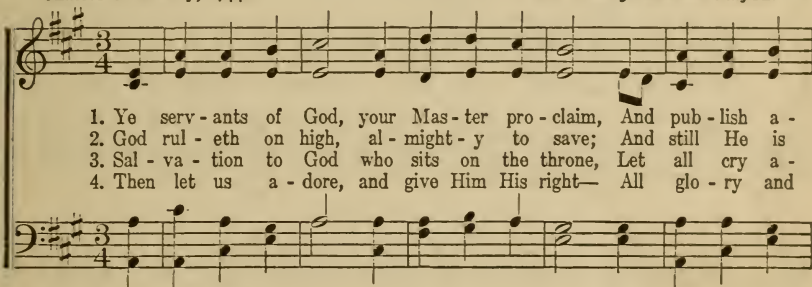
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 "Worth-y the Lamb!" our hearts re- ply; "For He was slain for us,"
 And bless-ings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine!
 Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb!

89 Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim.

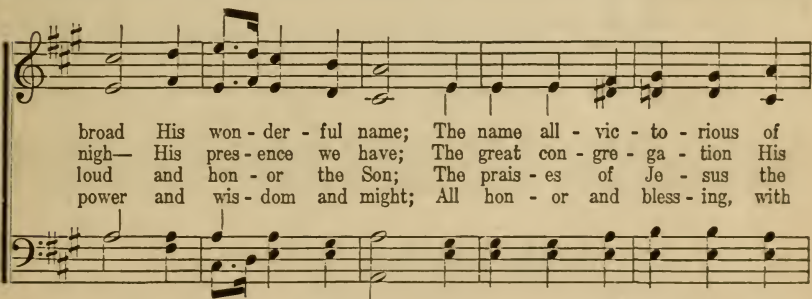
Charles C. Wesley, 1744.

(Lyons. 108. 118.)

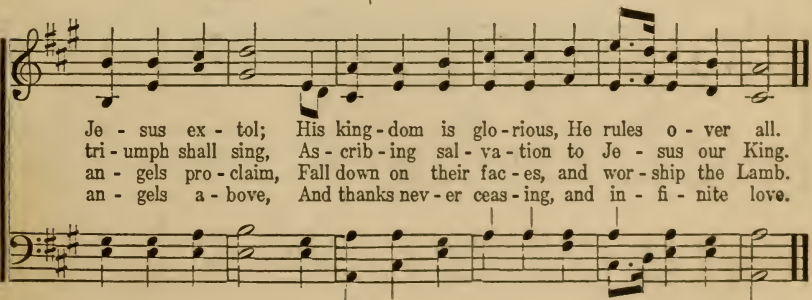
Arr. from J. Michael Haydn.



1. Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is
 3. Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne, Let all cry a -
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right— All glo - ry and



broad His won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of
 nigh - His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His
 loud and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the
 power and wis - dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with



Je - sus ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.
 tri - umph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.
 an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb.
 an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.

90

Glory to God On High!

James Allen,

(Italian Hymn. 6s.4s.)

Giardini. 1760.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply,
 2. While they a - round the throne Cheer - ful - ly join in one,
 3. Join, all ye ran - somed race, Our Lord and God to bless:
 4. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease

"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
 Prais - ing His name— Ye who have felt His blood Seal - ing your
 Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, And make a
 Prais - ing His name: To Him our songs we bring; Hail Him our

sor - rows bore; Sing loud for - ev - er - more, "Worth - y the Lamb!"
 peace with God, Sound His dear name a - broad, "Worth - y the Lamb!"
 joy - ful noise, Shout - ing with heart and voice, "Worth - y the Lamb!"
 gra - cious King; And, through all a - ges sing, "Worth - y the Lamb!"

91

Awake and Sing the Song.

William Hammond, 1745;

(St. Thomas. S.M.)

Aaron Williams, 1700.

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power;
 3. Sing on your heaven - ly way, Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing;
 4. Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;"

Awake and Sing the Song.—Concluded.

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove, For those whose sins He bore.
Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, In Christ th'e - ter - nal King.
Soon will He call you hence a - way, And take His wan - der's home.

92

Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays.

Samuel Medley.

(Loving Kindness. 8s.)

American Melody.

1. A - wake, my soul to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re - deem - er's praise:
2. He saw me ruin - ed in the fall Yet loved me, not - with - stand - ing all;
3. Tho' num - rous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When trou - ble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - ered thick and thun - dered loud,

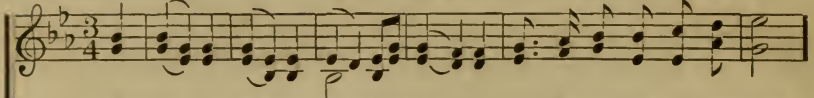
He just - ly claims a song from me— His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate— His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long;— His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al - ways stood— His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good!

His lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
His lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!
His lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how strong!
His lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good!

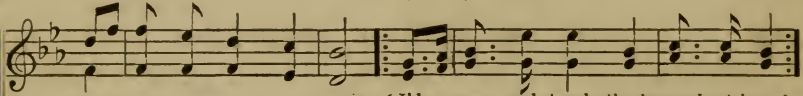
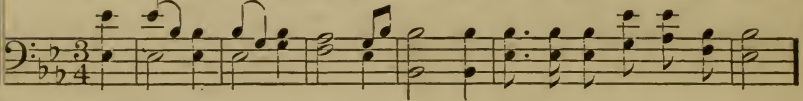
93 Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

Samuel Medley.

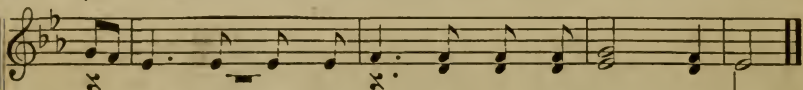
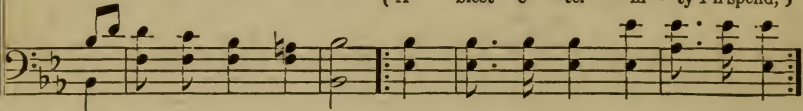
(Ariel. C.P.M.) Ad. Lowell Mason. From Mozart.



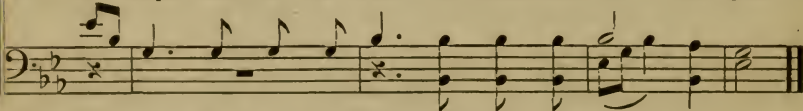
1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-act-ers He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well—the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-iour shine!	{ I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
Of sin and wrath di-vine!	{ And vie with Ga-briel while He sings
Ex-alt-ed on His throne:	{ I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness;
And I shall see His face:	{ In which all-per-fect heavenly dress
	{ In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise,
	{ I would to ev-er-last-ing days
	{ Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend,
	{ A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend,



In notes al-most di-vine,	In notes al-most di-vine.
My soul shall ev-er shine.	My soul shall ev-er shine.
Make all His glo-ries known,	Make all His glo-ries known.
Tri-umph-ant in His grace,	Tri-umph-ant in His grace.

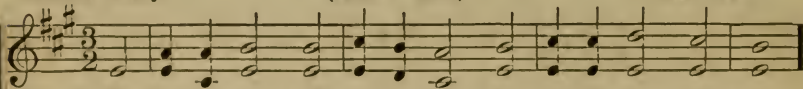


94 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

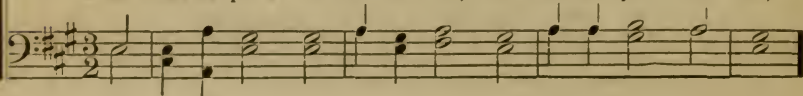
•Charles Wesley.

(Azmon. C.M.)

Carl Glaser.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the power of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;



O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.—Concluded.

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 To spread through all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mus - ic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

95

Fairest Lord Jesus.

Crusaders' Hymn.

(5.6.5.8.)

Arr. by Richard S. Willis.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture!
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown!
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heaven can boast!

96

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

E. Caswall.

(St. Agnes. C.M.)

John B. Dykes.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find,
 3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
 4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 5. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.
 The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
 Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty.

97

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Sternett, 1787.

(Ortonville. C.M.)

Thos. Hastings, 1837.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow; His head with
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

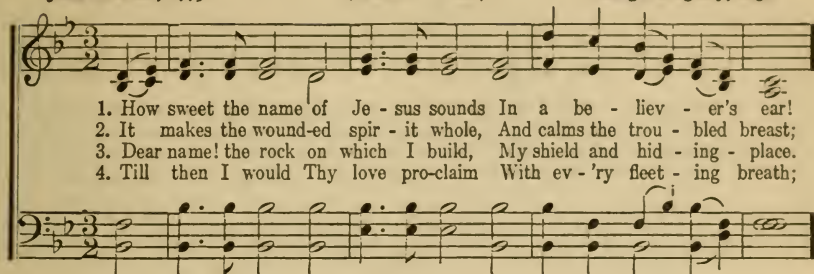
ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 He than all the fair Who fill the heav - en - ly train, Who fill the heav - en - ly train.
 bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
 tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

98 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

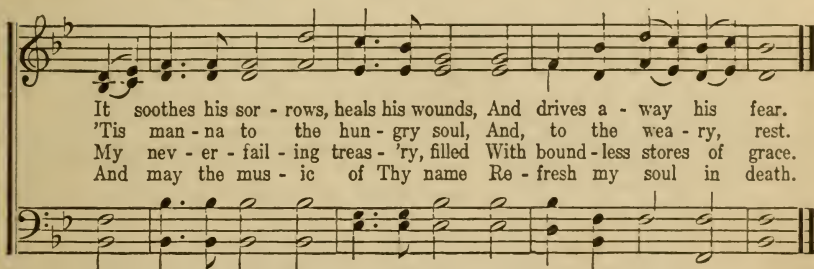
John Newton, 1779.

(Heber. C. M.)

George Kingsley, 1838.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
 3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place.
 4. Till then I would Thy love pro-claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;



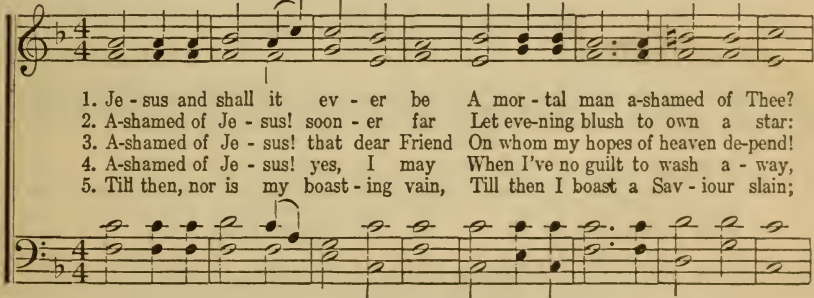
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And, to the wea - ry, rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing treas - 'ry, filled With bound - less stores of grace.
 And may the mus - ic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

99 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

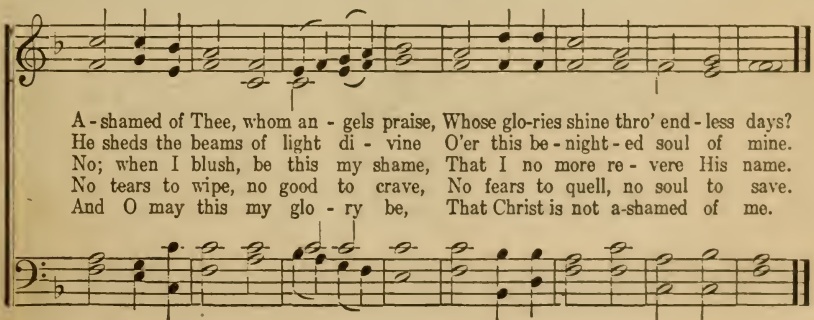
Joseph Grigg, 1765.

(Federal Street. L. M.)

Henry K. Oliver, 1838.



1. Je - sus and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star:
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven de-pend!
 4. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
 5. Till then, nor is my boast - ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav - iour slain;



A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And O may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.

100

Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

J. G. Deck, 1642.

(Lyte. 6s. 4s.)

J. P. Holbrook, 1865.

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord!
 2. Thou, bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!
 3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my Ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord!
 4. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord!

{ Oh, Thou art all to me; } Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
 { Noth - ing to please I see, }
 { Oh, how great is Thy love, } Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
 { All oth - er loves a - bove, }
 { What need I now to fear, } Since Thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!
 { What earth - ly grief or care, }
 { Then Thine own face I'll see, } Then ev - er - more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
 { Then I shall like Thee be, }

101

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

William Ralf Featherstone.

(11s.)

A. J. Gordon, 1873.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

102

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

(St. Margaret. 8s. 6.)

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea -
 2. O Light that fol - low'st all my way, I yield my flick -
 3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not close
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask

ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
 'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray,
 my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain,
 to fly from Thee; I lay in dust, life's glo - ry dead,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 That in Thy sun - shine's glow its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
 And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 And from the ground there blos - soms red Life that shall end - less be.

103

More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

(6s. 4s.)

William H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make On bended knee;
 2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is best:
 3. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their refrain,
 4. Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the parting cry My heart shall raise;

This is my ear-nest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!
 This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!
 When they can sing with me, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!
 This still its prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

104

God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

J. Bowring, 1825.

(Wilmot. 8.7.8.7.)

Carl Maria von Weber.

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His change-less good-ness prove;
 4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com-fort from a - bove;

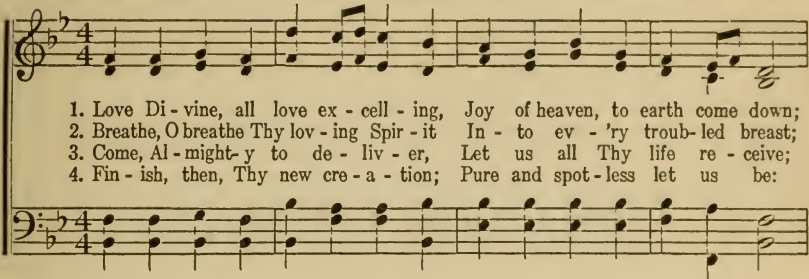
Bliss He wakes and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His bright-ness stream-eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.
 Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

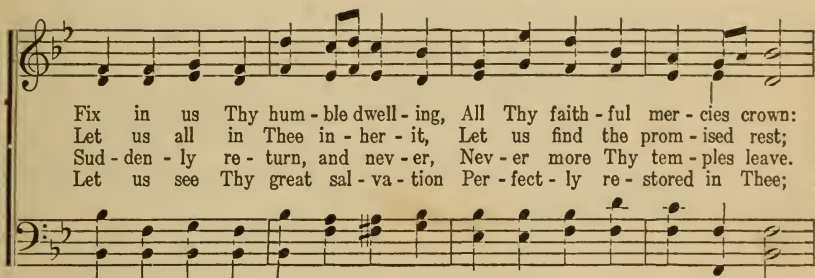
Charles Wesley, 1747.

(Beecher. 8.7-8.7. D.)

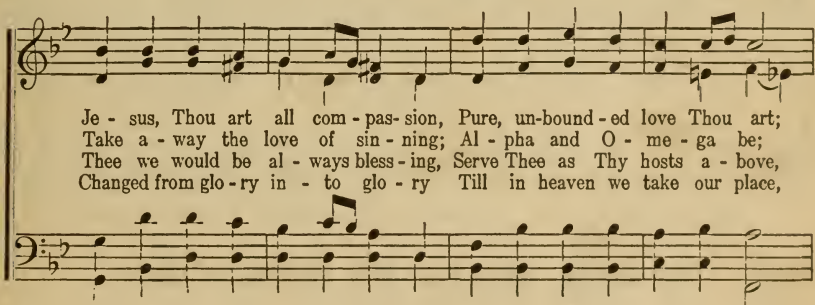
John Zundel, 1870.



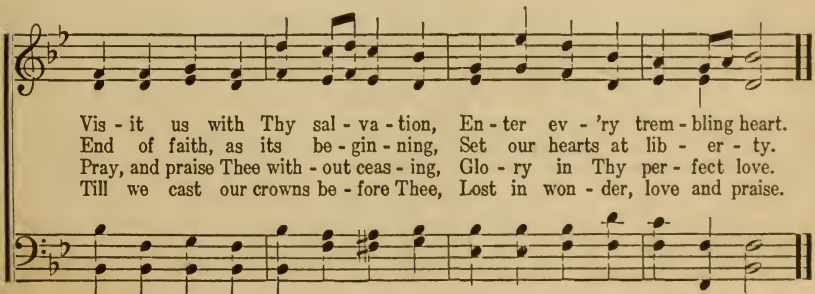
1. Love Di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast;
 3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
 4. Fin-ish, then, Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be:



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest;
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave.
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee;



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry Till in heaven we take our place,



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.

106

Like a River, Glorious.

Frances R. Havergal.

(6s 5s.)

Rev. J. Mountain.

1. Like a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our

to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth
 fol - low, Nev - er trait - or stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
 di - al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful - ly

CHO.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,

D. S. for Chorus.

Full - er ev - 'ry day; Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry, Touch the spir - it there.
 All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true. FINE.

Hearts are ful - ly blest; Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

107

We Bless Thee For Thy Peace, O God!

Anonymous.

(Cooling. C. M.)

Alonzo J. Abbey.

1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound - less sea,
 2. We ask not, Fa - ther, for re - pose Which comes from out - ward rest,
 3. That peace which suf - fers and is strong, Trusts where it can - not see,
 4. That peace which flows se - rene and deep, A riv - er in the soul,
 5. O Fa - ther, give our hearts such peace What - e'er the out - ward be,

We Bless Thee For Thy Peace.—Concluded.

Which falls like sun - shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee.
 If we may have through all life's woes Thy peace with - in our breast:
 Deems not the tri - al way too long, But leaves the end with Thee:
 Whose banks a liv - ing ver - dure keep; God's sun - shine o'er the whole!
 Till all life's dis - ci - pline shall cease, And we go home to Thee.

108

Peace, Perfect Peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

(Pax Tecum.)

George T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.
 In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Je-sus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Rev. R. Robinson.

(Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.)

John Wyeth.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }
 2. { Here I'll raise my E - ben - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; }
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home; }
 3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! }
 Let Thy good - ness, as a fet - ter, Bind my wand - ring heart to Thee; }

D.C.—Praise the mount,—I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
 He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His precious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wand - ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love—

110 Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

(Arlington. C. M.)

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me His word my hope se - cures;
 5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease;

I once was lost, but now am found— Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

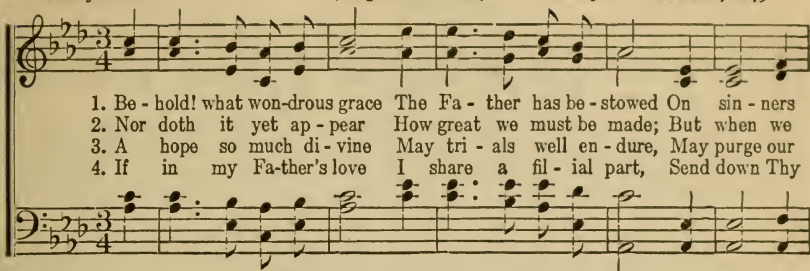
111

Behold! What Wondrous Grace.

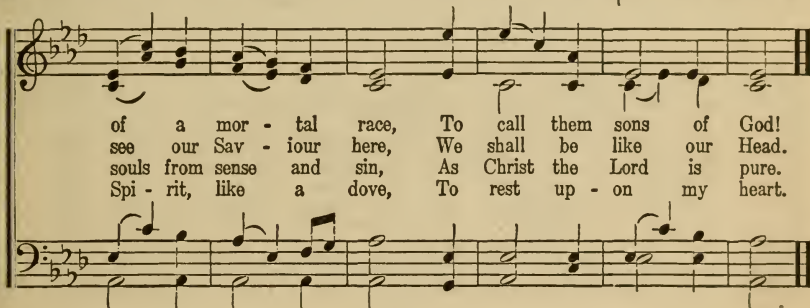
Anonymous.

(Leighton. S. M.)

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.



1. Be - hold! what won-drous grace The Fa - ther has be - stowed On sin - ners
 2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear How great we must be made; But when we
 3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en - dure, May purge our
 4. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fil - ial part, Send down Thy



of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!
 see our Sav - iour here, We shall be like our Head.
 souls from sense and sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.
 Spi - rit, like a dove, To rest up - on my heart.

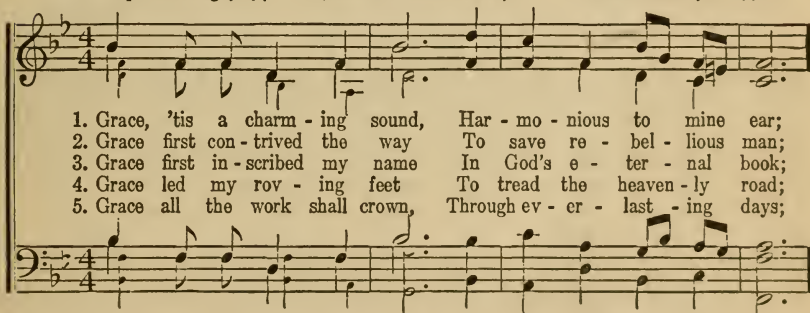
112

Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

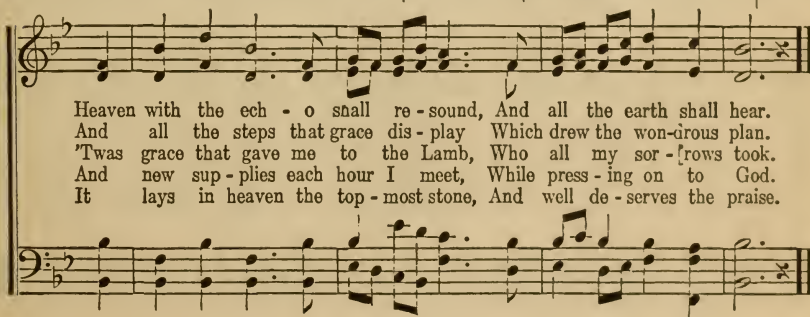
Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1740.

(Silver Street. S. M.)

Isaac Smith, c. 1770.



1. Grace, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear;
 2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bel - lious man;
 3. Grace first in - scribed my name In God's e - ter - nal book;
 4. Grace led my rov - ing feet To tread the heaven - ly road;
 5. Grace all the work shall crown, Through ev - er - last - ing days;



Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 And all the steps that grace dis - play Which drew the won-drous plan.
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor - rows took.
 And new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
 It lays in heaven the top - most stone, And well de - serves the praise.

113

Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed.

Harriet Auber.

(St. Cuthbert. 8.6.4.)

John B. Dykes.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-well,
 2. He came in tongues of liv-ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub-due;
 3. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious will-ing guest,
 4. And ev-'ry vir-tue we pos-sess, And ev-'ry con-quest won,

A Guide, a Com-fort-er be-queathed, With us to dwell.
 All-power-ful as the wind He came, As view-less, too.
 While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
 And ev-'ry thought of ho-li-ness,— Are His a-lone.

114

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

(Last Hope. 75.)

L. M. Gottschalk.
Arr. by H. P. Main.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho-ly Ghost, with power di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
 3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
 4. Ho-ly Spi-rit, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma-n-y woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

115

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

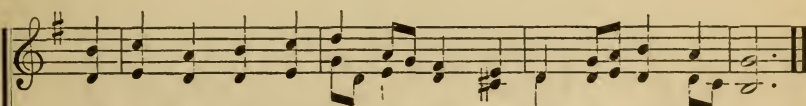
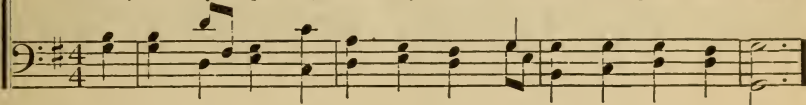
I. Watts, 1707.

(Stephens. C. M.)

Wm. Jones.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning powers;
 2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys:
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise:
 4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate?
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning powers;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls can neith - er fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.



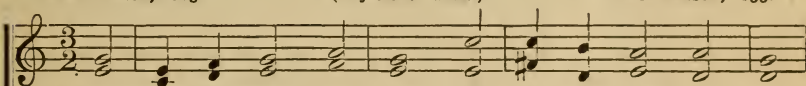
116

Breathe On Me, Breath of God.

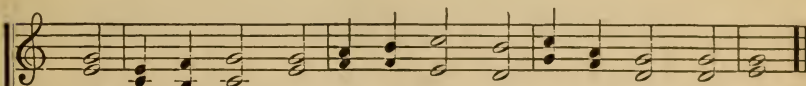
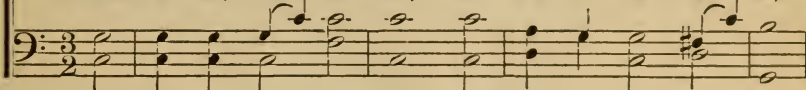
Edwin Hatch, 1885.

(Boylston. S. M.)

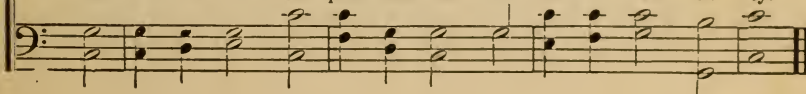
Lowell Mason, 1833.



1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine,
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,



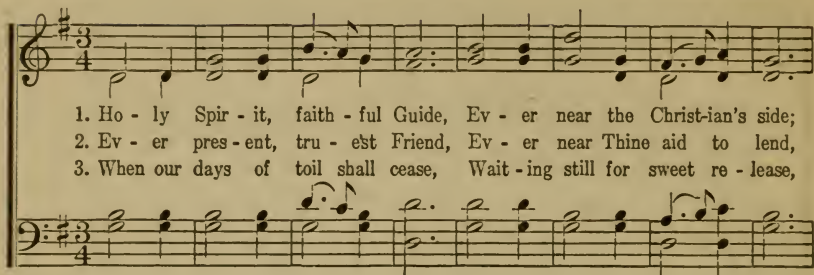
That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
 Un - til with Thee I will one will, To do or to en - dure.
 Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
 But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.



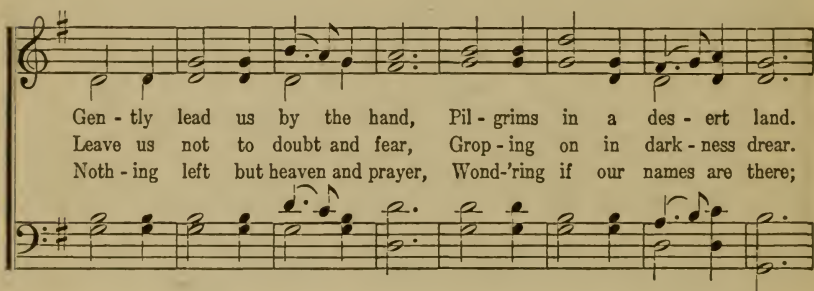
Anon.

(Guide. 7s. D.)

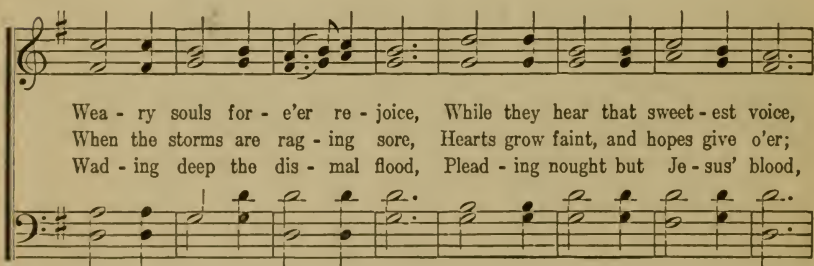
Marcus M. Wells.




1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christ-ian's side;
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,



Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear.
 Noth - ing left but heaven and prayer, Wond - ring if our names are there;



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood,

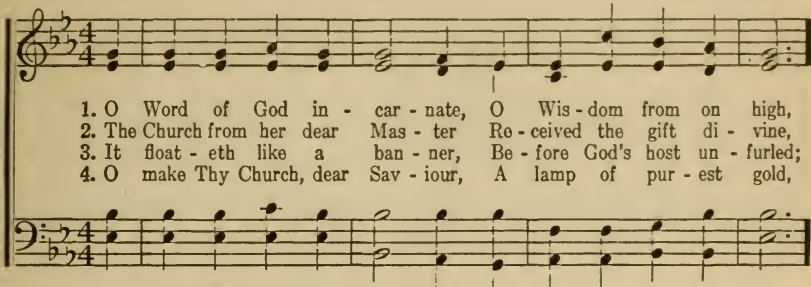


Whisp - ring soft - ly, "Wand - rer come, Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
 Whisp - ring soft - ly, "Wand - rer come, Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
 Whisp - ring soft - ly, "Wand - rer come, Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

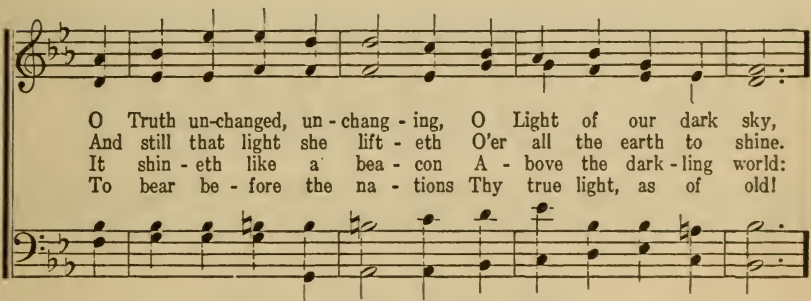
William Walsham How, 1867.

(Aurelia. 7.6.7.6. D.)

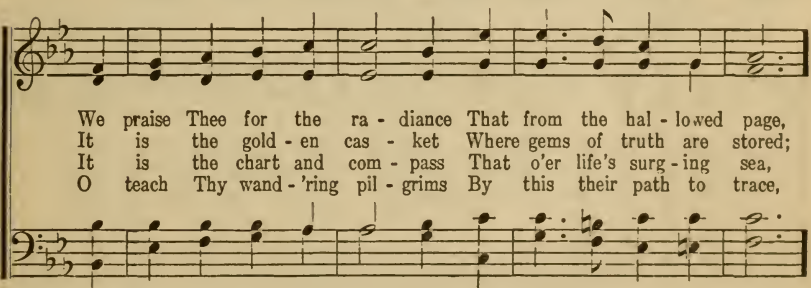
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864.



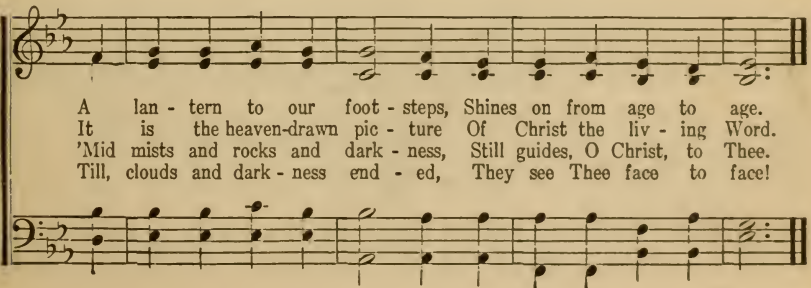
1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner, Be - fore God's host un - furled;
 4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of pur - est gold,



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky,
 And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
 It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world:
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light, as of old!



We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
 It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
 O teach Thy wand - 'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
 It is the heaven - drawn pic - ture Of Christ the liv - ing Word.
 'Mid mists and rocks and dark - ness, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
 Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face!

What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

William Cowper.

(Belmont. C. M.)

William Gardiner, 1812.

1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun!
 2. The hand that gave it still sup - plies His gra - cious light and heat,
 3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis - play
 4. My soul re - joic - es to pur - sue The paths of truth and love,

It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor - rows none.
 His truths up - on the na - tions rise; They rise, but nev - er set.
 As makes the world of dark-ness shine With beams of heaven-ly day.
 Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view In bright - er worlds a - bove.

120 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

Bernard D. Barton, 1836.

(Lambeth. C. M.)

A. Schulthes, 1871.

1. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
 2. Bread of our souls, where - on we feed, True man - na from on high;
 3. Pil - lar of fire, through watch - es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
 4. Word of the ev - er liv - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;

Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace, Brook by the trav - ler's way.
 Our guide and chart, where - in we read Of realms be - yond the sky.
 When waves would 'whelm our toss - ing bark Our an - chor and our stay.
 With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heaven it - self be won?

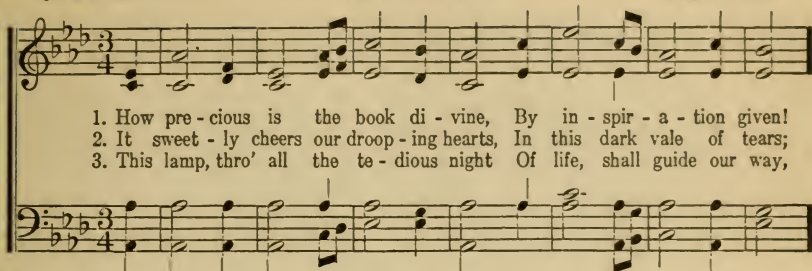
121

How Precious Is the Book Divine.

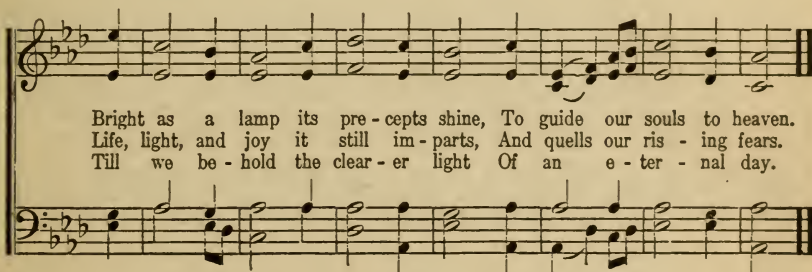
J. Fawcett.

(Avon. C. M.)

Hugh Wilson.



1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spir - a - tion given!
 2. It sweet - ly cheers our droop - ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
 3. This lamp, thro' all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way,



Bright as a lamp its pre - cepts shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
 Life, light, and joy it still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
 Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

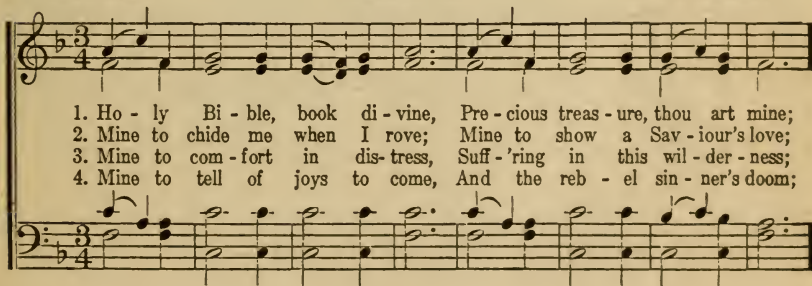
122

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

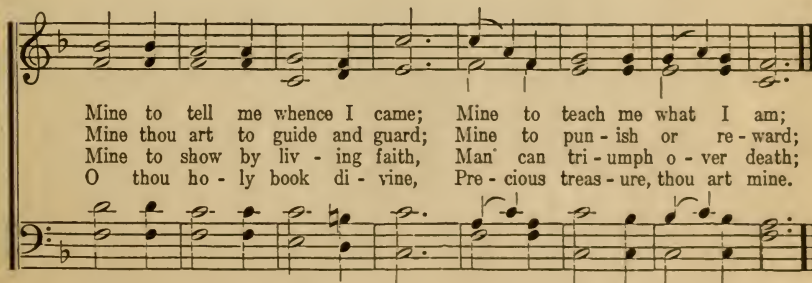
John Burton.

(Aletta. 7s.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;



Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
 O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

123

Upon the Gospel's Sacred Page.

Bowring.

(Hebron. L. M.)

Lowell Mason, 1830.

1. Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gath - ered beams of a - ges shine;
 2. On might - ier wing, in loft - ier flight, From year to year does knowledge soar;
 3. More glo - rious still, as cen - turies roll, New re - gions blest, new powers un - furled,
 4. Flow to re - store, but not de - stroy; As when the cloud - less lamp of day

And, as it has - tens, ev - 'ry age But makes its bright - ness more di - vine.
 And, as it soars, the Gos - pel light Be - comes ef - ful - gent more and more.
 Ex - pand - ing with th' ex - pand - ing soul, Its ra - diance shall o'er - flow the world, -
 Pours out its floods of light and joy, And sweeps the lin - g'ring mist a - way.

124

O Holy Word, With Reverent Hands.

M. E. Servoss, 1914.

(Alexander. 8s.)

Geo. C. Stebbins, 1915.

rit.

1. O Ho - ly Word, with rev - rent hands, I turn thy sa - cred pag - es o'er;
 2. O Ho - ly Word of love di - vine, Thy light shall guide me in the way;
 3. Dear mes - sen - ger of won - drous grace, Thy precepts in my heart I hide;
 4. When pain and sorrow ling - er near, Thou tell - est of a Sav - iour's care;
 5. One page a - lone is more to me, Than all of hu - man life be - side;

Thy truths to search as God com - mands, 'Mid all thy vast un - fath - omed store.
 And thro' life's darkest night shall shine, To lead me in - to per - fect day.
 The law of love in thee I trace, And in thy prom - is - es con - fide.
 Thou hast a balm for ev - 'ry fear, A hope for ev - 'ry earn - est prayer.
 For there I learn, to set me free, A Sav - iour in my stead hath died.

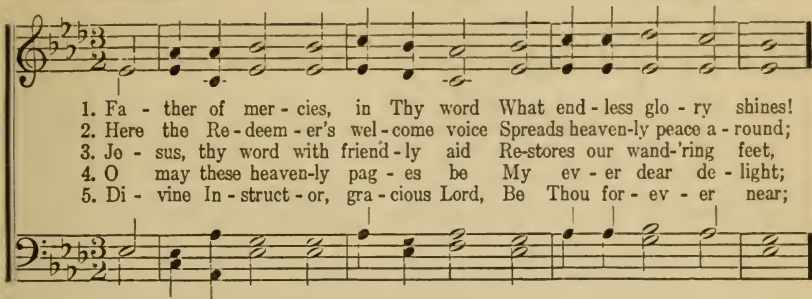
125

Father of Mercies, In Thy Word.

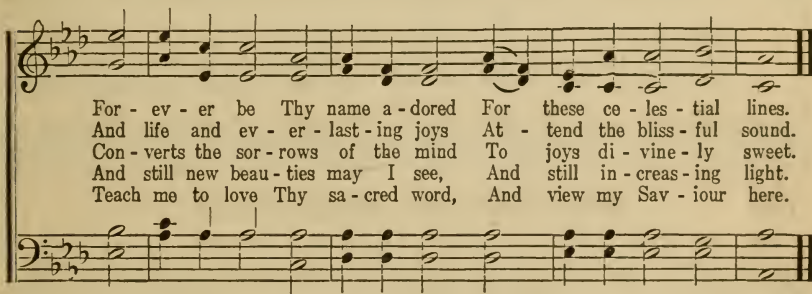
Anne Steele, 1760.

(Azmon. C. M.)

Carl G. Glaser.



1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!
 2. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads heav - en - ly peace a - round;
 3. Jo - sus, thy word with friend - ly aid Re - stores our wand - ring feet,
 4. O may these heav - en - ly pag - es be My ev - er dear de - light;
 5. Di - vine In - struct - or, gra - cious Lord, Be Thou for - ev - er near;



For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
 And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.
 Con - verts the sor - rows of the mind To joys di - vine - ly sweet.
 And still new beau - ties may I see, And still in - creas - ing light.
 Teach me to love Thy sa - cred word, And view my Sav - iour here.

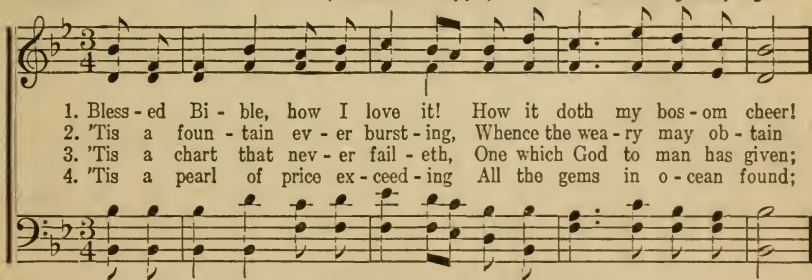
126

Blessed Bible, How I Love It!

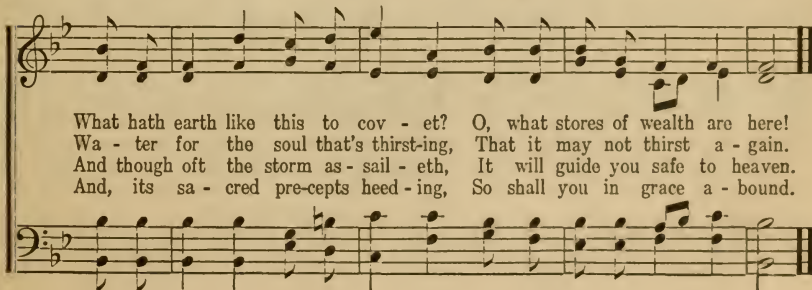
Anon.

(Stockwell. 8s, 7s.)

D. E. Jones, 1851.



1. Bless - ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bos - om cheer!
 2. 'Tis a foun - tain ev - er burst - ing, Whence the wea - ry may ob - tain
 3. 'Tis a chart that nev - er fail - eth, One which God to man has given;
 4. 'Tis a pearl of price ex - ceed - ing All the gems in o - cean found;



What hath earth like this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here!
 Wa - ter for the soul that's thirst - ing, That it may not thirst a - gain.
 And though oft the storm as - sail - eth, It will guide you safe to heaven.
 And, its sa - cred pre - cepts heed - ing, So shall you in grace a - bound.

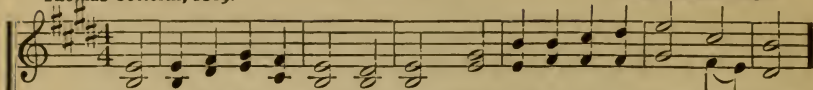
127

God, In the Gospel of His Son.

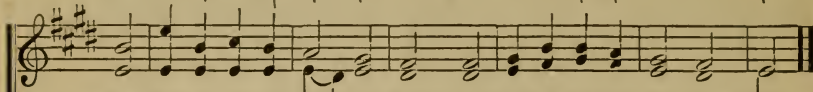
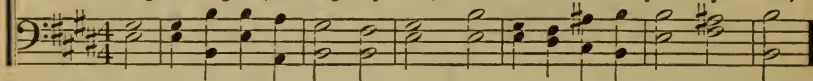
Benjamin Beddome, 1787,
Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

Uxbridge. L. M.)

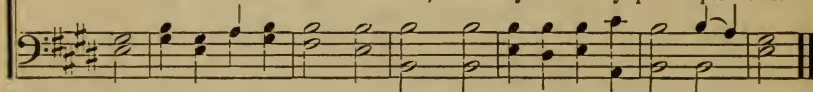
Lowell Mason, 1830.



1. God, in the gos-pel of His Son, Makes His e-ter-nal coun-sels known:
2. Here faith re-veals to mor-tal eyes A bright-er world be-yond the skies;
3. O grant us grace, Al-might-y Lord, To read and mark Thy ho-ly Word;



Where love in all its glo-ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.
Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of end-less day.
Its truth with meek-ness to re-ceive, And by its ho-ly pre-cepts live.



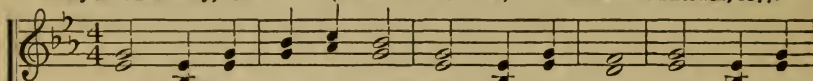
128

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

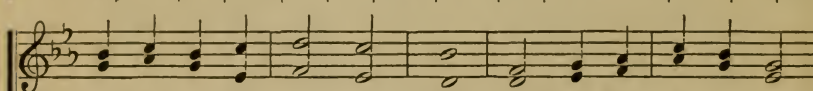
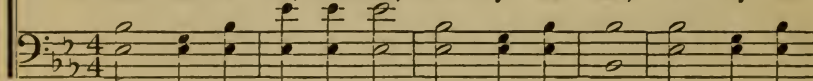
Mary Ann Lathbury, 1880.

(Bread of Life. 108.)

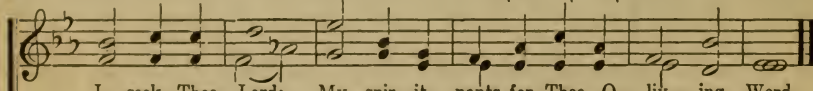
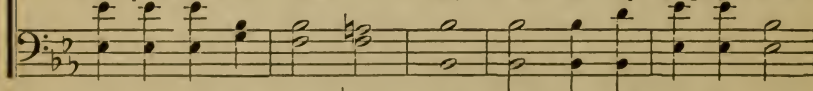
William F. Sherwin, 1877.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, on-ly for Thee, As Thy dis-



break the loaves, be-side the sea; Be-yond the sa-cred page
bless the bread by Gal-i-lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
ci-ples lived in Gal-i-lee; Then, all my strug-gles o'er,



I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word.
all fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, my all in all.
vic-to-ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, the Liv-ing One.

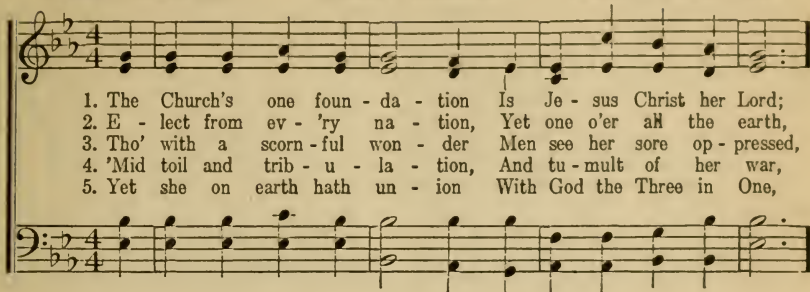


The Church's One Foundation.

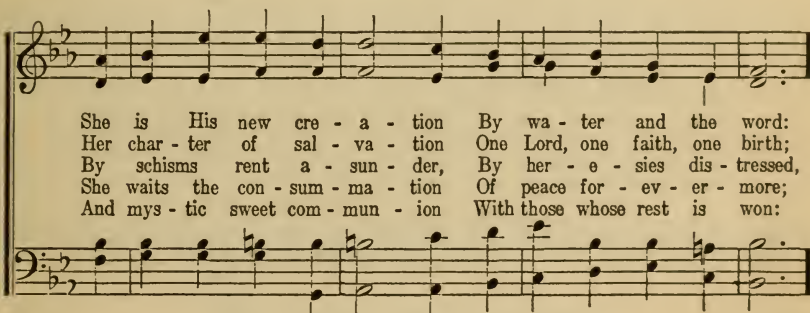
Samuel J. Stone, 1866.

(Aurelia. 7.6.7.6. D.)

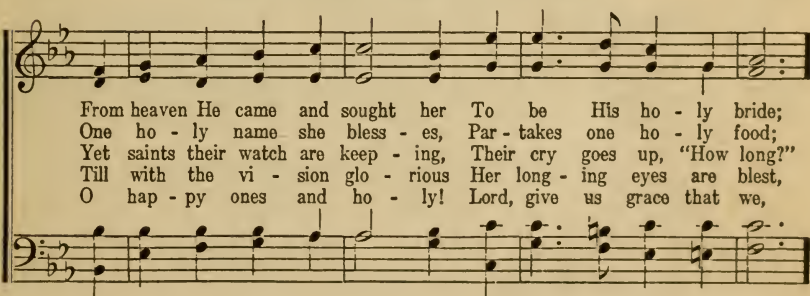
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864.



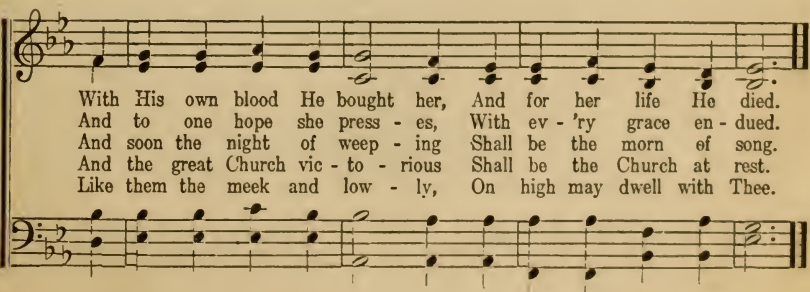
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - pressed,
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 5. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed,
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food;
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

130

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

(St. Thomas. S. M.)

Aaron Williams, 1763.



1. I love Thy king - dom Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love the Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend;
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven - ly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be given Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heaven.

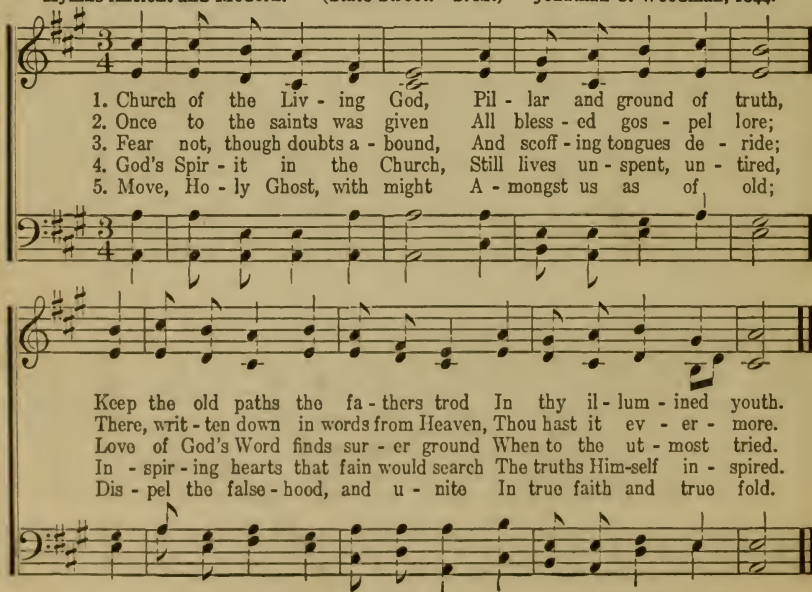
131

Church of the Living God.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

(State Street. S. M.)

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844.



1. Church of the Liv - ing God, Pil - lar and ground of truth,
 2. Once to the saints was given All bless - ed gos - pel lore;
 3. Fear not, though doubts a - bound, And scoff - ing tongues de - ride;
 4. God's Spir - it in the Church, Still lives un - spent, un - tired,
 5. Move, Ho - ly Ghost, with might A - mongst us as of old;

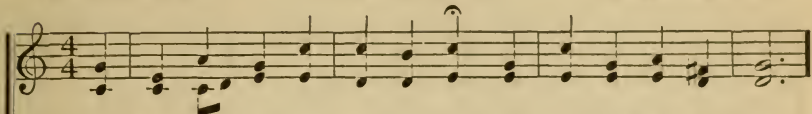
Keep the old paths the fa - thers trod In thy il - lum - ined youth.
 There, writ - ten down in words from Heaven, Thou hast it ev - er - more.
 Love of God's Word finds sur - er ground When to the ut - most tried.
 In - spir - ing hearts that fain would search The truths Him - self in - spired.
 Dis - pel the false - hood, and u - nite In true faith and true fold.

132 O Where Are Kings and Empires Now?

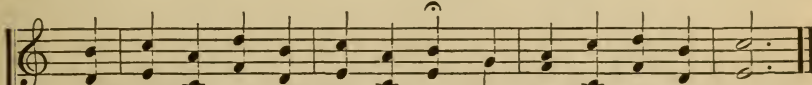
Arthur C. Coxe, 1839.

(St. Anne. C. M.)

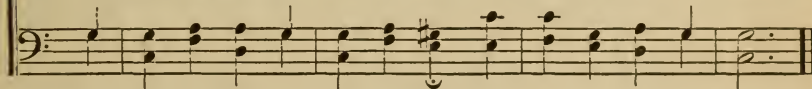
William Croft, 1708.



1. O where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came?
 2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle - ments, And her foun - da - tions strong;
 3. For not like king - doms of the world, Thy ho - ly Church, O God!
 4. Un - sha - ken as e - ter - nal hills, Im - mov - a - ble she stands,



But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same.
 We hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song.
 Tho' earth-quake shocks are threat - ning her, And tem - pests are a - broad,
 A moun - tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.

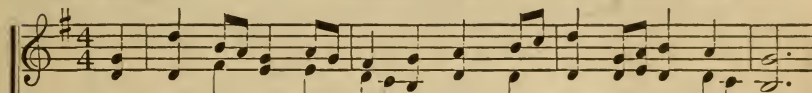


133 Arise, O King of Grace, Arise.

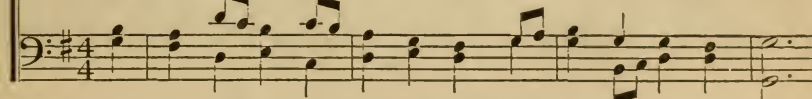
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Stephens. C. M.)

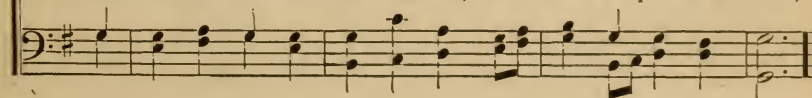
Rev. William Jones, 1789.



1. A - rise, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest;
 2. En - ter with all Thy glo - rious' train, Thy spir - it and Thy word;
 3. Here, might - y God, ac - cept our vows, Here let Thy praise be spread;
 4. Here let the Son of Da - vid reign, Let God's A - noint - ed shine,



Thy Church a - waits with long - ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest.
 All that the ark did once con - tain Could no such grace af - ford.
 Bless the pro - vi - sions of Thy house, And fill Thy poor with bread.
 Jus - tice and truth His courts main - tain, With love and power di - vine,



Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

John Newton, 1779.

(Austrian Hymn. 8.7.8.7. D.)

Joseph Haydn, 1797.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
 4. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, through grace, a mem - ber am,

He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for His own a - bode:
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:
 For a glo - ry and a cov - ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near:
 Let the world de - ride or pi - ty, I will glo - ry in Thy name:

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, when such a riv - er Ev - er will their thirst as - suage?
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night, and shade by day,
 Fad - ing is the world - ling's pleas - ure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.
 Sol - id joys and last - ing treas - ure None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

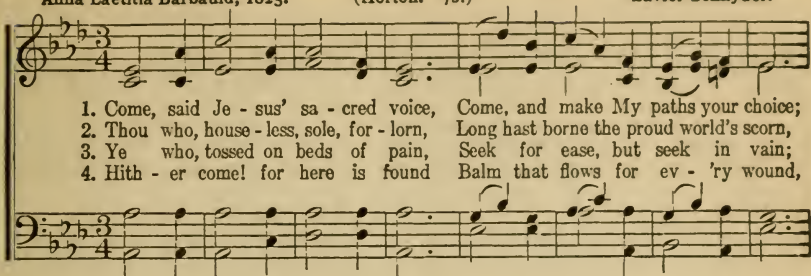
135

Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

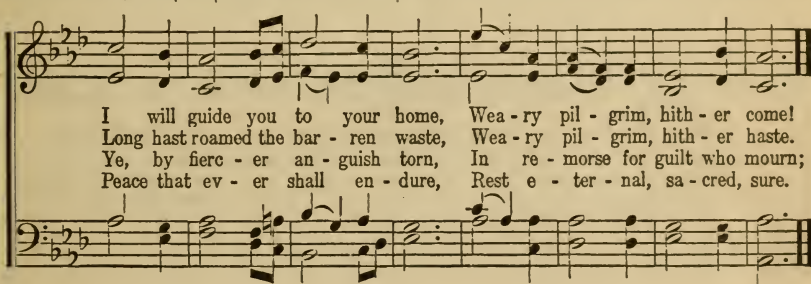
Anna Laetitia Barbauld, 1825.

(Horton. 7s.)

Zavier Schnyder.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
 2. Thou who, house - less, sole, for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 4. Hith - er come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,



I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come!
 Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
 Ye, by fierce - er an - guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn;
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

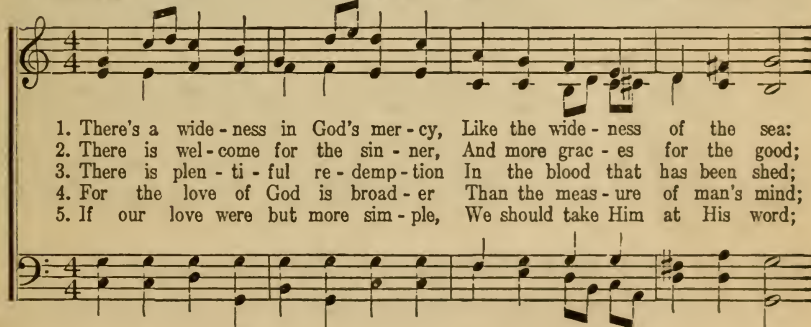
136

There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.

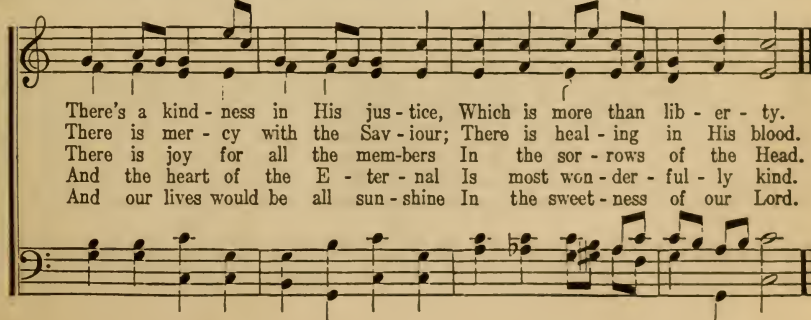
Frederick W. Faber.

(Wellesley. 8s. 7s.)

Lizzie S. Tourjée.



1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea:
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
 3. There is plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion In the blood that has been shed;
 4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
 5. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;



There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

137

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore, 1816.

Samuel Webbe, 1792.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing— Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move.

138

Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?

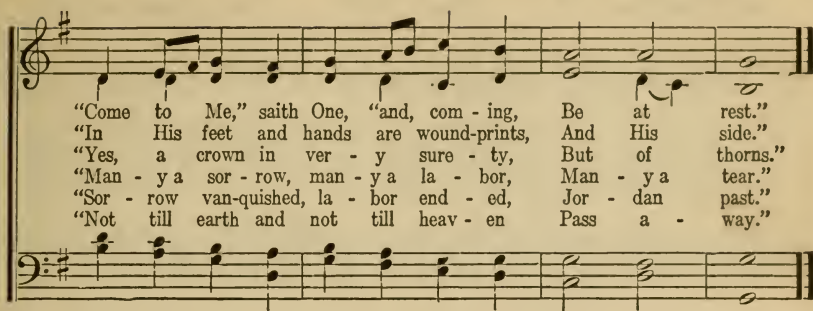
Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1862.

(Stephanos. 8.5.8.3.)

Henry Baker, 1868.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
 4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
 5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
 6. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?—Concluded.



"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest."
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
 "Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
 "Man - y a sor - row, man - y a la - bor, Man - y a tear."
 "Sor - row van-quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan past."
 "Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way."

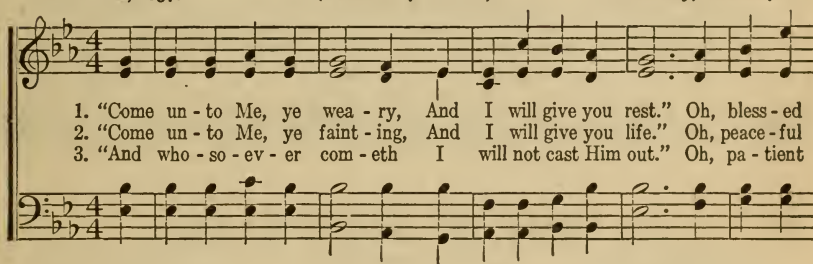
139

"Come Unto Me, Ye Weary."

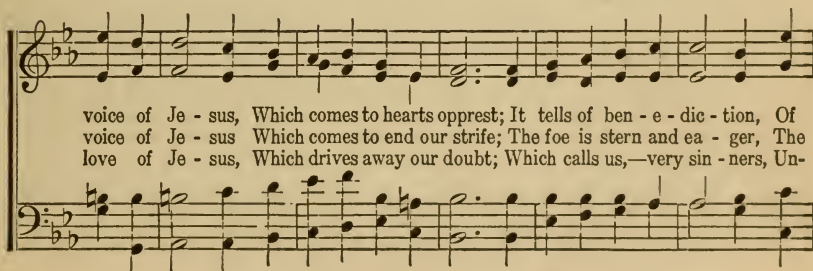
W. C. Dix, 1837.

(Aurelia. 7s. 6s. D.)

S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876.



1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." Oh, bless - ed
 2. "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life." Oh, peace - ful
 3. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast Him out." Oh, pa - tient



voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts oppress; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of
 voice of Je - sus Which comes to end our strife; The foe is stern and ea - ger, The
 love of Je - sus, Which drives away our doubt; Which calls us,—very sin - ners, Un-



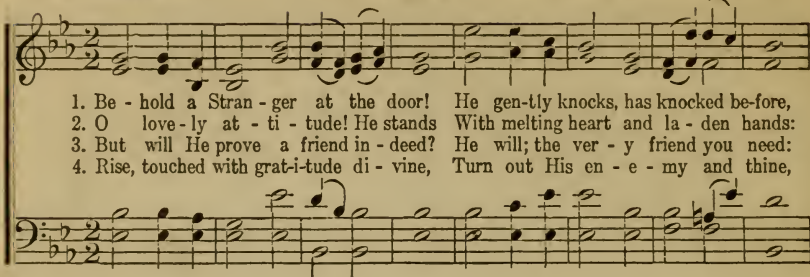
pardon, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which cannot cease.
 fight is fierce and long; But Thou hast made me mighty, And stronger than the strong.
 worth - y though we be Of love so free and bound-less,—To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

Behold a Stranger At the Door.

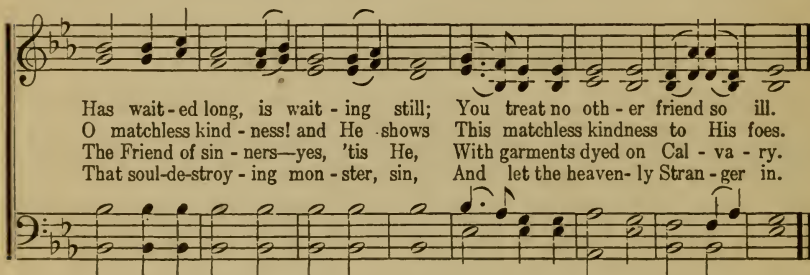
Joseph Grigg, 1765.

(Bera. L. M.)

John E. Gould, 1822-1875.



1. Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore,
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands:
3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di - vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,



Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind - ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin - ners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul-de-destroy - ing mon - ster, sin, And let the heav - en - ly Stran - ger in.

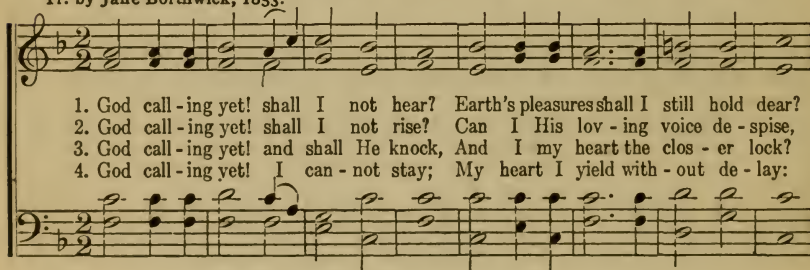
God Calling Yet! Shall I Not Hear?

G. Tersteegen, 1750;

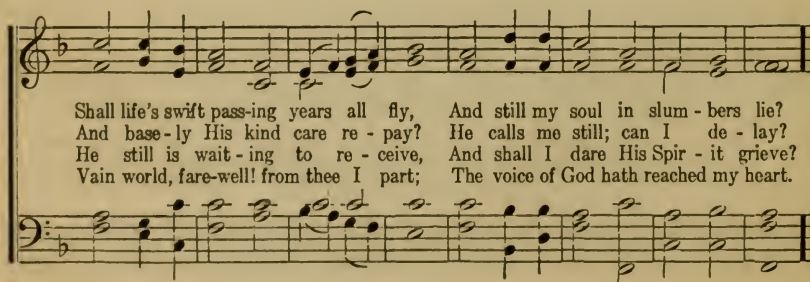
(Federal Street. L. M.)

Henry K. Oliver, 1848.

Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay:



Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - bers lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait - ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
Vain world, fare - well! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

142

Haste, Traveler, Haste.

William B. Collyer.

(Zephyr. L. M.)

Wm. B. Bradbury, r843.

1. Haste, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on, And man - y a shin - ing hour is gone;
 2. O far from home thy foot - steps stray; Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
 3. The ris - ing tem - pest sweeps the sky; The rains de - scend, the winds are high;
 4. Then lin - ger not in all the plain, Flee for thy life, the moun - tain gain;

The storm is gath - 'ring in the west, And thou art far from home and rest.
 And Christ the Light; thy set - ting sun Sinks ere thy morn - ing is be - gun.
 The wa - ters swell, and death and fear Be - set thy path, nor ref - uge near.
 Look not be - hind, make no de - lay, O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

143

Jesus Christ Is Passing By.

J. Denham Smith.

(Albertson. 7s.)

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

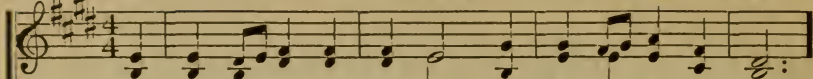
1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
 2. Lo, He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
 3. Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
 4. O how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour:

rit.
 As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me.
 Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol.
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

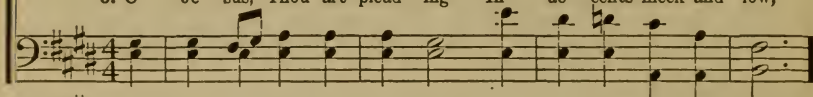
W. W. How.

(St. Edith. 7s. 6s.)

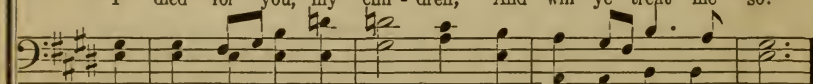
Edward Husband.



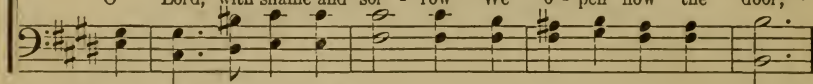
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,



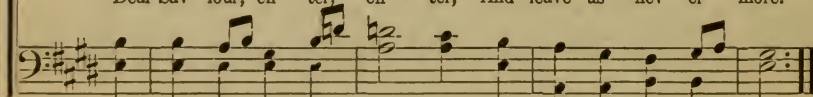
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?"



Shame on us, Christ - ian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
 O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;



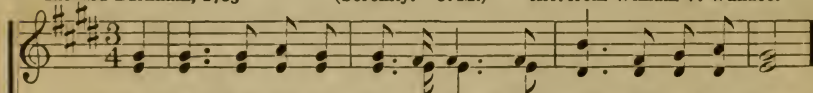
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.



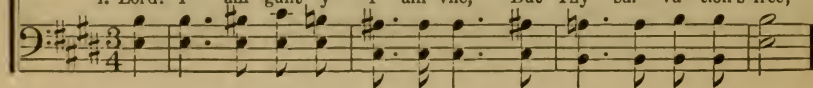
Richard Burnham, 1783

(Serenity. C. M.)

Arr. from William V. Wallace.



1. Je - sus! Thou art the sin - ner's Friend; As such I look to Thee;
 2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace—Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
 3. Thou won - drous Ad - vo - cate with God! I yield my - self to Thee;
 4. Lord! I am guilt - y— I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free;



Jesus! Thou Art the Sinner's Friend.—Concluded.



Now in the full-ness of Thy love, O Lord! re-mem-ber me.
 Re-mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me.
 While Thou art sit-ting on Thy throne, Dear Lord! re-mem-ber me.
 Then, in Thine all-a-bound-ing grace, Dear Lord! re-mem-ber me.

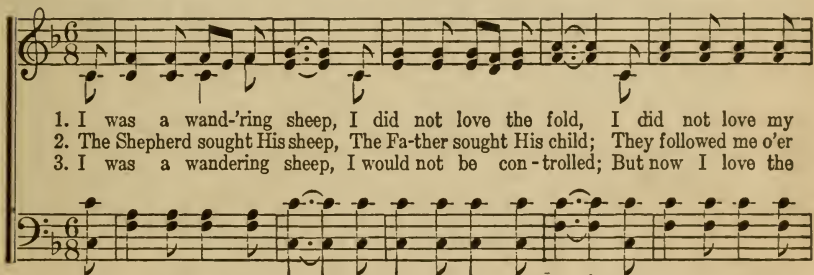
146

I Was a Wandering Sheep.

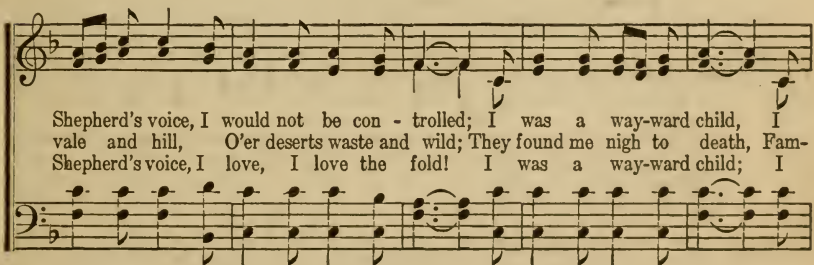
Horatius Bonar, 1857.

(Lebanon. S.M. D.)

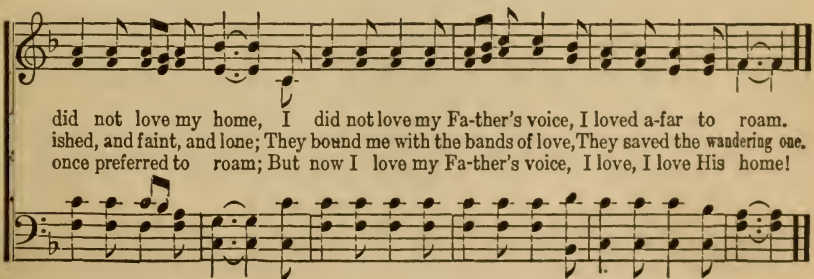
John Zundel, 1855.



1. I was a wand-ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child; They followed me o'er
 3. I was a wandering sheep, I would not be con-trolled; But now I love the



Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward child, I
 vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild; They found me nigh to death, Fam-
 Shepherd's voice, I love, I love the fold! I was a way-ward child; I

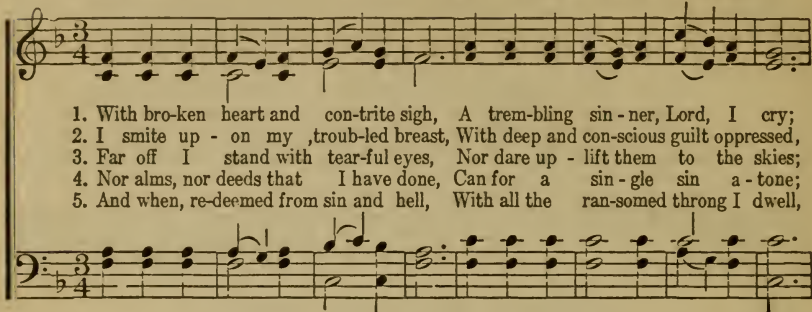


did not love my home, I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 ished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.
 once preferred to roam; But now I love my Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home!

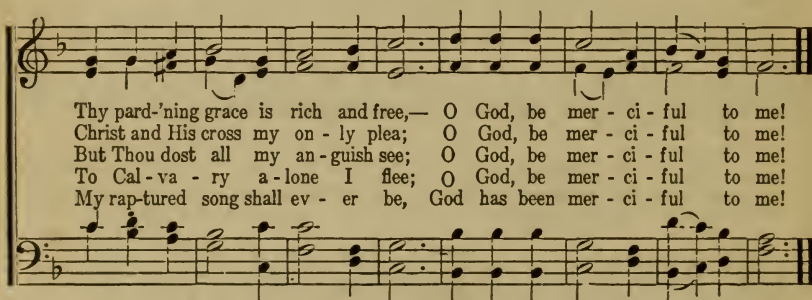
147 With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh.

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

(Hursley. S.M.) Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861.



1. With bro-ken heart and con-trite sigh, A trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, I cry;
 2. I smite up - on my ,troub-led breast, With deep and con-sci-ous guilt oppressed,
 3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare up - lift them to the skies;
 4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin-gle sin a-tone;
 5. And when, re-deemed from sin and hell, With all the ran-somed throng I dwell,



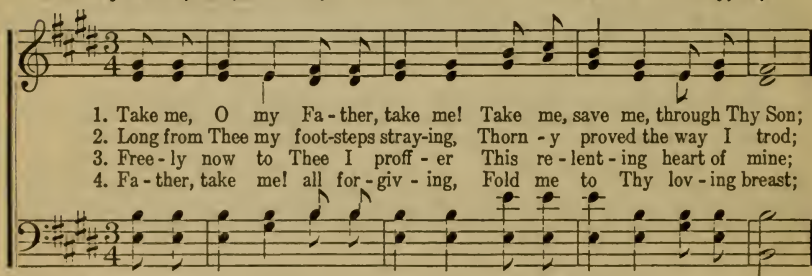
Thy pard-'ning grace is rich and free,— O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
 Christ and His cross my on-ly plea; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
 But Thou dost all my an-guish see; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
 To Cal-va-ry a-lone I flee; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
 My rap-tured song shall ev-er be, God has been mer-ci-ful to me!

148 Take Me, O My Father, Take Me!

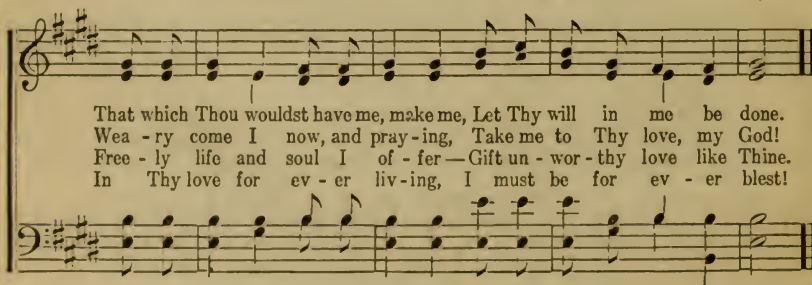
Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., 1808-1887.

(Dorrance. 8s. 7s.)

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848.



1. Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me! Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
 2. Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
 3. Free-ly now to Thee I proff-er This re-lent-ing heart of mine;
 4. Fa-ther, take me! all for-giv-ing, Fold me to Thy lov-ing breast;



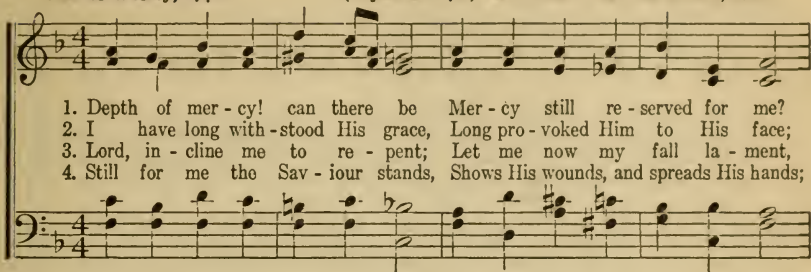
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.
 Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing, Take me to Thy love, my God!
 Free-ly life and soul I of-fer—Gift un-wor-thy love like Thine.
 In Thy love for ev-er liv-ing, I must be for ev-er blest!

149

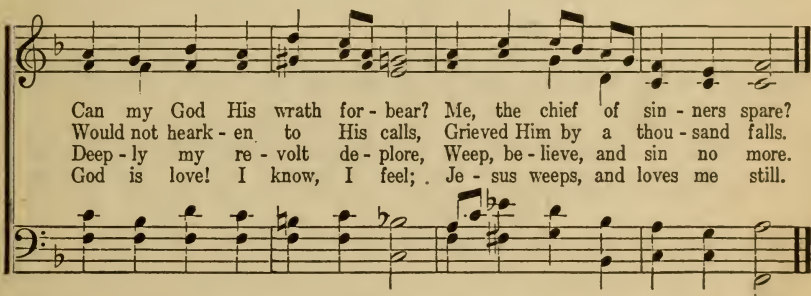
Depth of Mercy! Can There Be.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

(Seymour. 7s.) Arr. from C. M. von Weber, 1826.



1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
 2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro - voked Him to His face;
 3. Lord, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my fall la - ment;
 4. Still for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;



Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners spare?
 Would not heark - en, to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
 Deep - ly my re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.
 God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.

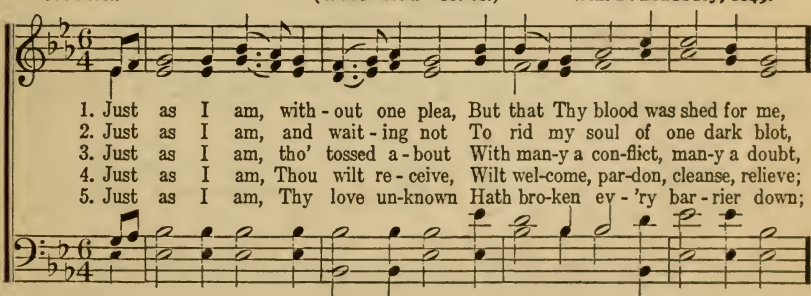
150

Just As I Am, Without One Plea.

C. Elliott.

(Woodworth. 8s. 6s.)

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1849.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man - y a con - flict, man - y a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
 5. Just as I am, Thy love un - known Hath bro - ken ey - 'ry bar - rier down;



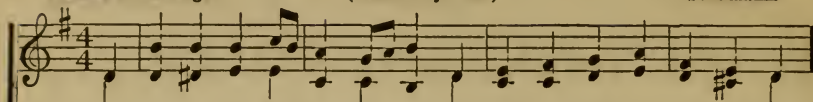
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

151 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak.

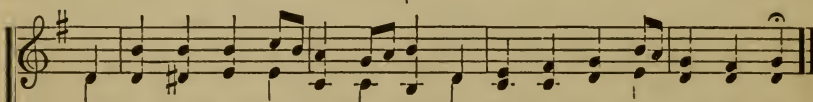
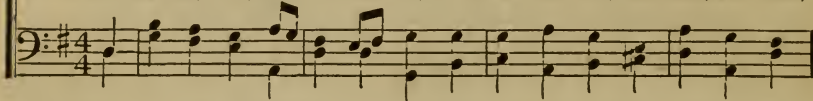
Frances R. Havergal.

(Canonbury. 8s.)

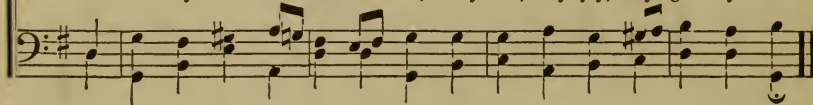
Schumann.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. O lead me Lord, that I may lead The wand - ring and the wav - ring feet;
3. O strength - en me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee;
4. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;



As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung - ring ones with man - na sweet.
I may stretch out a lov - ing hand To wrest - lers with the trou - bled sea.
Un - til Thy bless - ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.

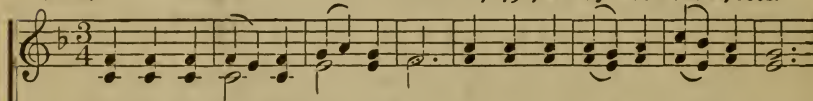


152 Teach Me, O Lord, Thy Holy Way.

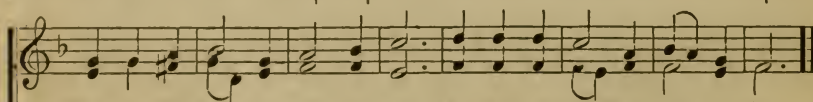
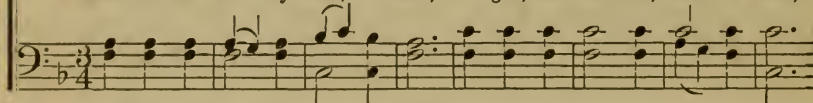
(Hursley. L. M.)

Anon.

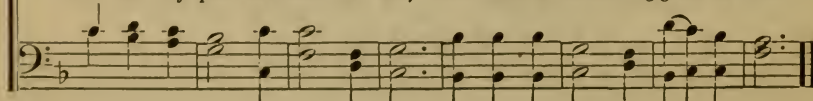
P. Ritter, 1792; Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861.



1. Teach me, O Lord, Thy ho - ly way, And give me an o - be - dient mind,
2. Guide me, O Sav - iour, with Thy hand, And so con - trol my thoughts and deeds,
3. Help me, O Sav - iour, here to trace The sa - cred foot - steps Thou hast trod,
4. Bless me in ev - 'ry task, O Lord, Be - gun, con - tin - ued, done for Thee;



That in Thy serv - ice I may find My soul's de - light from day to day.
That I may tread the path which leads Right on - ward to the bless - ed land.
And meek - ly walk - ing with my God, To grow in good - ness, truth, and grace.
Ful - fill Thy per - fect work in me; And Thine a - bound - ing grace af - ford.



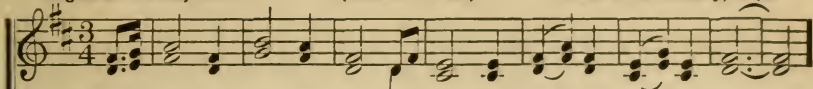
153

By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

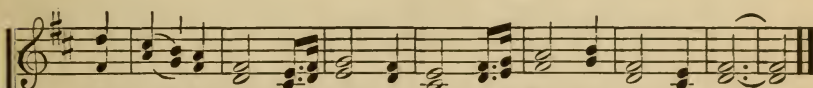
Reginald Heber, 1812.

(Siloam. C.M.)

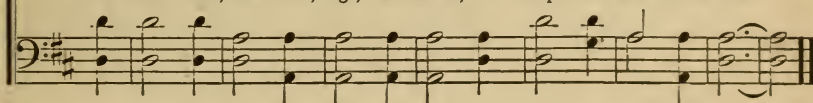
Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the lil - y grows!
 2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
 3. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age
 4. O Thou, whose in - fant feet were found With - in Thy Fa - ther's shrine,
 5. De - pend - ent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone



How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!
 Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 Will shake the soul with sor - row's power And storm - y pas - sion's rage.
 Whose years, with change - less vir - tue crowned, Were all a - like di - vine.
 In child - hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.



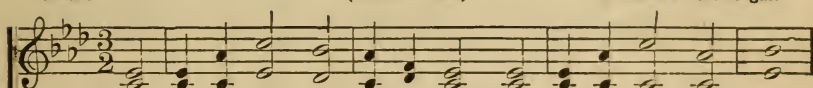
154

Baptized Into Our Saviour's Death.

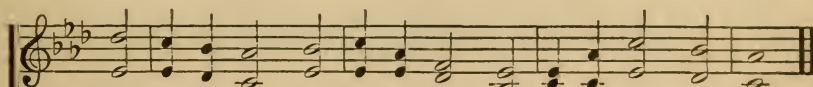
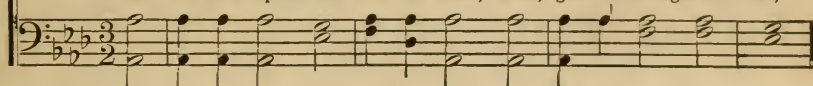
Anon.

(Evan. C.M.)

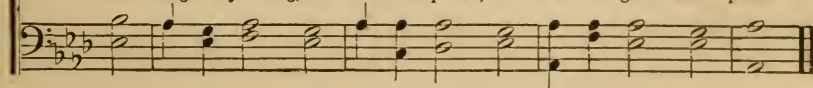
William H. Havergal.



1. Bap - tized in - to our Sav - iour's death, Our souls to sin must die;
 2. There by His Fa - ther's side he sits, En - throned di - vine - ly fair;
 3. Rise from these earth - ly tri - fles, rise On wings of faith and love;
 4. Let not earth's pleas - ures draw us down; Lord, give us strength to rise,



With Christ our Lord we live a - new, With Christ as - cend on high.
 Yet owns Him - self our Broth - er still, And our fore - run - ner there.
 A - bove, our choic - est treas - ure lies, — And be our hearts a - bove.
 And through Thy strong, at - tract - ive power, At last to gain the prize.



155 "Till He Come!" Oh, Let the Words.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

(Guide. 7s. 6 l.)

Marcus M. Wells.

FINE.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trem - bling chords;
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
 3. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and break the bread:

D.C.—Let us think how heaven and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come."
 Hush, be ev - ery mur - mur dumb; It is on - ly "Till He come."
 Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly "Till He come."

Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold - en light be seen:
 Seems the earth so poor and vast, All our life - joy o - ver - cast?
 Sweet me - mor - ials—till the Lord Call us round His heaven - ly board;

156 This Holy Bread and Wine.

Charles Wesley.

(State Street. S.M.)

Jonathan C. Woodman.

1. Je - sus in - vites His saints To meet a - round the board;
 2. This ho - ly bread and wine Main - tains our faint - ing breath,
 3. Our heaven - ly Fa - ther calls Christ and His mem - bers one;
 4. Let all our powers be joined, His glo - rious name to [raise;

Here par - doned reb - els sit and hold Com - mun - ion with their Lord.
 By un - ion with our liv - ing Lord, And in - terest in His death.
 We, the young chil - dren of His love, And He, the first - born Son.
 Pleas - ure and love fill ev - 'ry mind And ev - 'ry voice be praise.

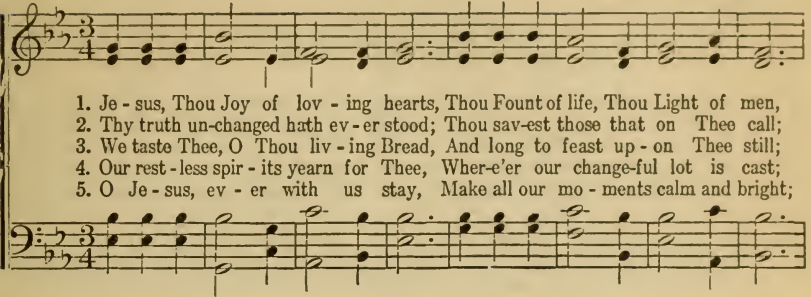
157

Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

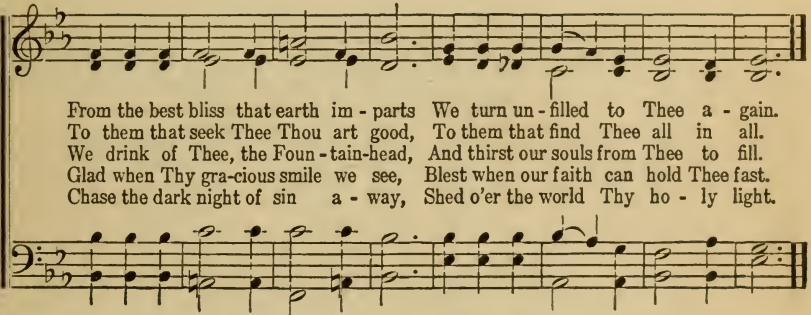
Arr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

(Hesperus. L.M.)

Henry Baker, 1866.



1. Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
 2. Thy truth un - changed hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on Thee call;
 3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
 4. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Wher - e'er our change - ful lot is cast;
 5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay, Make all our mo - ments calm and bright;



From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find Thee all in all.
 We drink of Thee, the Foun - tain - head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
 Glad when Thy gra - cious smile we see, Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
 Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light.

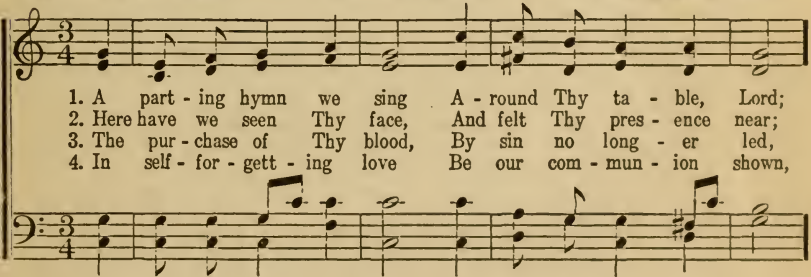
158

A Parting Hymn We Sing.

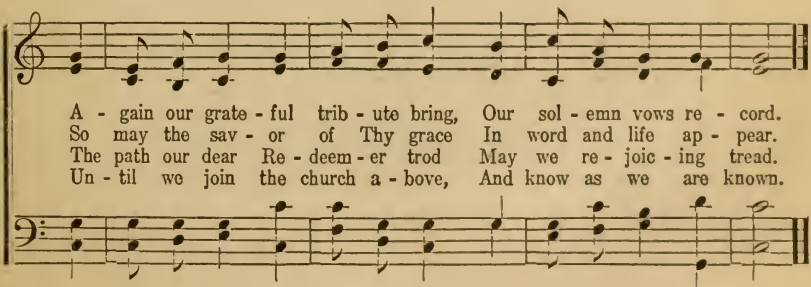
Aaron R. Wolfe, 1858.

(Boylston. S. M.)

Lowell Mason, 1832.



1. A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord;
 2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pres - ence near;
 3. The pur - chase of Thy blood, By sin no long - er led,
 4. In self - for - gett - ing love Be our com - mun - ion shown,



A - gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
 So may the sav - or of Thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
 The path our dear Re - deem - er trod May we re - joic - ing tread.
 Un - til we join the church a - bove, And know as we are known.

159

My God, Is Any Hour So Sweet.

Charlotte Elliott, 1824.

(Almsgiving. 8.8.8.4.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875.

1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning - star,
 2. Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve,
 3. Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my sins by Thee for - given;
 4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - 'ry want I find;
 5. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - 'ry fear; My spir - it seems in heaven to stay;

As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer?
 When, on the wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave.
 Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude With hopes of heaven.
 What strength for war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
 And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.

160

Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

(Evan. C. M.)

Wm. H. Havergal, 1846.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh; The fall - ing of a tear;
 3. Prayer is the con - trite sin - ner's voice Re - turn - ing from his ways,
 4. Prayer is the Chris - tian's vi - tal breath, The Chris - tian's na - tive air,

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.
 The up - ward glanc - ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 While an - gels in their songs re - joice, And say—"Be - hold, he prays."
 His watch - word at the gate of death: He en - ters heaven with prayer.

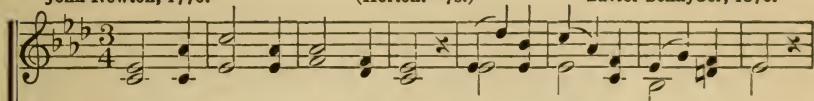
161

Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare.

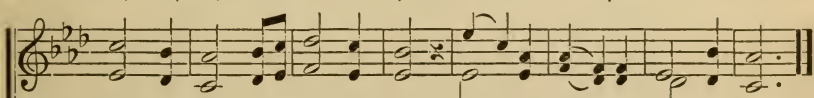
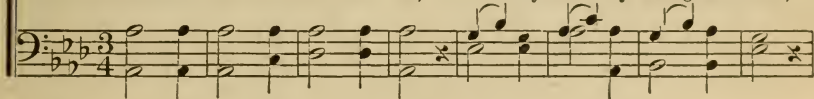
John Newton, 1770.

(Horton. 7s.)

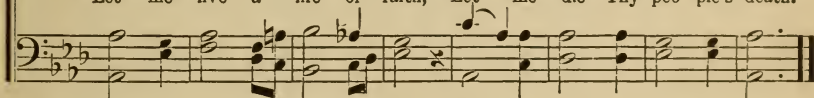
Zavier Schnyder, 1876.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je- sus loves to an- swer prayer;
 2. With my bur- den I be- gin:— Lord! re- move this load of sin;
 3. Lord! I come to Thee for rest; Take pos- ses- sion of my breast;
 4. While I am a pil- grim here, Let Thy love my spir- it cheer;
 5. Show me what I have to do, Ev- 'ry hour my strength re- new;



- He Him- self has bid thee pray, There- fore will not say thee nay.
 Let Thy blood for sin- ners spilt, Set my con- science free from guilt.
 There, Thy blood-bought right main- tain, And, with- out a riv- al, reign.
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my jour- ney's end.
 Let me live a life of faith, Let me die Thy peo- ple's death.



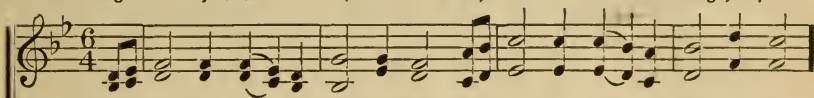
162

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

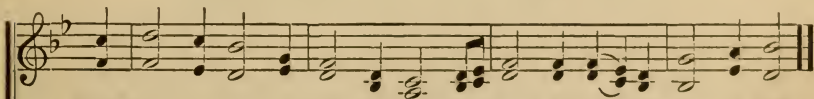
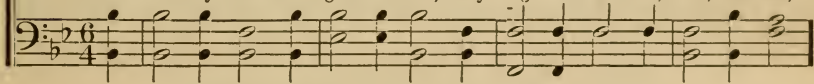
Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1828.

(Retreat. L. M.)

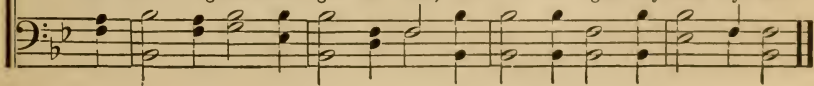
Thomas Hastings, 1842.



1. From ev- 'ry storm- y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell- ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place, where Je- sus sheds The oil of glad- ness on our heads;
 3. There is a scene, where spir- its blend, Where friend holds fel- low- ship with friend;
 4. There, there on ea- gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more;
 5. O let my hand for- get her skill, My tongue be si- lent, cold, and still,



- There is a calm, a sure re- treat, 'Tis found be- neath the mer- cy- seat.
 A place than all be- sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer- cy- seat.
 Though sun- dered far, by faith they meet, A- round one com- mon mer- cy- seat.
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glo- ry crowns the mer- cy- seat.
 This bound- ing heart for- get to beat, If I for- get Thy mer- cy- seat.



163

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

John G. Whittier, 1872.

(Elton. 8.6.8.8.6.)

F. C. Maker, 1887.

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev - 'rish
 2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian
 3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a -
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv - ings
 5. Breathe through the heats of our de - sire Thy cool - ness and Thy

ways; Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In
 sea, The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let
 bave! Where Je - sus knelt to share with Thee The
 cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And
 balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire: Speak

pur - er lives Thy serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
 us, like them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
 si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pre - ted by love.
 let our or - dered lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.
 through the earth-quake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm!

164

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

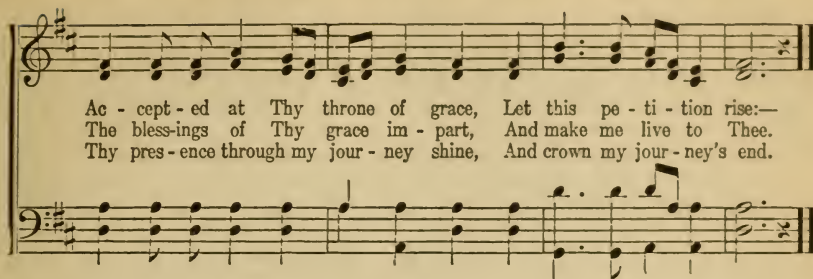
Anne Steele, 1760.

(Naomi. C. M.)

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836.

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.—Concluded.



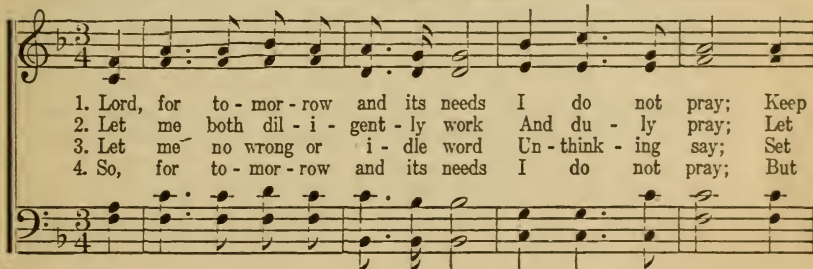
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
 The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy pres - ence through my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

165 Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs.

Sybil F. Partridge.


(Just for To-day. 8s. 4s.)

George C. Stebbins, 1890.



1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray; Keep
 2. Let me both dil - i - gent - ly work And du - ly pray; Let
 3. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un - think - ing say; Set
 4. So, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray; But

REFRAIN.



me, O God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day. Just for to - day,
 me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day. Just for to - day,
 Thou a seal up - on my lips, Just for to - day. Just for to - day,
 keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to - day. Just for to - day,



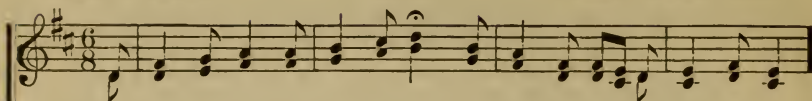
Just for to - day, Keep me, O God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.
 Just for to - day, Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day.
 Just for to - day, Set Thou a seal up - on my lips, Just for to - day.
 Just for to - day, But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to - day.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

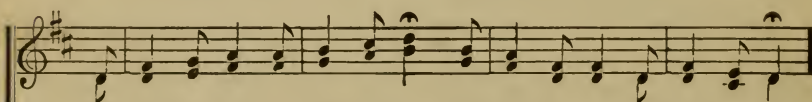
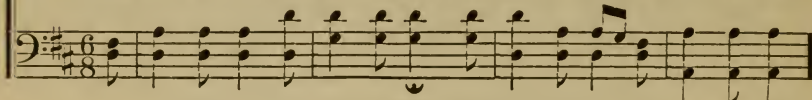
William W. Walford.

(8s. D.)

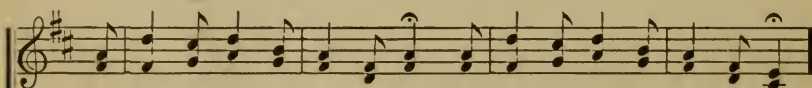
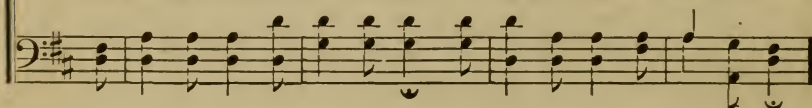
William B. Bradbury, 1859.



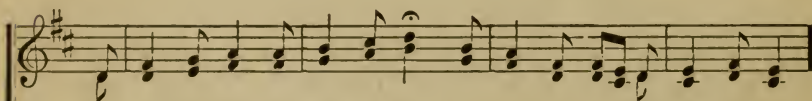
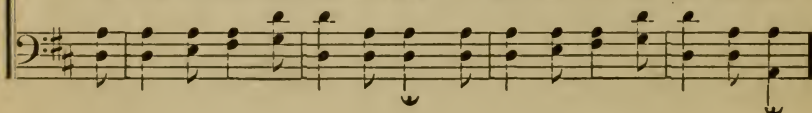
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



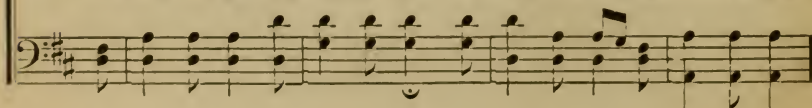
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;



And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!



Sweet Hour of Prayer.—Concluded.

And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
 I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
 And shout, while pass-ing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

167 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

(Even Me. 8s. 7s.)

Bradbury, 1862.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scatt-'ring full and free—
 2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fath-er, Sin-ful though my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour, Let me love and cling to Thee;
 4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it, Thou canst make the blind to see;
 5. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,

Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me—
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
 I am long-ing for Thy fav-or; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me,
 Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of power to me,
 Grace of God, so strong and bound-less, Mag-ni-fy them all in me,

REFRAIN.

E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

168

More Holiness Give Me.

P. P. B., 1873.

(6s. 5s.)

P. P. Bliss, 1873.

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ings with-in; More pa-tience in
 2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
 3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from

suf-f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav-iour,
 glo-ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor-rows,
 earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king-dom,

rit.
 More sense of His care; More joy in His serv-ice, More pur-pose in prayer.
 More pain at His grief; More meek-ness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.
 More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho-ly, More Sav-iour, like Thee.

169

Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult.

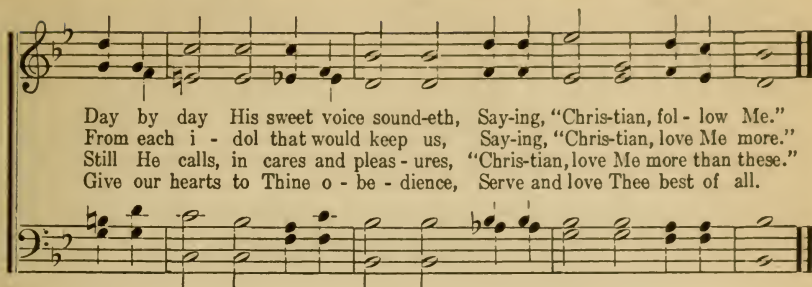
Cecil F. Alexander, 1852.

(Galilee. 8s. 7s.)

William H. Jude, 1887.

1. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call,

Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult.—Concluded.



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Chris-tian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

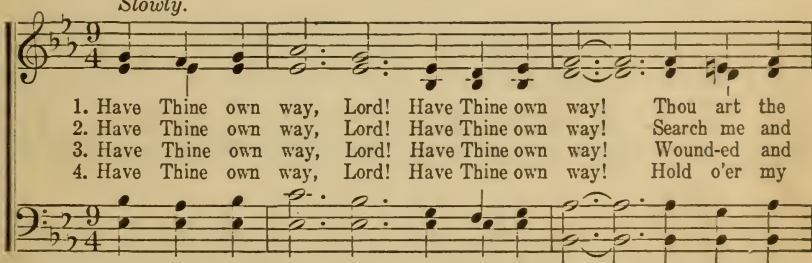
170

Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

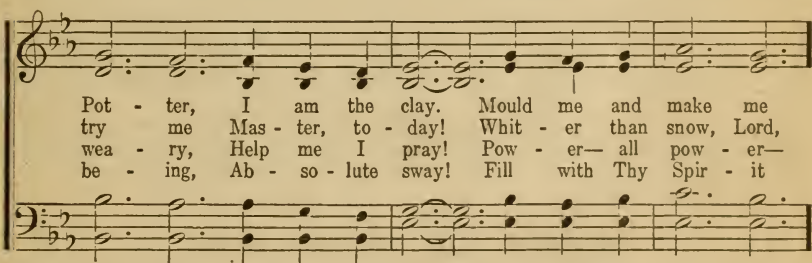
Adelaide A. Pollard, 1906..

(5s. 4s.)

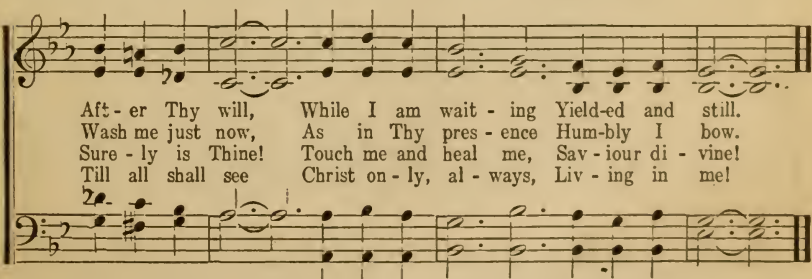
Geo. C. Stebbins, 1907.

Slowly.


1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
 try me Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
 wea - ry, Help me I pray! Pow - er - all pow - er -
 be - ing, Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it



Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
 Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
 Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
 Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

171

Take Time To Be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff.

(6s. 5s.)

George C. Stebbins, 1890.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be -
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each thought and each

al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren;
 se - cret With Je - sus a lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
 fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,
 mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it

Help those who are weak; For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
 Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 To foun - tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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172

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

Cesar Malan, 1827.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in - tel -

Take My Life and Let It Be.—Concluded.

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 lect, and use Ev-'ry power as Thou shalt choose, Ev-'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

173

Not I, But Christ.

A. A. F.

(Burke. 115. 105.)

J. H. Burke, 1890.

1. "Not I, but Christ," be hon-ored, loved, ex-alt-ed; "Not I, but
 2. "Not I, but Christ," to gen-tly soothe in sor-row; "Not I, but
 3. "Not I, but Christ," in low-ly, si-lent la-bor; "Not I, but
 4 Christ, on - ly Christ, ere long will fill my vis-ion; Glo-ry ex-

Christ," be seen, be known, be heard; "Not I, but Christ," in ev-'ry
 Christ," to wipe the fall-ing tear: "Not I, but Christ," to lift the
 Christ," in hum-ble ear-nest toil: Christ, on - ly Christ! no show, no
 cel - ling soon, full soon I'll see— Christ, on - ly Christ, my ev - 'ry

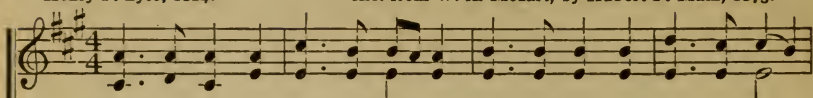
look and ac-tion, "Not I, but Christ," in ev-'ry thought and word.
 wea-ry bur-den; "Not I, but Christ," to hush a-way all fear.
 os - ten - ta - tion; Christ, none but Christ, the gath-'rer of the spoil.
 wish-ful - fill-ing— Christ, on - ly Christ, my All in All to be.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

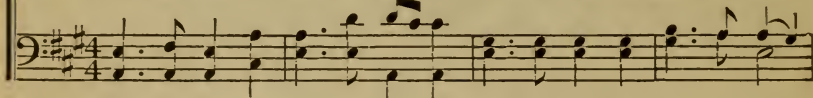
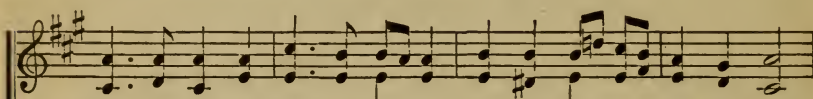
(Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.)

Henry F. Lyte, 1824.

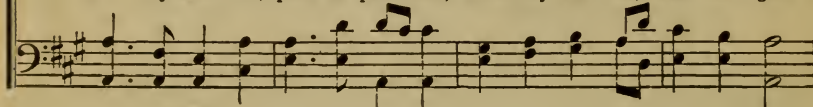
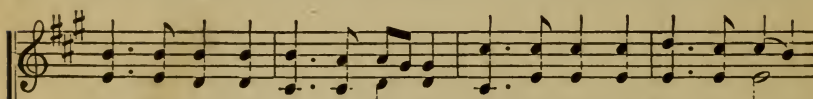
Arr. from W. A. Mozart, by Hubert P. Main, 1873.




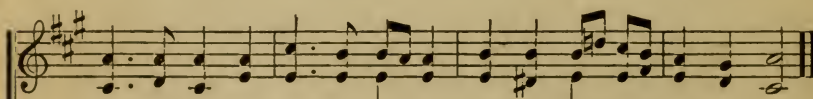
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
 3. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 4. Go then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain!

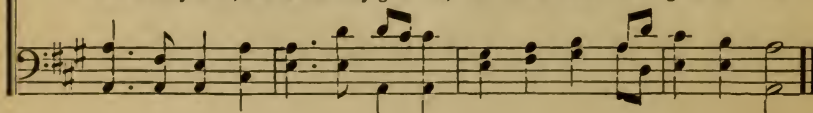
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not, like man, un - true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweet - er rest.
 In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas - ure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, or known;
 And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 I have called Thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther; I have stayed my heart on Thee:

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.



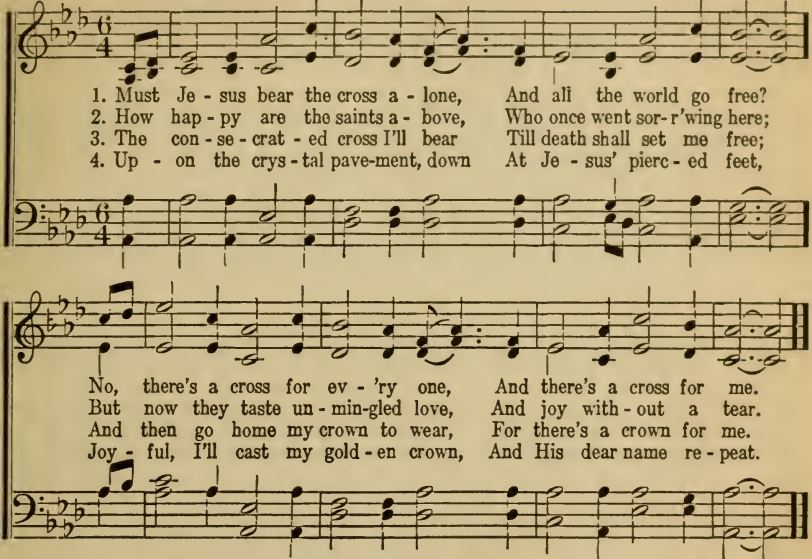
175

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

Thomas Shepherd, et al., 1693.

(Maitland C. M.)

George N. Allen, 1850



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor - r'wing here;
 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
 4. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.


176

More of Thyself In Me, My Father.

Wilhelmina Crousaz, 1913.

(Verona. 9s 6s.)

Geo. C Stebbins, 1913.



1. More of Thy - self in me, my Fa - ther, Less of the world in me;
 2. More of Thy power for use in serv - ice, Less of my - self, I pray;
 3. More on Thy love and Thy com - pass - ion, Less on my - self to lean;
 4. More trust in Thee when sore - ly tempt - ed, Less on my - self re - ly;
 5. More like Thy - self each day, each mo - ment, Less like the world I'd be.

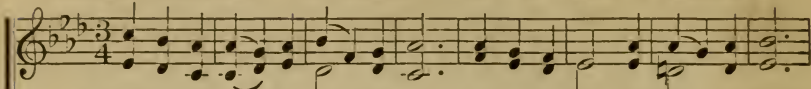
More of Thy grace for dai - ly liv - ing, That Christ my all may be.
 More of Thy pa - tience and en - dur - ance, More like Thee, Lord, each day.
 More of Thy will - ing - ness to suf - fer, That Christ may e'er be seen.
 More on Thee lean to keep from fall - ing, Ev - er to feel Thee nigh.
 This is my prayer, my God, my Fa - ther, Ev - er to be like Thee.

177

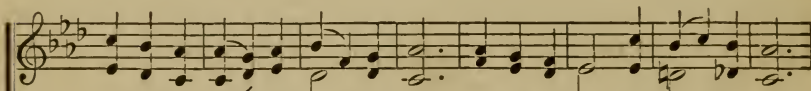
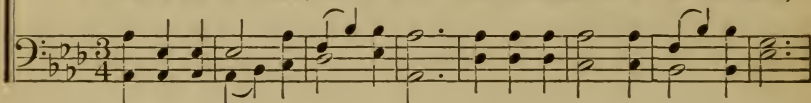
Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

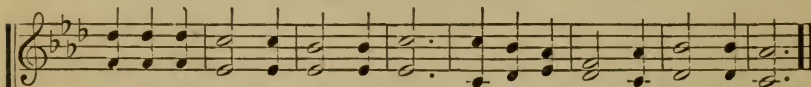
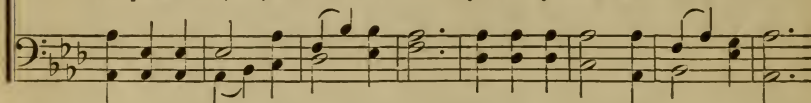
(St. Catharine. S. M.) H. F. and J. G. Walton, 1874.



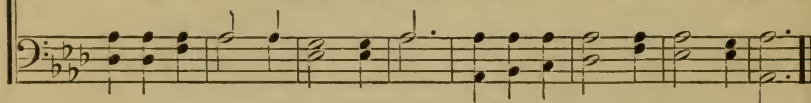
1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword,
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con - science free;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
 And blest would be their chil - dren's fate, If they, like them, should die for thee:
 And through the truth that comes from God Man - kind shall then in - deed be free:
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:



Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.



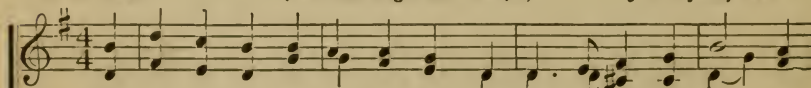
178

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

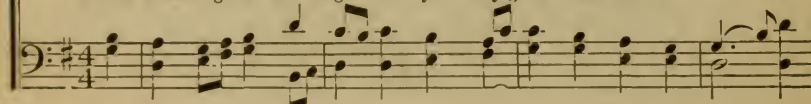
H. W. Baker.

(Dominus Regit Me. 8s. 7s.)

J. B. Dykes, 1868.



1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran - somed soul He lead - eth,
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
 5. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight; Thy unc - tion grace be - stow - eth;
 6. And so through all the length of days Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er:



The King of Love My Shepherd Is.—Concluded.

I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 And on His shoul - der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 And O what trans - port of de - light From Thy pure chal - ice flow - eth.
 Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

179

My Faith Looks Up To Thee.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

(Olivet. 6s. 4s.)

Lowell Mason, 1832.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread; And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

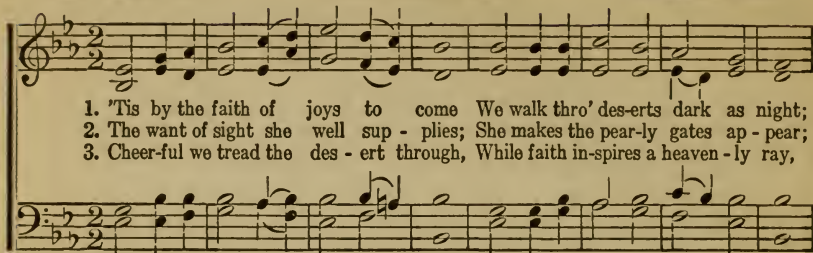
180

'Tis By the Faith of Joys To Come.

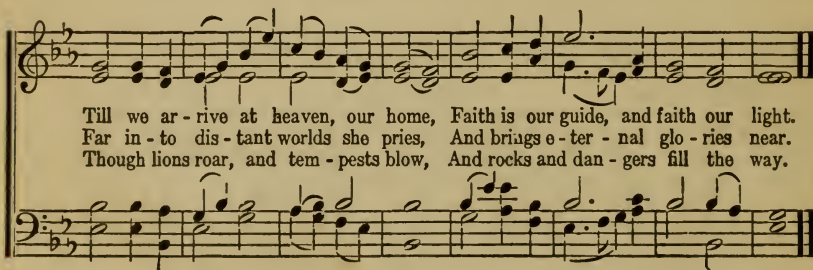
Isaac Watts, 1700.

(Duke Street. L. M.)

John Hatton, 1790.



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' des-erts dark as night;
 2. The want of sight she well sup - plies; She makes the pear-ly gates ap - pear;
 3. Cheer-ful we tread the des - ert through, While faith in-spires a heav-en-ly ray,



Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
 Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.
 Though lions roar, and tem - pests blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way.

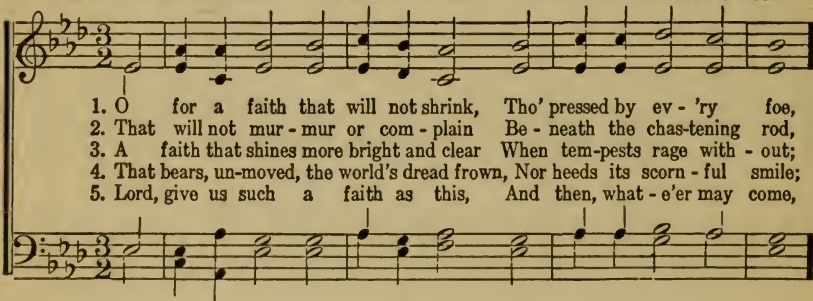
181

O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink.

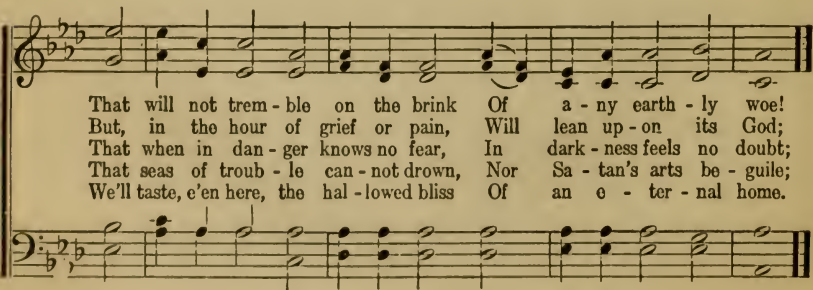
William H. Bathurst, 1831.

(Azmon. C. M.)

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe,
 2. That will not mur - mur or com - plain Be - neath the chas-tening rod,
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem-pests rage with - out;
 4. That bears, un-moved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scorn - ful smile;
 5. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,



That will not trem - ble on the brink Of a - ny earth - ly woe!
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;
 That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt;
 That seas of trou - ble can - not drown, Nor Sa - tan's arts be - guile;
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

182

Blessed Are the Sons of God.

Joseph Humphreys, 1743.

(7s.)

H. A. C. Malan, 1830.

1. { Bless - ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood: }
 2. { They are ran-somed from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have: }
 3. { They are jus - ti - fied by grace, They en - oy the Sav-iour's peace: }
 4. { All their sins are washed a - way, They shall stand in God's great day: }
 5. { They are lights up - on the earth, Chil - dren of a heav - en - ly birth; }
 6. { One with God, with Je - sus one, Glo - ry is in them be - gun: }

With them num-bered may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.

183

Your Harps, Ye Trembling Saints.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

(Laban. S. M.)

Lowell Mason, 1830.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
 2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home;
 3. His grace will to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine;
 4. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub - side at His con - trol;
 5. Blest is the man, O God, That stays him - self on Thee;

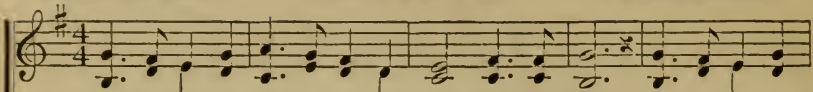
Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.
 And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo - ment come.
 Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come Shall quench the love di - vine.
 His ov - ing - kind - ness shall break through The mid - night of the soul.
 Who waits for Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall Thy sal - va - tion see.

184 Through the Love of God Our Saviour.

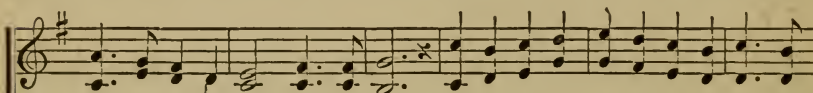
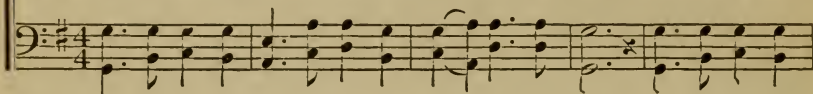
Mrs. Mary B. Peters.

(Ar Hyd Y Nos. P. M.)

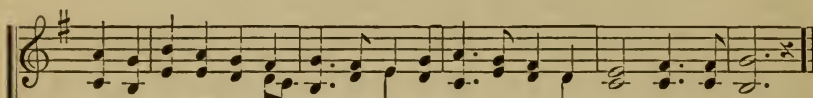
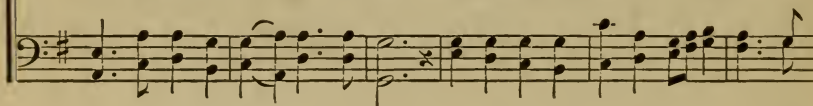
Welsh Traditional.



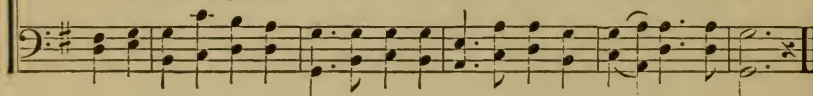
1. Through the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well; Free and change-less
 2. Though we pass through trib-u-la-tion, All will be well: Ours is such a
 3. We ex-pect a bright to-mor-row; All will be well; Faith can sing through



is His fav-or; All, all is well. Pre-cious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect
 full sal-va-tion; All, all is well. Hap-py still in God con-fid-ing, Fruit-ful,
 days of sor-row, All, all is well. On our Fa-ther's love re-ly-ing, Je-sus



is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand stretched out to shield us; All must be well.
 if in Christ a-bid-ing, Ho-ly through the Spir-it's guid-ing, All must be well.
 ev-'ry need sup-ply-ing, Or in liv-ing, or in dy-ing, All must be well.

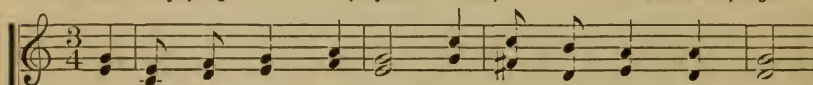


185 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

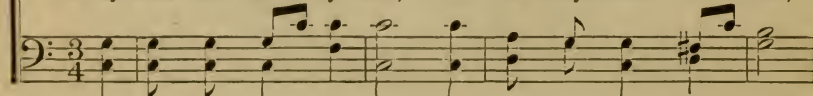
William F. Floyd, 1838.

(Boylston. S. M.)

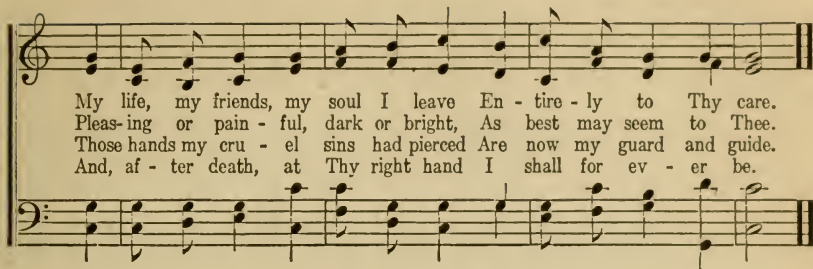
Lowell Mason, 1832.



1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
 2. My times are in Thy hand, What-ev-er they may be;
 3. My times are in Thy hand, Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied!
 4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al-ways trust in Thee;



My Times Are In Thy Hand.—Concluded.



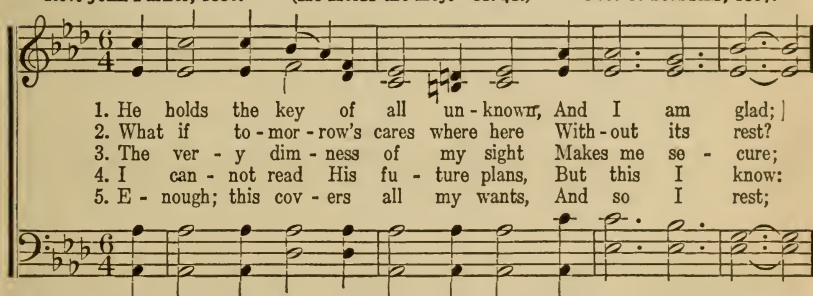
My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
 Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
 Those hands my cru - el sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.
 And, af - ter death, at Thy right hand I shall for ev - er be.

186 He Holds the Key of All Unknown.

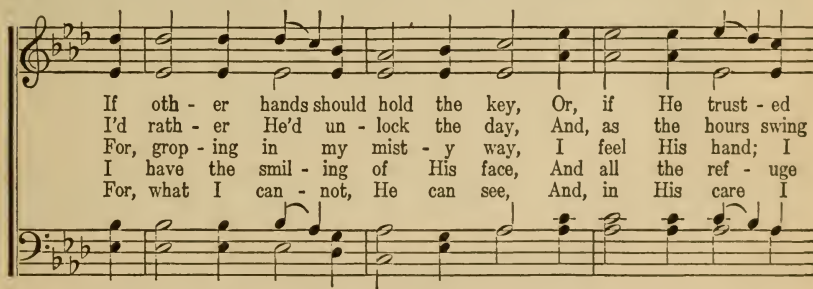
Rev. John Parker, 1886.

(He Holds the Key. 8s. 4s.)

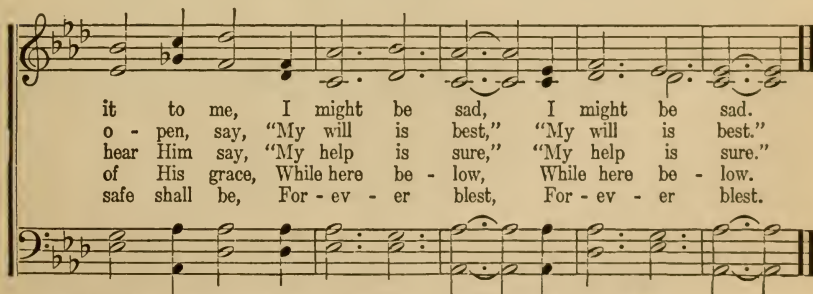
Geo. C. Stebbins, 1887.



1. He holds the key of all un - known, And I am glad;
 2. What if to - mor - row's cares where here With - out its rest?
 3. The ver - y dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;
 4. I can - not read His fu - ture plans, But this I know:
 5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest;



If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust - ed
 I'd rath - er He'd un - lock the day, And, as the hours swing
 For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His hand; I
 I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the ref - uge
 For, what I can - not, He can see, And, in His care I



it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
 o - pen, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
 hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
 of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.
 safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

187

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman, 1833.

(Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10.)

J. B. Dykes, 1867.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

188

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper, 1871.

(Pilot. 7s.)

John E. Gould, 1871.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'-rous shoal;
Boist'-rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
Won-drous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot Thee."

189 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

W. Williams.

(Dismissal. (8s. 7s. 4s.)

Wm. L. Viner.

FINE.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this bar-ren land;
2. O-pen now the crys-tal foun-tain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;

D.C.—Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv'-rer, Strong De-liv'-rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es, songs of prais-es, I will ev-er give to Thee.

I am weak, but Thou are might-y; Hold me with Thy power-ful hand:
Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney through:
Bear me through the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Can-aan's side:

190

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

(Bethany. 6s. 4s.)

Lowell Mason, 1859.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs

D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. D.S.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee.
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee.
 In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee.
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

191

We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner, 1858.

(Consolation. 11s. 10s.)

F. Mendelssohn.

1. We would see Je - sus— for the shad - ows length - en A - cross this
 2. We would see Je - sus— the great Rock Foun - da - tion, Where - on our
 3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
 4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land - scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
 feet were set with sover - eign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
 years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil - grim -
 will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

We Would See Jesus.—Concluded.

faith to strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife—
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
 age are fail - ing, We should not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
 ris - en, plead - ing, Then wel - come day, and fare - well mor - tal night!

192

Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776.

(Toplady. 7s.)

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1830.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hands I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment - throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

193

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

(Refuge. 7s. D.)

Joseph P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plen-t'ous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

194

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

(Second Tune.)

S. B. Marsh.

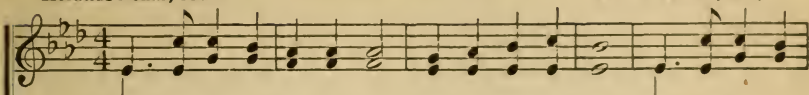
FINE. D.C.

When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

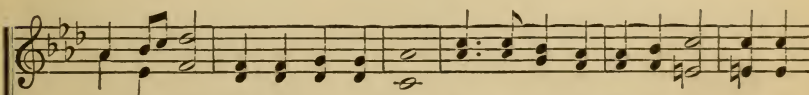
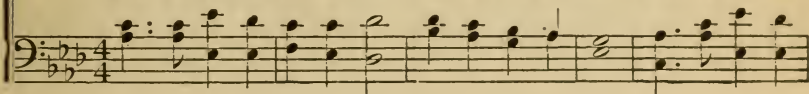
Horatius Bonar, 1866.

(Intercession, New. 7s. 5s.)

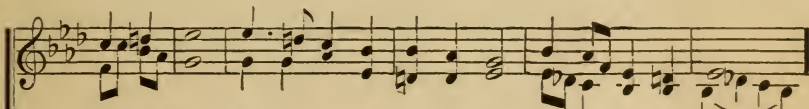
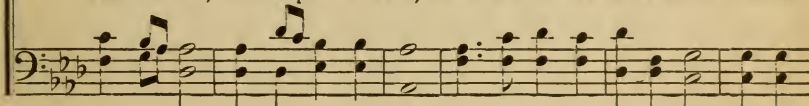
W. H. Callcott, 1867.



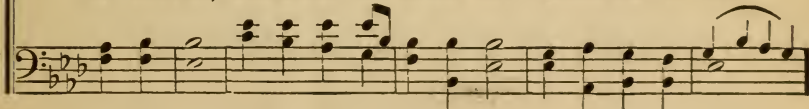
1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee; When the heav - y -
 2. When the world - ling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -
 3. When the stran - ger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun - gry



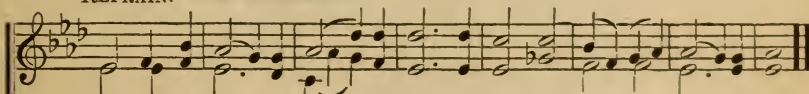
la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek - ing peace, On Thy
 gal looks back To his Fa - ther's love; When the proud man, from his pride, Stoops to
 crav - eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave Bows the



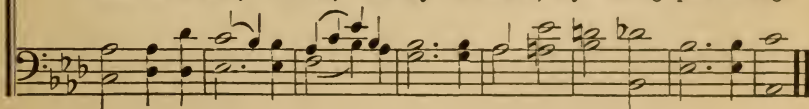
name shall call; When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:
 seek Thy face; When the bur - dened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace:
 fer - vent knee; When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee:



REFRAIN. From Mendelssohn.



Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heaven, Thy dwell - ing - place on high.



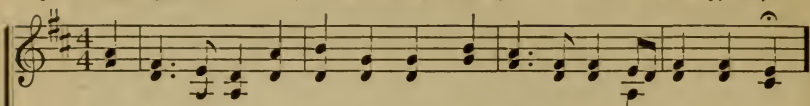
196

He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought.

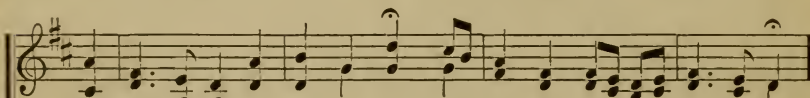
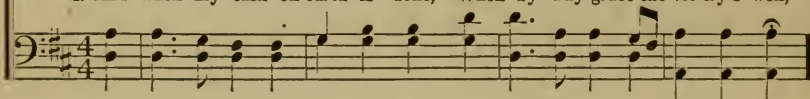
J. H. Gilmore, 1861.

(He Leadeth Me. L. M.)

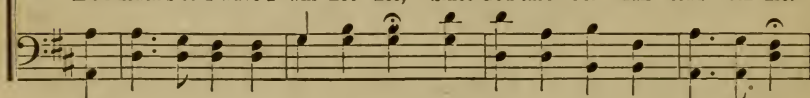
Wm. B. Bradbury, 1864.



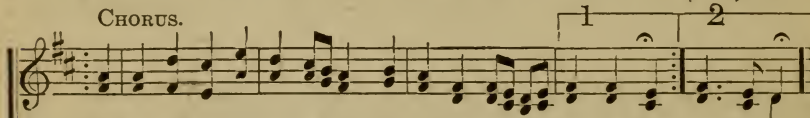
1. He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O words with heavenly com-fort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-try's won,



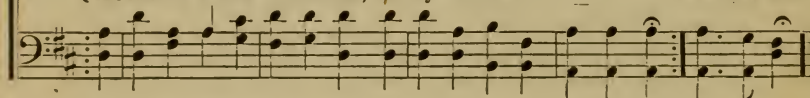
- What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



CHORUS.



- { He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;
 { His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He — lead - eth me.

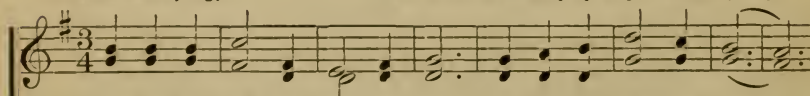


197 Calm Me, My God, and Keep Me Calm.

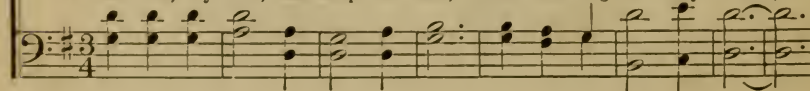
(Lambeth. C. M.)

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

Arr. from old Melody by H. J. Gauntlett, 1869.



1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm: Let Thy out - stretch-ed wing
2. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet;
3. Calm in the hour of buoy - ant health, And in the hour of pain;
4. Calm in the suf - fer - ance of wrong, Like Him who bore my shame;
5. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest - ing on Thy breast;



Calm Me, My God, And Keep Me Calm.—Concluded.

Be like the shade of E - lim's palm, Be - side her des - ert spring.
 Calm in the clos - et's sol - i - tude, Calm in the bus - y street;
 Calm in my pov - er - ty or wealth, And in my loss or gain;
 Calm 'mid the threat - ning, taunt - ing throng, Who hate Thy ho - ly name.
 Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spir - it rest.

198

Hold Thou My Hand.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1879.

(118. 108.)

Hubert P. Main, 1880.

Moderato.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not
 2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear
 3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me With - out the
 4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone

take one step with - out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O
 self— my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap - ly
 sun - light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its
 riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heaven - ly light may flash a -

lov - ing Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
 I should wan - der, And, miss - ing Thee, my tremb - ling feet shall fall.
 ra - diant glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rap - turous songs are mine!
 long its wa - ters, And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

199

Children of the Heavenly King.

John Cennick.

(Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.)

Arr. fr. Ignace Pleyel.

1. Chil - dren of the heav - en - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
 2. We are trav - 'ling home to God In the way the fa - thers trod;
 3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
 4. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi - on's cit - y is in sight;
 5. Fear not, breth - ren; joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
 6. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing your Sav - iour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
 They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 There your seat is now pre - pared, There's your king - dom and re - ward.
 There our end - less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
 Je - sus Christ, your Fa - ther's son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.
 On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

200

How Blest the Sacred Tie That Binds.

A. L. Barbault, 1773.

(Zephyr. L. M.)

William B. Bradbury.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds In un - ion sweet ac - cord - ing minds;
 2. To each the soul of each how dear; What jeal - ous love, what ho - ly fear;
 3. To - geth - er both they seek the place Where God re - veals His aw - ful face;
 4. Nor shall the glow - ing flame ex - pire When na - ture droops her sick - ning fire;

How swift the heav - en - ly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
 How doth the gen - erous flame with - in Re - fine from earth and cleanse from sin.
 How high, how strong their rap - tures swell, There's none but kin - dred souls can tell.
 Then shall they meet in realms a - bove, A heaven of joy be - cause of love.

201

How Sweet the Sight.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

(Siloam. C. M.)

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842.

1. How sweet, how heav-en-ly is the sight, When those that love the Lord
 2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh And with him bear a part;
 3. When free from en-vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a-bove,
 4. When love, in one de-light-ful stream, Through ev-'ry bo-som flows;
 5. Love is a gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove,

In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And thus ful-fill His word.
 When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
 And un-ion sweet, and dear es-teem, In ev-'ry ac-tion glows.
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds His bos-om glow with love.

202

Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

J. Fawcett, 1772.

(Dennis. S. M.)

H. G. Nageli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be-fore our Fath-er's throne We pour our ard-ent prayers;
 3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
 4. When we a-sun-der part It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

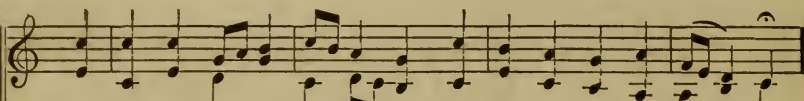
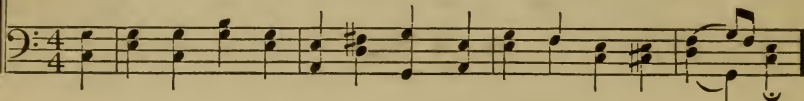
Tr. F. H. Hedge, 1852.

(Luther. P. M.)

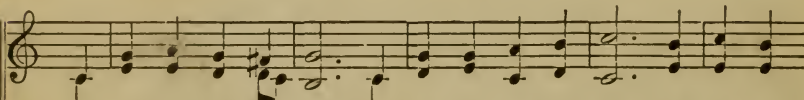
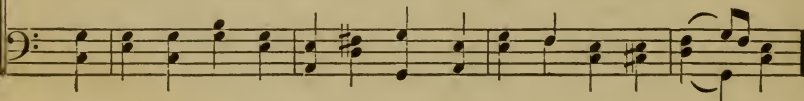
Martin Luther, 1529.



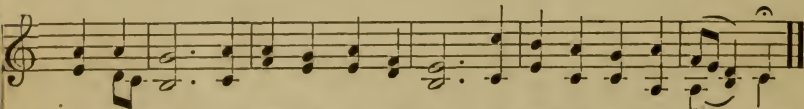
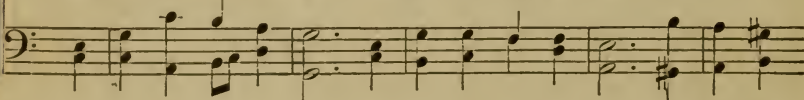
1. A might-y Fort-ress is our God, A Bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
 3. And though this world with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us;
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly powers, No thanks to them a-bid-eth;



Our Help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
 Were not the right man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us;
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid-eth;



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sa-ba-ba-
 The prince of dark-ness grim,—We trem-ble not for him; His rage we
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bo-dy



power are great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
 oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
 can en-dure, For lo! His doom is sure, One lit-tle word shall fell him.
 they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for ev-er.



How Firm a Foundation.

Rippon's Selection, 1787.

(Portuguese Hymn. 118.)

Anon. 1751.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When through the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When through fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-
 5. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re- pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow, For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

you He hath said,.... To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-
 deav-our to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-

fied? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled!
 hand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
 sake! I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er, for-sake!"

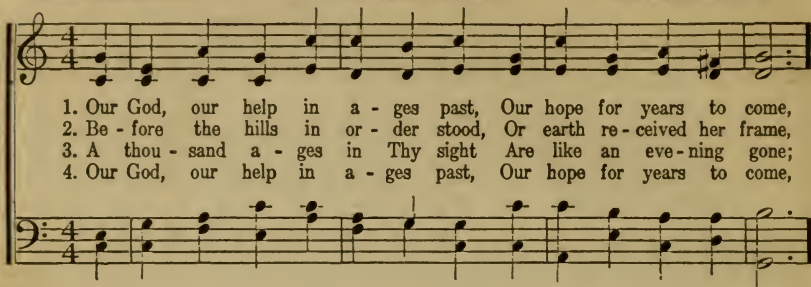
205

Our God, Our Help In Ages Past.

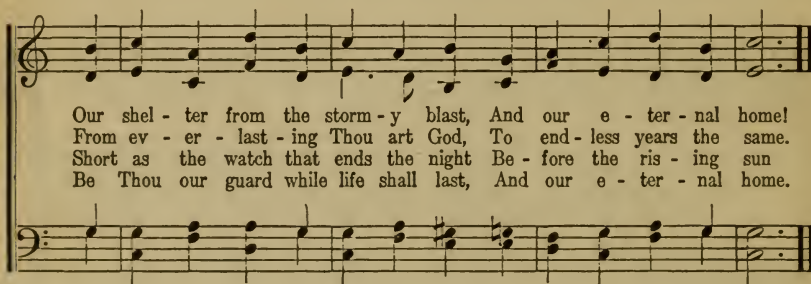
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(St. Anne. C. M.)

William Croft, 1708.



1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 3. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
 4. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

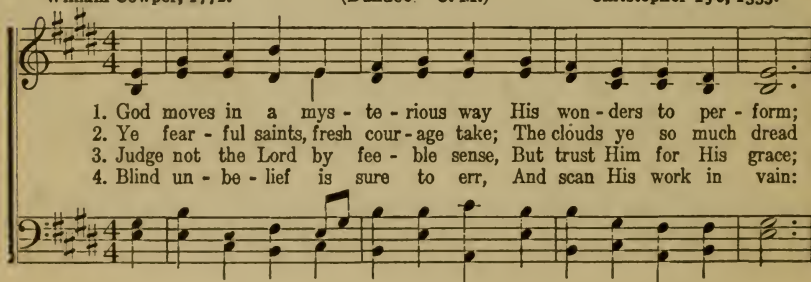
206

God Moves In a Mysterious Way.

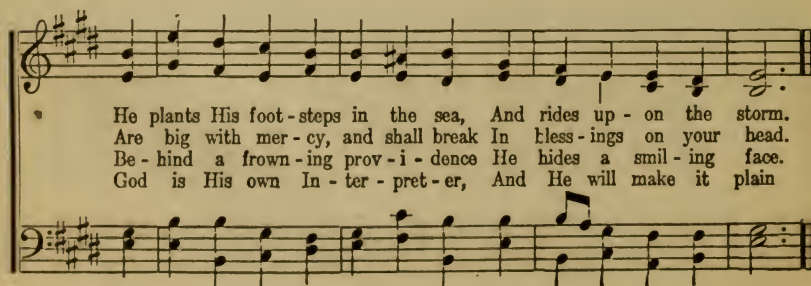
William Cowper, 1772.

(Dundee. C. M.)

Christopher Tye, 1553.



1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
 2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clóuds ye so much dread
 3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
 4. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain:



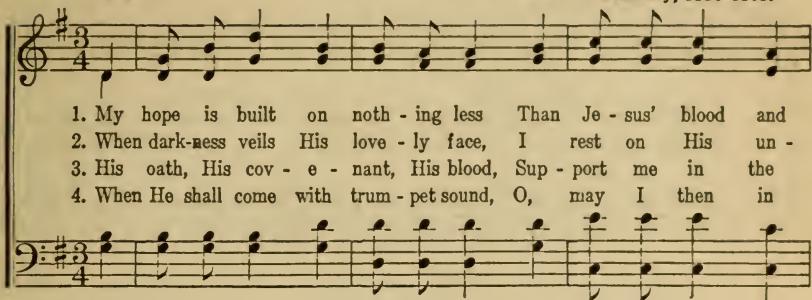
He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
 Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
 Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
 God is His own In - ter - pret - er, And He will make it plain

My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less.

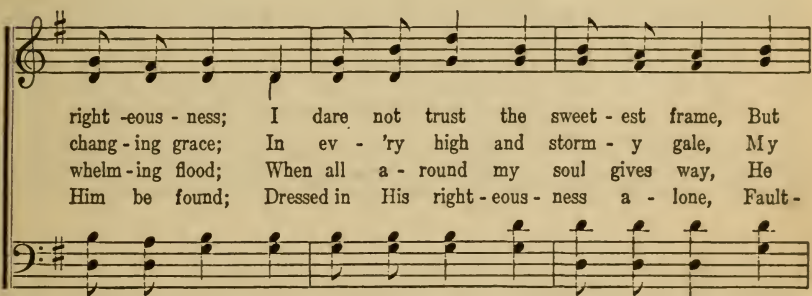
Rev. E. Mote.

(The Solid Rock. 8s.)

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.

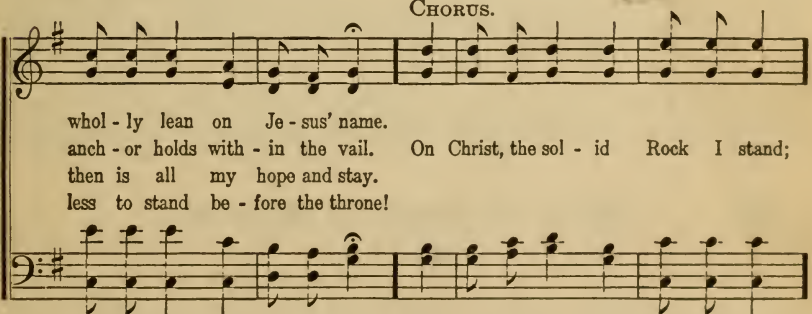


1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
 2. When dark-ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un -
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the
 4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O, may I then in

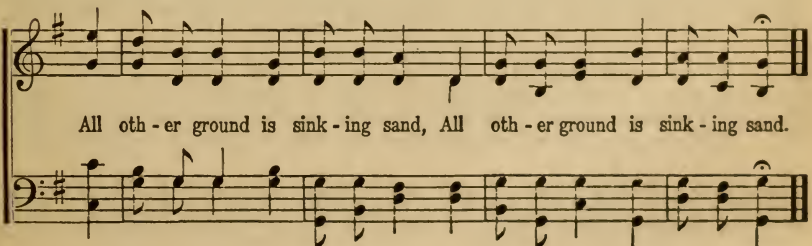


right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But
 chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My
 whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He
 Him be found; Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault -

CHORUS.



whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 anch - or holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock I stand;
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne!



All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

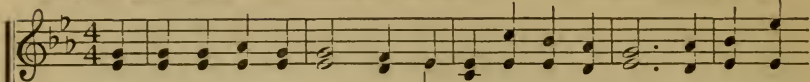
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In Heavenly Love Abiding.

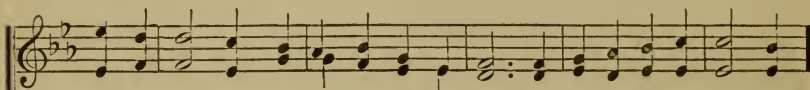
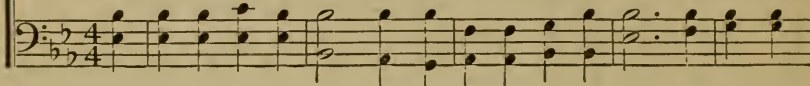
Anna L. Waring, 1850.

(Aurelia. 7s. & 6s. D.)

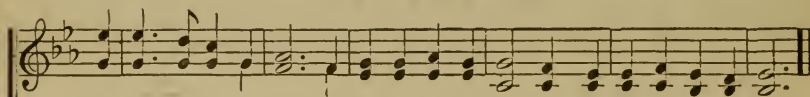
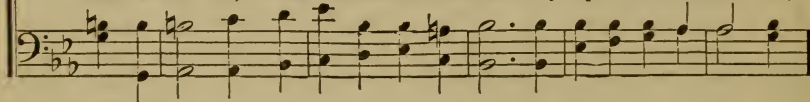
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864.



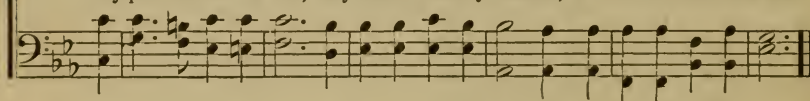
1. In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is
 2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep-herd
 3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will



- such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here: The storm may roar with-out me,
 is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack: His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth;
 soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been: My hope I can-not meas - ure,



- My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
 His sight is nev-er dim; He knows the way He taketh, And I will walk with Him.
 My path to life is free, My Saviour has my treasure, And He will walk with me.



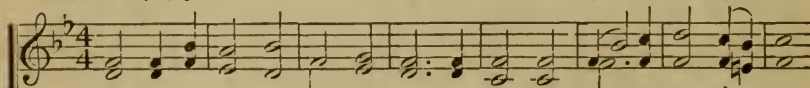
209

God Is the Refuge of His Saints.

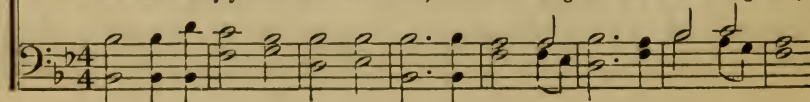
(Ward. L. M.)

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Old Scotch Melody Arr. L. Mason, 1830.



1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade;
 2. Loud may the troub-led o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;
 3. There is a stream whose gen-tle flow Sup - plies the ci - ty of our God,
 4. That sa - cred stream, Thine ho - ly word, Our grief al - lays, our fear con-trols;
 5. Zi - on en - joys her mon-arch's love, Se - cure a - gainst a threat-'ning hour;



God Is the Refuge of His Saints.—Concluded.

Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.
 While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trem-bles, and dreads the swell - ing tide.
 Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing through, And water-ing our di - vine a - bode.
 Sweet peace Thy prom-is - es af - ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.
 Nor can her firm foun-da - tion move, Built on His truth, and armed with power.

210 There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

Wm. Cowper, 1772.

(Fountain. C. M.)

Arr. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a Foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
 3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its power.
 4. For since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. And when this lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

FINE.

And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy power to save.

D.S.

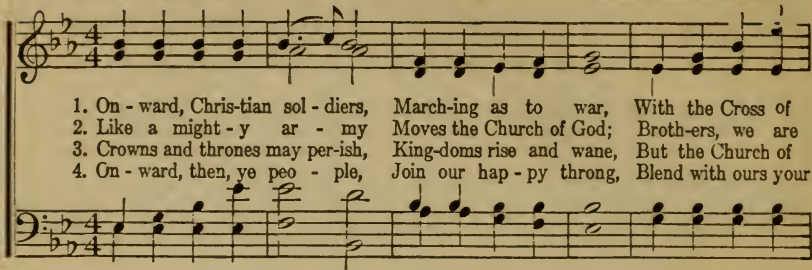
Lose all their guilt - y stains,	Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way,	Wash all my sins a - way,
Are saved to sin no more,	Are saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die,	And shall be till I die:
I'll sing Thy power to save,	I'll sing Thy power to save:

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

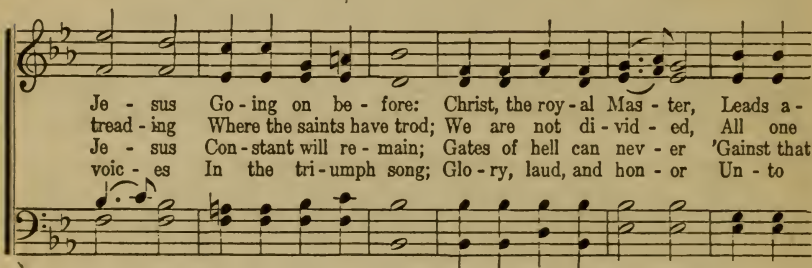
S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

(St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s.)

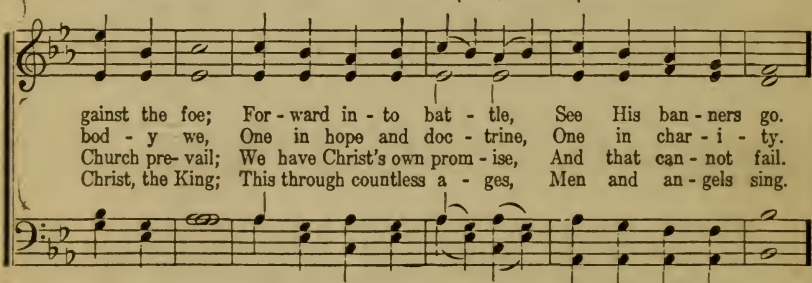
Arthur Sullivan, 1871.



1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

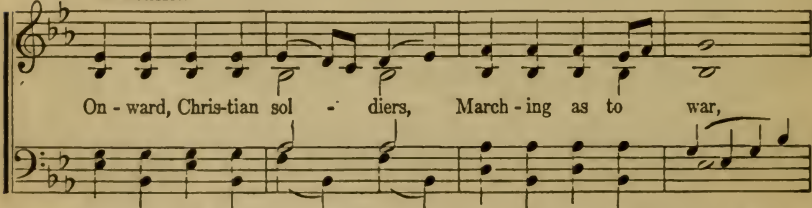


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore: Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a -
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to

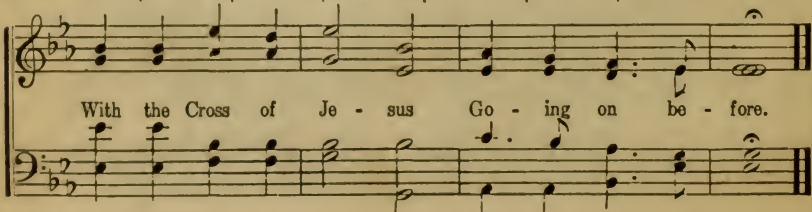


gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
 bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 Christ, the King; This through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

REFRAIN.



On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,



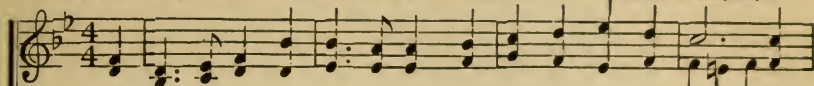
With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

212 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

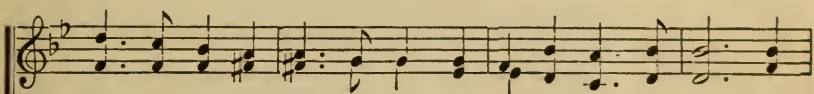
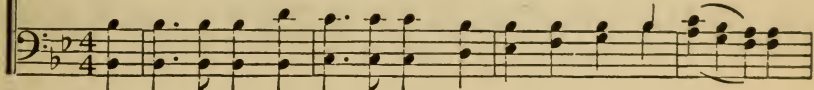
Reginald Heber, 1827.

(All Saints New. C. M. D.)

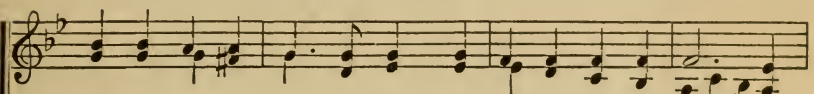
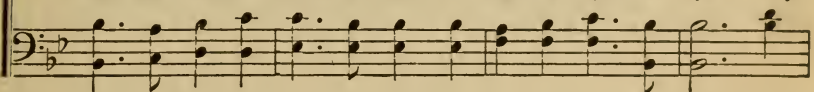
H. S. Cutler, 1872.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave, Who
 3. A glo-rious band, the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve
 4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A -



blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who
 saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like
 va-liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They
 round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed: They



best, can drink his cup of woe. Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain, Who
 Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor-tal pain, He
 met the ty-rant's brand-ish'd steel, The li-on's go-ry mane; They
 climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through per-il, toil and pain: O



pa-tient bears His cross be-low, Who fol-lows in His train.
 prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
 bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
 God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train.



213 Men of the Church of the Living God.

Samuel M. Glasgow, 1923.

(St. Catharine. L. M.)

Ad. by J. G. Walton. 1876.

1. Men of the Church of the Liv - ing God; Born of the wa - ter and the Word,
 2. Men of the Church of the Liv - ing God; Men who are in-wrought with the Word,
 3. Men of the Church of the Liv - ing God; Each fashioned 'neath His chast'ning rod,
 4. Men of the Church of the Liv - ing God; In whom the a - ge's wealth is stored,

In His dear name let now a - rise Our marshalled strength be-fore His eyes.
 Men whose right hands the nations mould, Who put no price up - on their soul.
 Well pan - o - plied for Zi - on's strife, May Christ-like cour-age fill our life.
 With us He links His king-dom's fame, And girds us with that match-less name.

Men of the Church, the Church of God, We will be loy - al to His blood!
 Men of the Church, the Church of God, We will be loy - al to His blood!
 Men of the Church, the Church of God, We will be loy - al to His blood!
 Men of the Church, the Church of God, We will be loy - al to His blood!

Words copyright, 1923, by Samuel M. Glasgow.

214 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

(Christmas. C. M.)

George F. Handel, 1728.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav-en-ly
 2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in full sur-vey; For-get the
 3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
 4. Blest Sav-iour, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And crowned with

Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.—Concluded.

race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
 steps al-read-y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
 hand pre-sents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.
 vict-'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

215

Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

(Diademata. 6s. 8s. 6s.)

G. J. Elvey, 1868.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise, And put your ar-mor on; Strong in the strength which
 2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en-dued; But take, to arm you
 3. From strength to strength go on, Wrestle, and fight, and pray; Tread all the powers of

God sup-plies, Through His e-ter-nal Son. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His
 for the fight, The pan-o-ply of God; That, having all things done, And all your
 dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day. Still let the Spir-it cry In all His

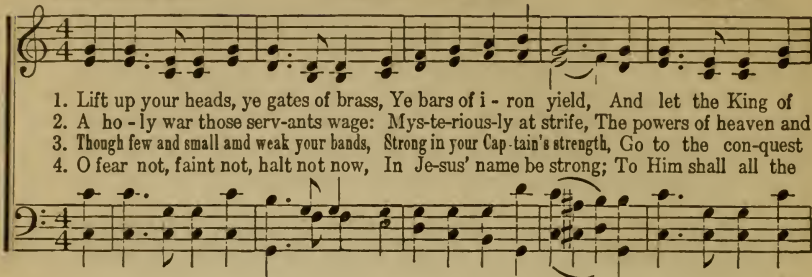
might-y power; Who in the strength of Je-sus trusts Is more than con-quer-or.
 con-flicts passed, Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a-lone, And stand en-tire at last.
 sol-diers, "Come," Till Christ the Lord de-scend from high, And take the conq'rors home.

216 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass.

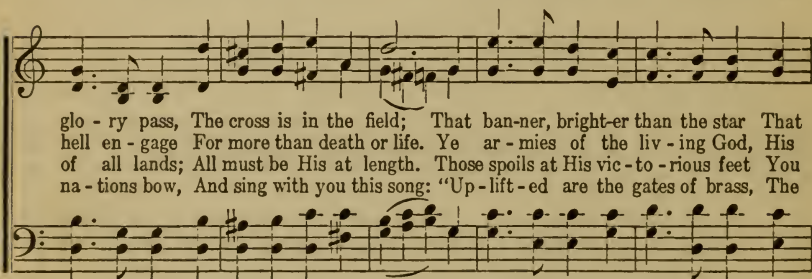
James Montgomery.

(Materna. C. M. D.)

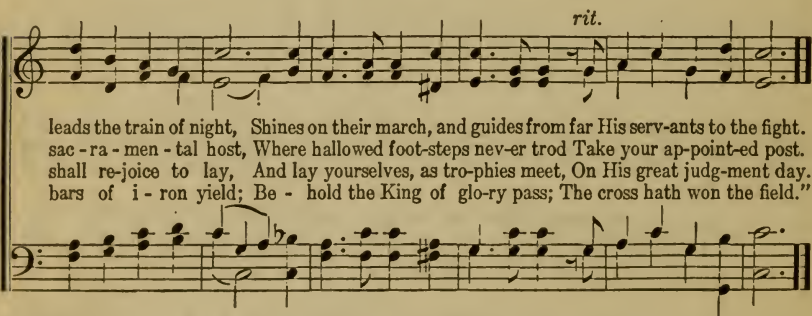
S. A. Ward.



1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron yield, And let the King of
 2. A ho - ly war those serv-ants wage: Mys-te-rious-ly at strife, The powers of heaven and
 3. Though few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Cap-tain's strength, Go to the con-quest
 4. O fear not, faint not, halt not now, In Je-sus' name be strong; To Him shall all the



glo - ry pass, The cross is in the field; That ban-ner, bright-er than the star That
 hell en - gage For more than death or life. Ye ar - mies of the liv - ing God, His
 of all lands; All must be His at length. Those spoils at His vic - to - rious feet You
 na - tions bow, And sing with you this song: "Up - lift - ed are the gates of brass, The



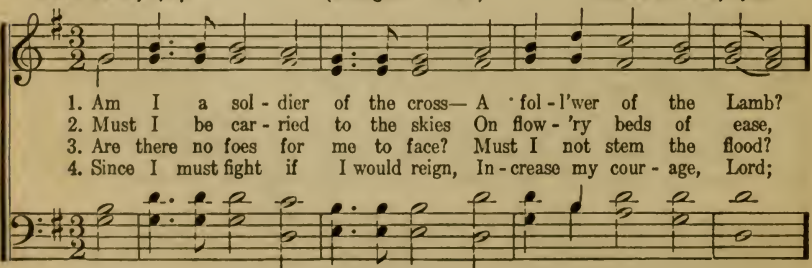
rit.
 leads the train of night, Shines on their march, and guides from far His serv-ants to the fight.
 sac - ra - men - tal host, Where hallowed foot-steps nev-er trod Take your ap-point-ed post.
 shall re-joice to lay, And lay yourselves, as trophies meet, On His great judg-ment day.
 bars of i - ron yield; Be - hold the King of glo-ry pass; The cross hath won the field."

217 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

Isaac Watts, 1724.

(Arlington. C. M.)

Thomas A. Arne, 1762.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A - fol - l'wer of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.—Concluded.

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

218 Work, for the Night Is Coming.

Anna L. Coghill, 1860.

(Work Song. 7s. 6s. 5s.)

Lowell Mason, 1864.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

S: FINE.

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:

D.S.—Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work, while the night is dark - 'ning When man's work is o'er.

D.S.

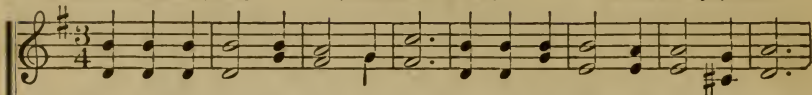
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute, Some - thing to keep in store:
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

219 Fight the Good Fight With All Thy Might.

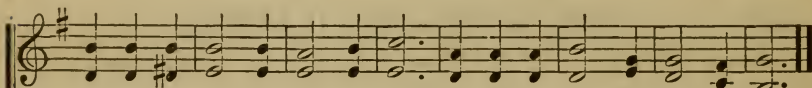
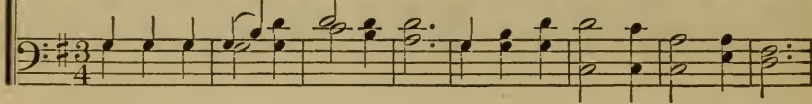
John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

(Pentecost. L. M.)

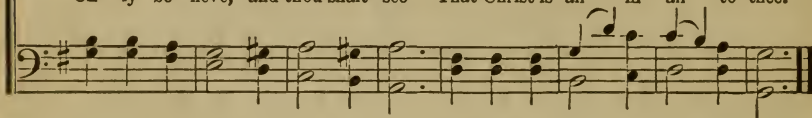
William Boyd, 1868.



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a-side, up-on thy Guide Lean, and His mer-cy will pro-vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;



Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e-ter-nal-ly.
 Life with its way be-fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Lean, and the trust-ing soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On-ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.



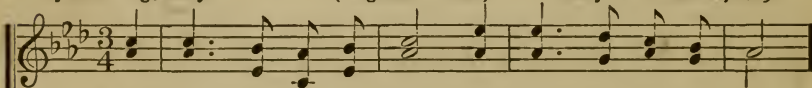
220

Laborers of Christ Arise.

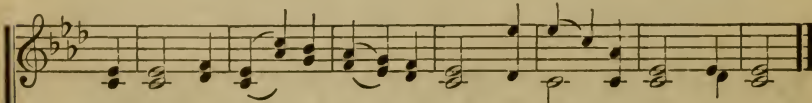
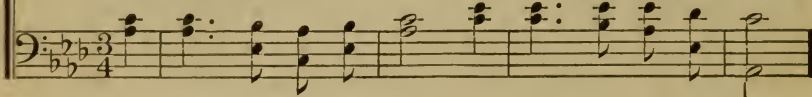
Lydia H. Sigourney.

(Leighton. S. M.)

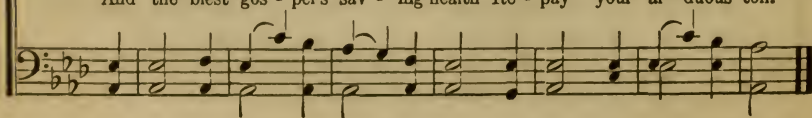
Henry W. Greatorex, 1819.



1. La-borers of Christ a-rise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick re-cline, Where mourn-ing hearts de-plore;
3. Be faith, which looks a-bove, With prayer, your con-stant guest,
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de-spoil.



The dew of prom-ise from the skies Al-read-y cheers the soil.
 And where the sons of sor-row pine, Dis-pense your hal-lowed lore.
 And wrap the Sav-iour's change-less love A man-tle round your breast.
 And the blest gos-pel's sav-ing health Re-pay your ar-duous toil.



221 Go, Labor On; Spend and Be Spent.

Horatius Bonar, 1843.

(Missionary Chant. L. M.)

Heinrich C. Zeuner, 1832.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
 2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earth - ly loss is heaven - ly gain;
 3. Go, la - bor on; enough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
 4. Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still?
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas - ter praises,—what are men?
 Thy will - ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

222 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762.

(Laban. S. M.)

Lowell Mason, 1830.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil—
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;
 O may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for ev - er die.

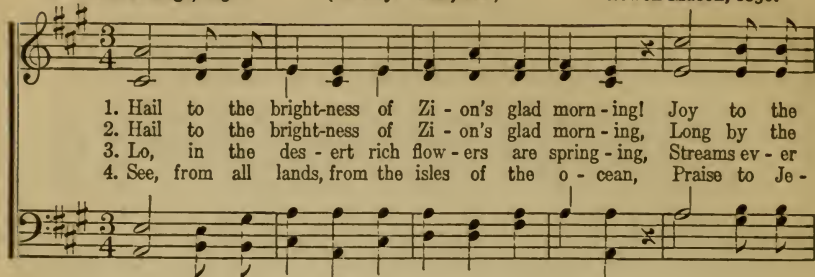
223

Hail to the Brightness.

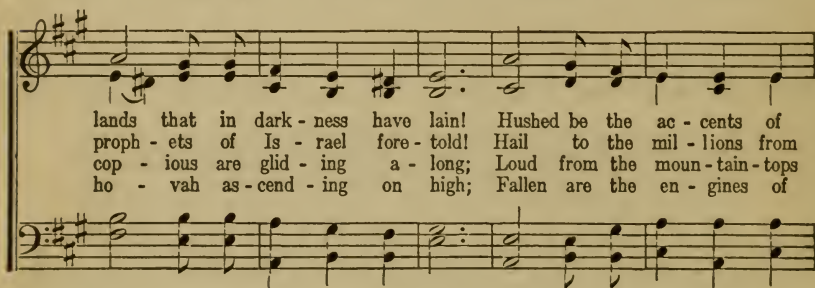
Thomas Hastings, 1831.

(Wesley. 11s., 10s.)

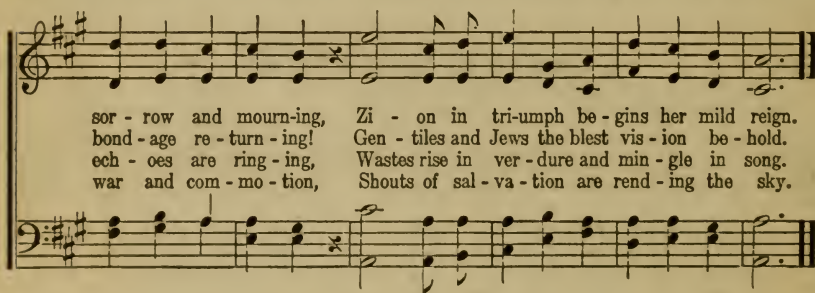
Lowell Mason, 1830.



1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Long by the
 3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are spring-ing, Streams ev-er
 4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-cean, Praise to Je-



lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of
 proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told! Hail to the mil-lions from
 cop-ious are glid-ing a-long; Loud from the moun-tain-tops
 ho-vah as-cend-ing on high; Fallen are the en-gines of



sor-row and mourn-ing, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
 bond-age re-turn-ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.
 ech-oes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
 war and com-mo-tion, Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

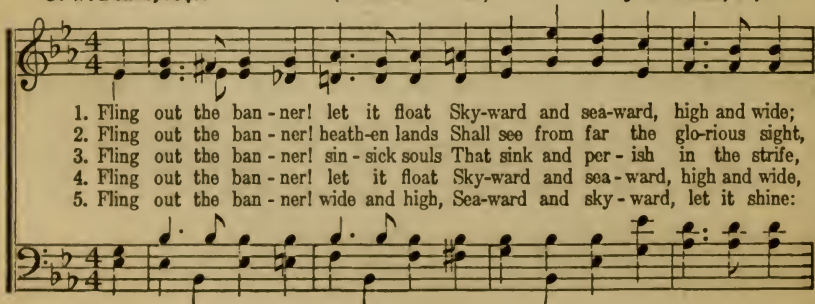
224

Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. Doane, 1848.

(Waltham. L. M.)

J. B. Calkin, 1872.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! heath-en lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife,
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,
 5. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine:

Fling Out the Banner.—Concluded.

The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - iour died.
 And na - tions, crowding to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring im - mor - tal in - to life.
 Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!
 Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours; We con - quer on - ly in that sign.

225

Christ for the World We Sing.

Samuel Wolcott, 1869.

(Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.)

Felice de Giardini, 1769.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
 With fer - vent prayer; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less
 With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re -

o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 pas - sion tossed, Re - deemed at count - less cost From dark de - spair.
 proach to dare, With us the cress to bear For Christ our Lord.

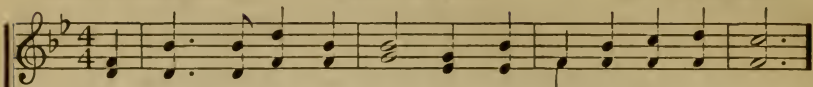
226

The Morning Light Is Breaking.

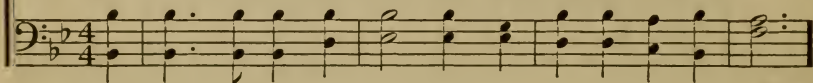
Rev. S. F. Smith, 1862.

(Webb. 7s. 6s. D.)

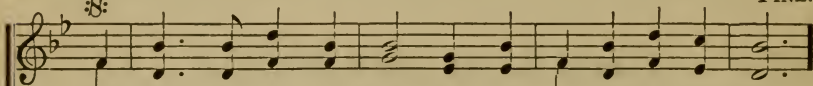
G. J. Webb, 1837.



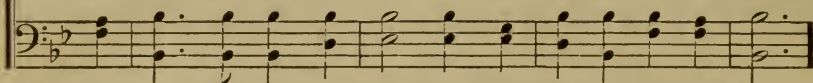
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
 2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way;



FINE.

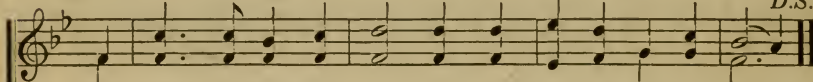


The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
 And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
 Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;

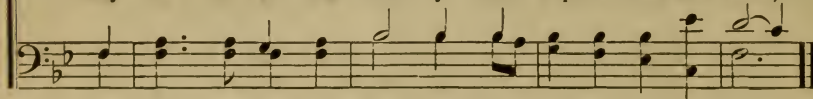


D.S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
 Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come."

D.S.



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;



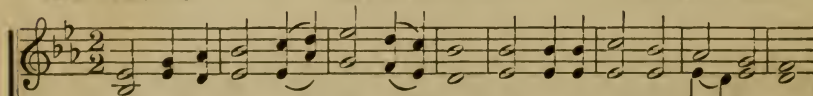
227

Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

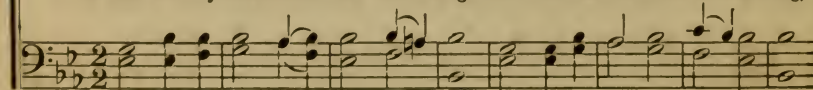
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Duke Street. L. M.)

John Hatton, 1790.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
 2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song;
 4. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns; The pris - 'ner leaps to loose his chains,
 5. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King,



Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.—Concluded.

His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
 And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.
 The wea-ry find e-ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An-gels de-scend with songs a-gain, And earth re-peat the loud A-men!

228 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819. (Missionary Hymn. 7s., 6s. D.) Lowell Mason, 1823.

1. From Greenland's i-cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny
 2. What though the spi-cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Though ev'ry prospect
 3. Can we, whose souls are light-ed With wis-dom from on high, Can we to men be-
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto-ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till like a sea of

foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand, From many an an-cient riv-er, From many a
 pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile: In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The gifts of
 night-ed The lamp of life de-ny? Sal-va-tion! O sal-va-tion! The joy-ful
 glo-ry It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran-somed na-ture The Lamb for

palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.
 God are strown; The heath-en in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 sound pro-claim, Till each re-most-est na-tion Has learned Mes-si-ah's Name.
 sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

229

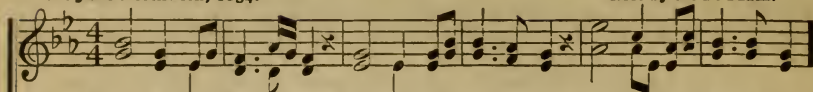
My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.

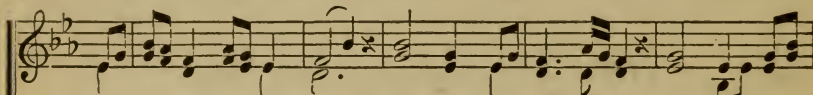
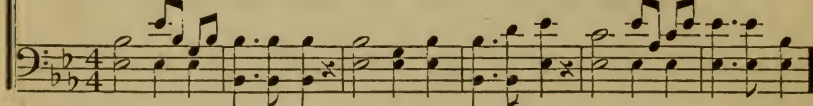
(Jewett. 6s. D.)

Carl M. von Weber, 1821;

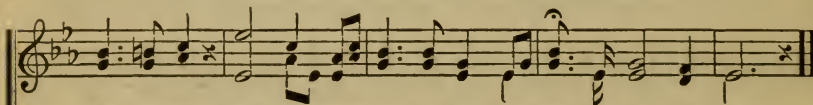
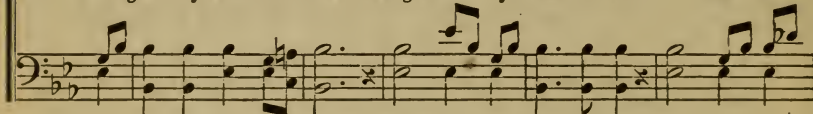
Arr. by H. P. Main.



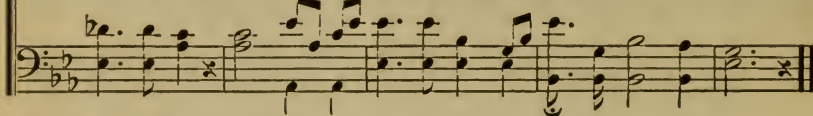
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing future scene



I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed
I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el



as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!



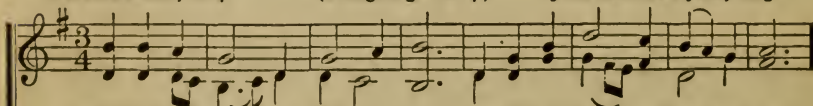
230

My God and Father, While I Stray.

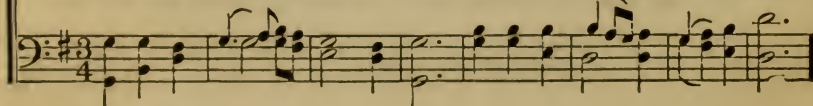
Charlotte Elliott, 1814.

(Almsgiving. 8s. 4.)

John Bacchus Dykes, 1865.



1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,
2. What though in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no long - er nigh,
3. If Thou shouldest call me to re - sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
4. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine, and take a - way
5. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be - fore,



My God and Father, While I Stray.—Concluded.

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
 Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
 I on - ly yield Thee what is Thine: "Thy will be done!"
 All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
 I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

231

In the Hour of Trial.

J. Montgomery, 1834.

(Penitence. 6s. 5s. D.)

Spencer Lane, 1878.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest, by base de -
 2. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, or woe; Or should pain at -
 3. When, in dust and ash - es, To the grave I sink, While heaven's glo - ry

ni - al, I de - part from Thee; When Thou seest me wav - er,
 tend me, On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
 flash - es O'er the shelv - ing brink, On Thy truth re - ly - ing

With a look re - call; Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
 Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Thro' that mor - tal strife, Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

232

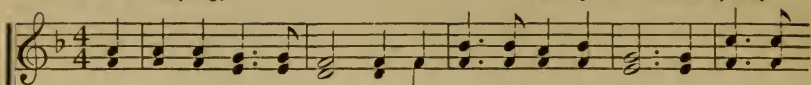
The Sands of Time Are Sinking.

Annie R. Cousin, 1857.

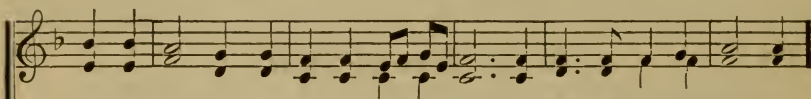
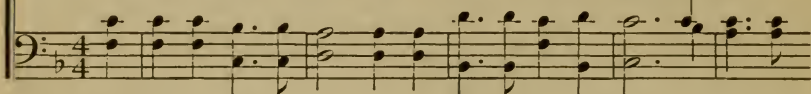
(Rutherford. P.M.)

D'Urban, 1834.

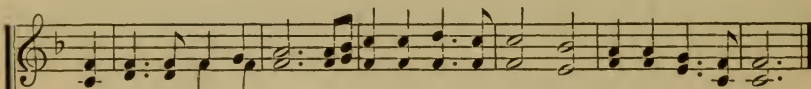
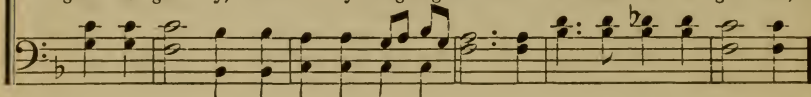
Arr. by E. F. Rimbault, 1867.



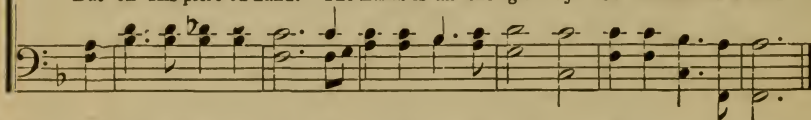
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks, The sum - mer
2. Oh, Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love! The streams on
3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine! He brings a
4. The Bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face; I will not



morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a-wakes: Dark, dark hath been the mid-night,
 earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove. There, to an o - cean - full - ness,
 poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine." I stand up - on His mer - it;
 gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace—Not at the crown He giv - eth,



But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo-ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 I know no oth - er stand, Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 But on His pierc - ed hand: The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im-man-uel's land.

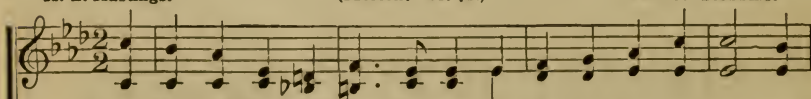


233 At Evening Time May There Be Light.

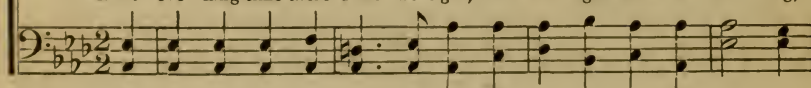
H. L. Hastings.

(Morton. 8s. 7s.)

Geo. C. Stebbins.

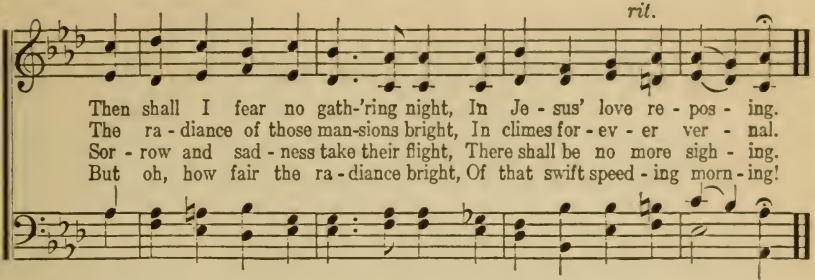


1. At eve - ning time may there be light, While life's brief day is clos - ing;
2. At eve - ning time may there be light, The light of life e - ter - nal;
3. At eve - ning time there shall be light, Earth's day of storm is dy - ing;
4. At eve - ning time there shall be light, The twi - light skies a - dorn - ing;



At Evening Time May There Be Light.—Concluded.

rit.



Then shall I fear no gath'-ring night, In Je - sus' love re - pos - ing.
 The ra - diance of those man-sions bright, In climes for - ev - er ver - nal.
 Sor - row and sad - ness take their flight, There shall be no more sigh - ing.
 But oh, how fair the ra - diance bright, Of that swift speed - ing morn - ing!

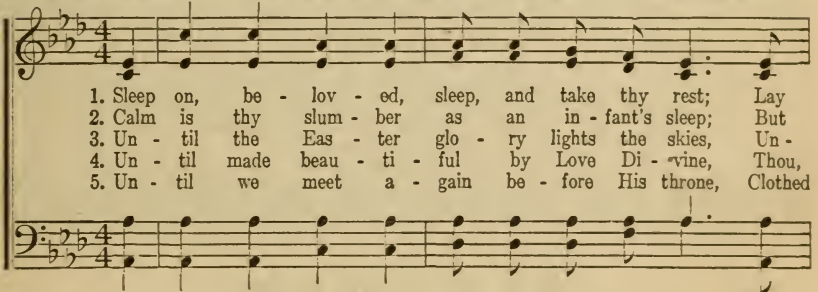
234

Sleep On, Beloved.

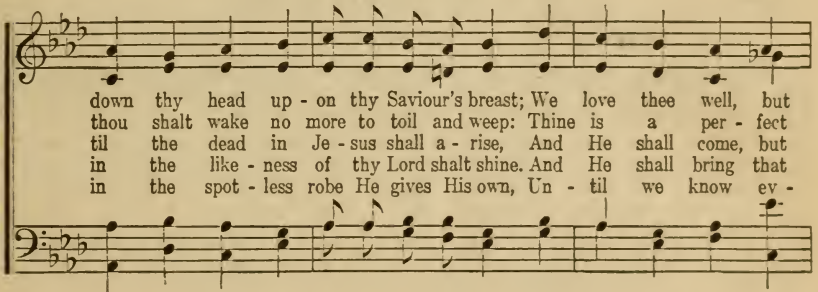
Sarah Doudney.

(The Christian's Good-Night. 10s. 6s.)

Ira D. Sankey.

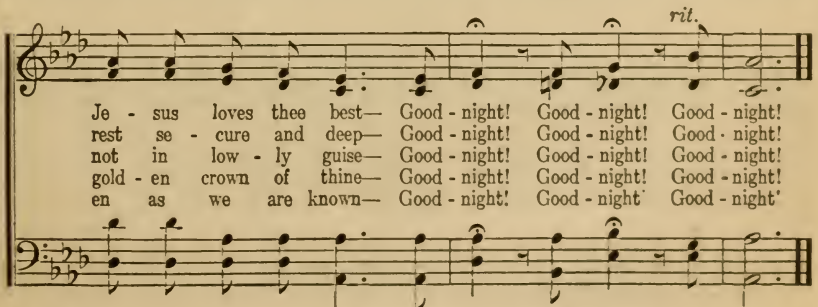


1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay
 2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep; But
 3. Un - til the Eas - ter glo - ry lights the skies, Un -
 4. Un - til made beau - ti - ful by Love Di - vine, Thou,
 5. Un - til we meet a - gain be - fore His throne, Clothed



down thy head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but
 thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect
 til the dead in Je - sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but
 in the like - ness of thy Lord shalt shine. And He shall bring that
 in the spot - less robe He gives His own, Un - til we know ev -

rit.



Je - sus loves thee best— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!
 rest se - cure and deep— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!
 not in low - ly guise— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!
 gold - en crown of thine— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!
 en as we are known— Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!

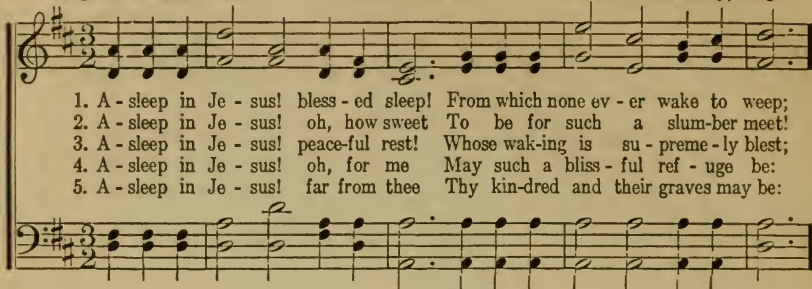
235

Asleep In Jesus! Blessed Sleep!

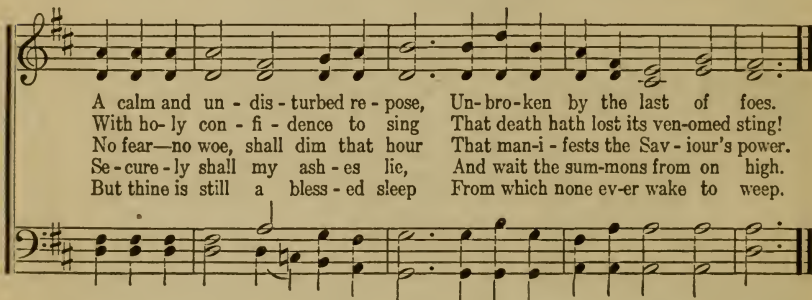
Margaret Mackay, 1832

(Rest. L. M.)

William B. Bradbury, 1863



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet!
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest! Whose wak - ing is su - preme - ly blest;
 4. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be:
 5. A - sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin - dred and their graves may be:



A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its ven - omed sting!
 No fear - no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's power.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the sum - mons from on high.
 But thine is still a bless - ed sleep From which none ev - er wake to weep.

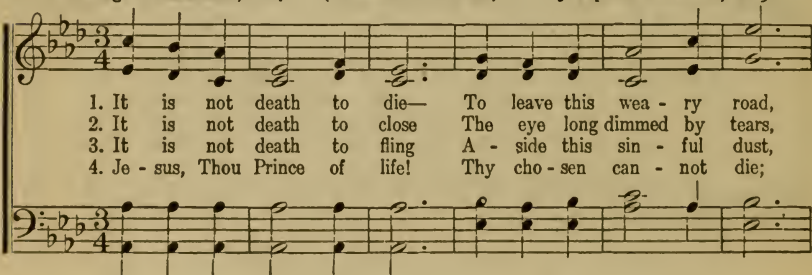
236

It Is Not Death to Die.

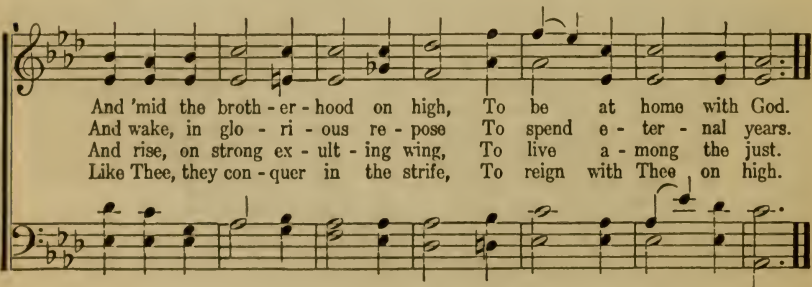
Tr. George W. Bethune, 1867

(Greenwood. S. M.)

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1869.



1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea - ry road,
 2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears,
 3. It is not death to fling A - side this sin - ful dust,
 4. Je - sus, Thou Prince of life! Thy cho - sen can - not die;



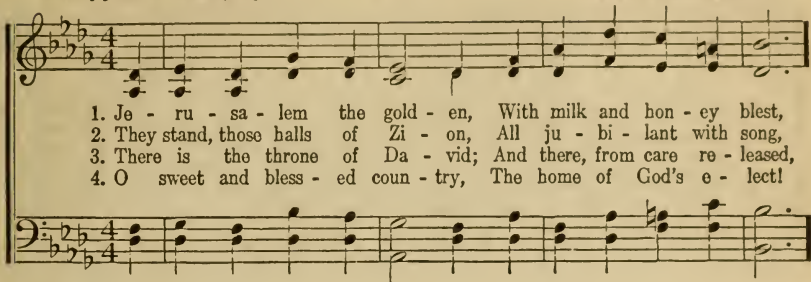
And 'mid the broth - er - hood on high, To be at home with God.
 And wake, in glo - ri - ous re - pose To spend e - ter - nal years.
 And rise, on strong ex - ult - ing wing, To live a - mong the just.
 Like Thee, they con - quer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high.

Jerusalem the Golden.

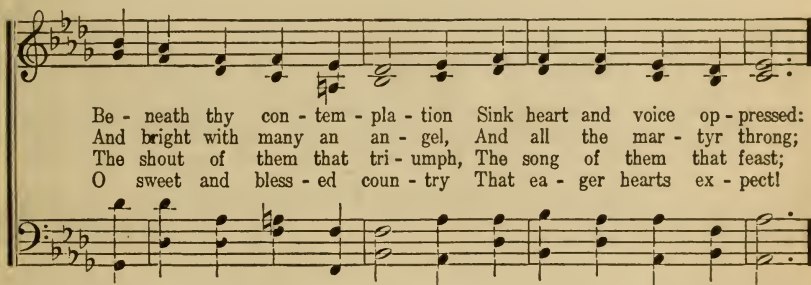
Bernard of Cluny, circa 1145.
Trs. by John M. Neale, 1851.

(Ewing. 7s. 6s. D.)

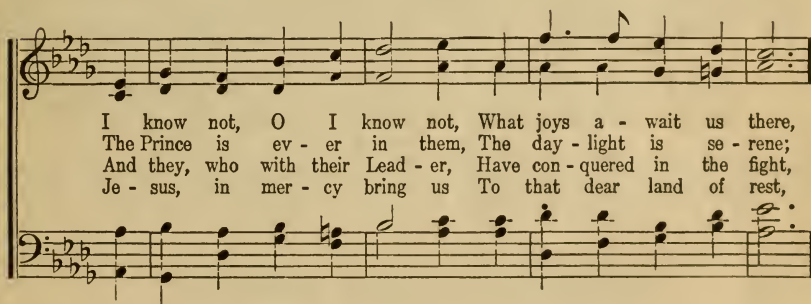
Alexander Ewing, 1853.



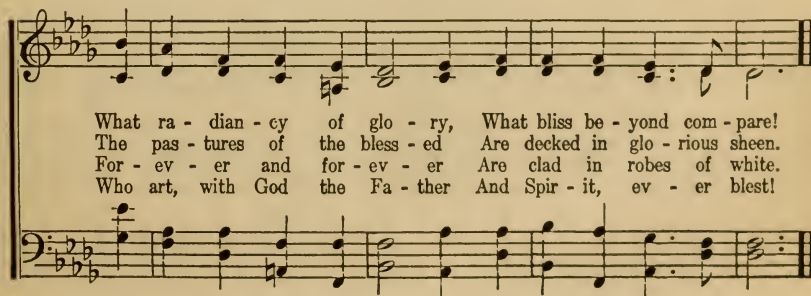
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest!

238

There Is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts, 1700.

(Varina. C. M. D.)

Arr. by George F. Root, 1849.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 2. { In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
 3. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
 4. { So to the Jews old Can-aan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
 5. { Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, These gloom-y doubts that rise,
 6. { And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes:—

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-'ring flowers;
 But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea;
 Could we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heaven-ly land from ours.
 And lin-ger, shiv-'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
 Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

239

My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By.

David Nelson, 1835.

(Shining Shore. P. M.)

Geo. F. Root, 1855.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim strang-er,
 2. Our ab-sent King the watch-word gave, "Let ev-'ry lamp be burn-ing;"
 3. Should com-ing days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor-row,
 4. Let storms of woe in whirl-winds rise, Each cord on earth to sev-er,

My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By.—Concluded.

S:

FINE.

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger:
 We look a - far a - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing.
 For hope will sing, with cour - age bold, "There's glo - ry on the mor - row:"
 There, bright and joy - ous in the skies, There, is our home for - ev - er:

D.S.—just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er!

REFRAIN.

D.S.

For now we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And

240

Shall We Meet Beyond the River.

H. L. Hastings.

Arr. fr. David Warden.

1. { Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
 { Where the bless - ed sing for - ev - er
 2. { Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
 { Shall we meet and cast the an - chor
 3. { Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the towers of crys - tal shine,
 { Where the walls are all of jas - per,
 4. { Shall we meet with many a loved one, That was torn from our em - brace?
 { Shall we lis - ten to their voic - es,
 5. { Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?
 { Shall we know His bless - ed fav - or,

2. rit.

Songs that fill the rapt - ured soul. Shall we meet? Yes! be - yond the riv - er.
 By the fair ce - les - tial shore! Shall we meet? Yes! be - yond the riv - er.
 Built by work - man - ship di - vine? Shall we meet? Yes! be - yond the riv - er.
 And be - hold them face to face? Shall we meet? Yes! be - yond the riv - er.
 And sit down up - on His throne? Shall we meet? Yes! be - yond the riv - er.

Hark! Hark, My Soul.

(Pilgrims. P. M.)

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854: alt.

Henry Smart, 1868.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. Rest comes at length: though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn and,

o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,
 darksome night be past; Faith's journeys end in wel - comes to the wea - ry,

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

242

No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar.

(Bonar. 5s. 4s.)

S. G. Cole.

1. No shad-ows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der, and say, How
 2. No weep-ing yon-der! All fled a-way! While here I wan-der, Each wea-ry
 3. No part-ing yon-der! No space or time Hearts e'er shall sun-der In that fair
 4. None wanting yon-der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath-ered un-der The shelt-'ring

rit.
 long Shall time me sun-der From that dear throng? From that dear throng?
 day I sigh and pon-der My long, long stay, My long, long stay.
 clime; Dear-er and fond-er Friendships sub-lime, Friend-ships sub-lime.
 palm: Loud as night's thunder Swells the glad psalm, Swells the glad psalm.

243

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phoebe Cary, 1852.

(Dolge Domum. S. M.)

Richard S. Ambrose, 1874.

1. One sweet-ly sol-lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-n-y man-sions be;
 3. Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down:
 4. But, ly-ing dark be-tween, Wind-ing down through the night,
 5. E'en now, per-chance, my feet Are slip-ping on the brink,
 6. Fa-ther, per-fect my trust! Strength-en my power of faith!

Near-er my home to-day am I Than e'er I've been be-fore.
 Near-er to-day the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
 Near-er to leave the heav-y cross; Near-er to gain the crown.
 There rolls the deep and un-known stream That leads at last to light.
 And I, to-day, am near-er home,—Near-er than now I think.
 Nor let me stand, at last, a-lone Up-on the shore of death.

244

For the Beauty of the Earth.

Folliott S. Pierpont, 1846.

(Dix. 7s.)

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838.

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
 2. For the won - der of each hour, Of the day and of the night,
 3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
 4. For Thy church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle thoughts and mild,
 Off - 'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,

REFRAIN.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

245 O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1843.

(Almsgiving. 8s. 6.)

John B. Dykes, 1875.

1. O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;
 2. The gold-en sun - shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love de - clare;
 3. For peace-ful homes and health - ful days, For all the bless - ings earth dis - plays,
 4. O Thou from whom we all de - rive Our life, our gifts, our power to give,

O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea.—Concluded.

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?
 Where har - vests rip - en Thou art there Who giv - est all.
 We owe Thee thank - ful - ness and praise Who giv - est all.
 O, may we ev - er with Thee live, Who giv - est all!

246 Summer Suns Are Glowing.

William Walsham How, 1872.

(Ruth. 6s. 5s. D.)

Samuel Smith, 1865.

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world, And His ban - ner
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness, Thy pure ra - diance pour; For Thy lov - ing -
 4. We will nev - er doubt Thee, Though Thou veil Thy light; Life is dark with -

flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free; Ev - 'ry - thing re - joic - es In the
 gleam - eth Ev - 'ry - where un - furled; Broad and deep and glo - rious As the
 kind - ness Make us love Thee more. And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a -
 out Thee; Death with Thee is bright. Light of light! Shine o'er us On our

mel - low rays; All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
 heaven a - bove, Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.
 cross our sky, Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.
 pil - grim way; Go Thou still be - fore us To the end - less day.

247

O Beautiful for spacious Skies.

(Materna. C. M. D.)

Katherine Lee Bates, 1893, revised, 1910.

Samuel: A. Ward, 1882.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For pur-ple moun-tain
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress A thor-ough-fare for
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain! A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God
 free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness! A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God
 country loved, And mer-cy more than life! A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! May
 cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears! A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea!
 mend thine ev'-ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
 God thy gold re-fine, Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev'-ry gain di-vine!
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin-ing sea!

248

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.

(America. 6s. 4s.)

Henry Carey, 1740.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
 4. Our fath-er's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

My Country 'Tis of Thee.—Concluded.

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'-ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

249

God of Our Fathers.

Daniel C. Roberts.

George William Warren

Voices alone.

Trumpets.
(Before each verse.)

1. God of our fathers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pest-i-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,

With Organ.

Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
 Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fence;
 Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;

Of shin-ing worlds in
 Be Thou our Ru-ler,
 Thy true re-lig-ion
 Fill all our lives with

splen-dor through the skies,
 Guard-ian, Guide and Stay,
 in our hearts in-crease.
 love and grace di-vine,

Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
 Thy bount-eous good-ness nour-ish us in peace.
 And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine.

250

Gloria Patria. No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and

to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

Gloria Patria. No. 2.

H. N. Greatoreux.

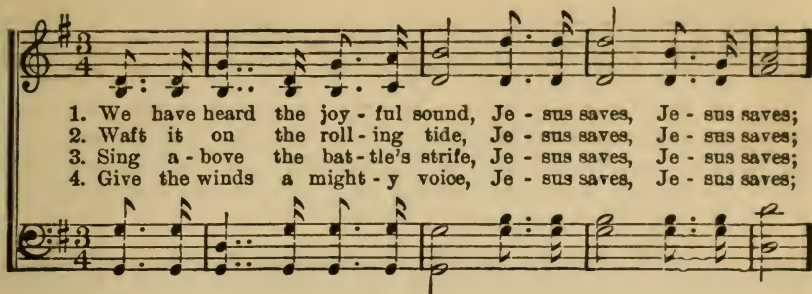
Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

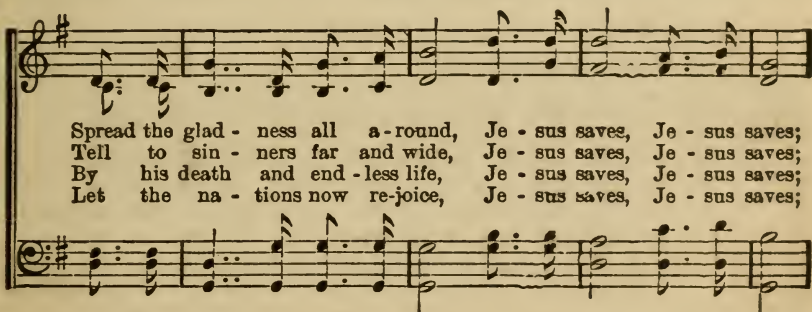
now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men, A - men.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

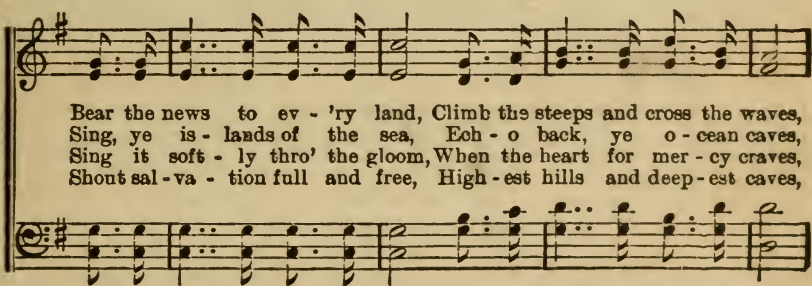
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re-joyce, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Eoh - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,



On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

El Nathan.

James McGranahan.

1. When God of old the way of life Would teach to all His own,
 2. By Christ, the sin - less Lamb of God, The pre - cious blood was shed,
 3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly given;
 4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the lamb was laid;
 5. How calm the judg - ment hour shall pass To all who do o - bey

He placed them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
 When He ful - filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
 The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heaven.
 And by the shed - ding of His blood, The debt for us was paid.
 The word of God, and trust the blood, And make that word their stay!

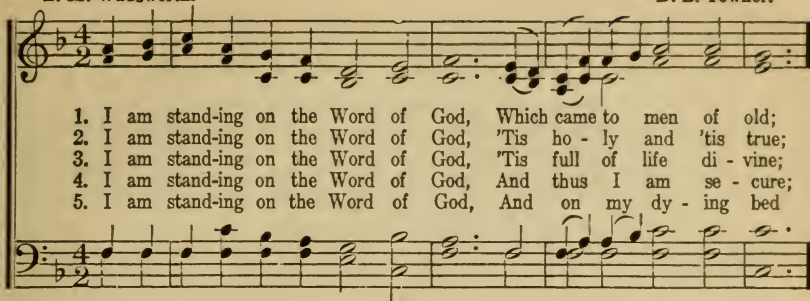
CHORUS.

It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for ev - er true;
 It is His word, God's precious word,

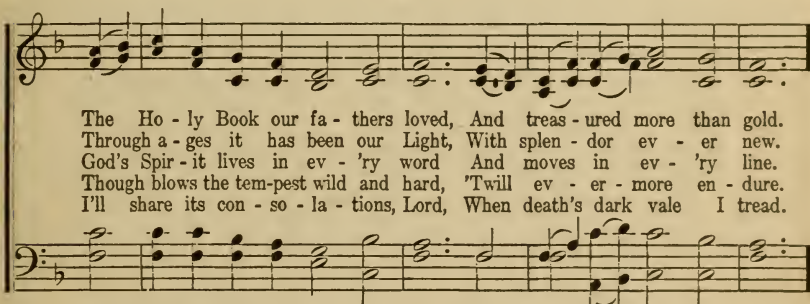
When I the Lord shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
 When I the Lord shall see the blood,

E. M. Wadsworth.

D. B. Towner.

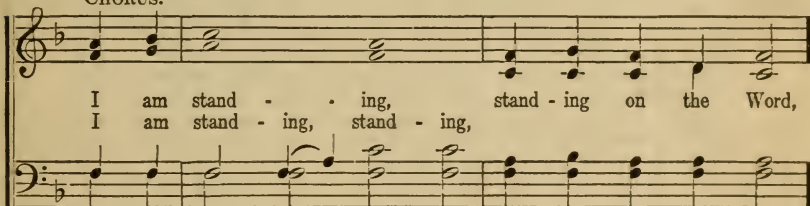


1. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, Which came to men of old;
 2. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, 'Tis ho - ly and 'tis true;
 3. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, 'Tis full of life di - vine;
 4. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, And thus I am se - cure;
 5. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, And on my dy - ing bed

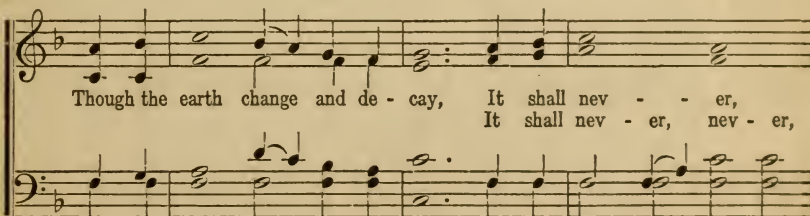


The Ho - ly Book our fa - thers loved, And treas - ured more than gold.
 Through a - ges it has been our Light, With splen - dor ev - er new.
 God's Spir - it lives in ev - 'ry word And moves in ev - 'ry line.
 Though blows the tem - pest wild and hard, 'Twill ev - er - more en - dure.
 I'll share its con - so - la - tions, Lord, When death's dark vale I tread.

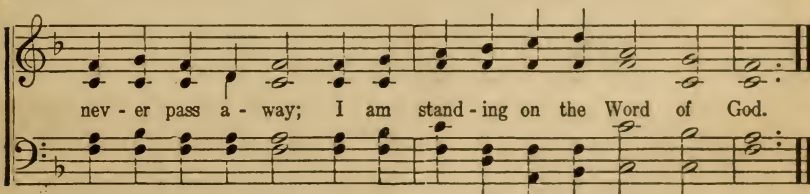
CHORUS.



I am stand - ing, stand - ing on the Word,
 I am stand - ing, stand - ing,



Though the earth change and de - cay, It shall nev - er,
 It shall nev - er, nev - er,



nev - er pass a - way; I am stand - ing on the Word of God.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
 4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
 5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
 nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
 rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His
 stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
 skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be

born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He!
 spised and re - ject - ed: Bearing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He!
 tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - iour is He!
 death He had con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ever - more!
 lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - iour, this Je - sus is mine!

CHORUS.

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He

car - ried my sins far a - way, Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

One Day.—Concluded.

free - ly for ev - er: One day He's com - ing—O glo - ri - ous day.

cres. *rit.*

255

The Joy Awaiting.

Mayd Frazer.

Robert Harkness.

1. Sat - is - fied my high - est long - ing, Earth - ly griefs as naught shall be,
 2. Hu - man mind can - not con - ceive it, My Re - deem - er's face so fair;
 3. Tho' oft - times the way He lead - eth, Is a way of mys - ter - y;
 4. Here my tongue can nev - er ut - ter All the praise with - in my heart;

When I wake with Christ in glo - ry, When His face I see.
 But I know they need no sun - shine, But His smile up there.
 There shall be no more of dark - ness When His face I see.
 There, in heav - en's song of tri - umph, I shall have a part.

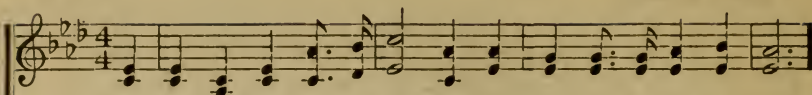
CHORUS.

When His face I see, When His face I see;

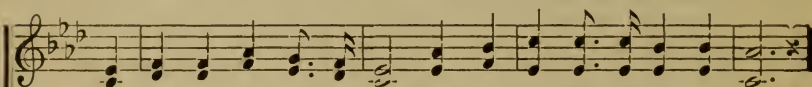
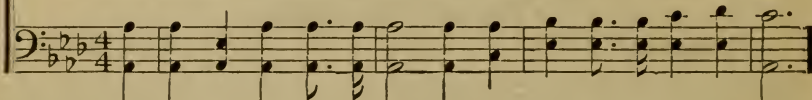
Oh, the joy for me a - wait - ing, When His face I see.

C. H. G.

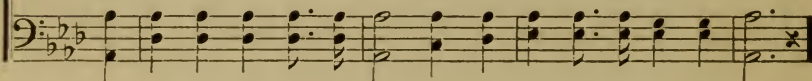
Chas. H. Gabriel.



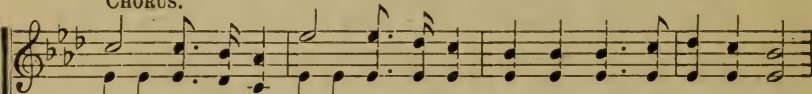
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed—"Not my will but Thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,



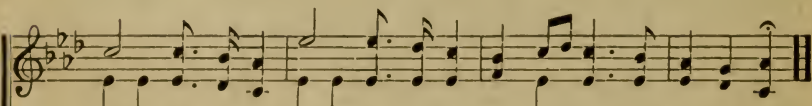
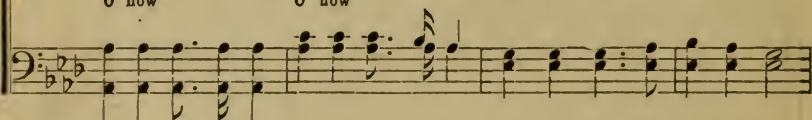
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.



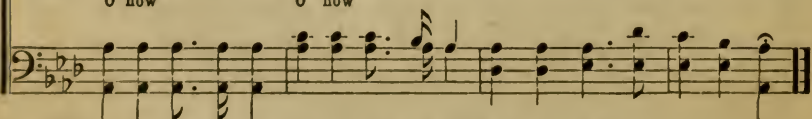
CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! How won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
 O how O how

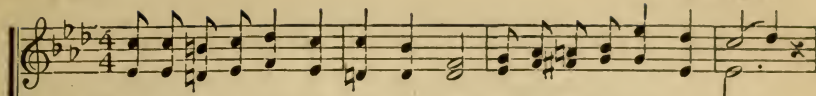


How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me.
 O how O how

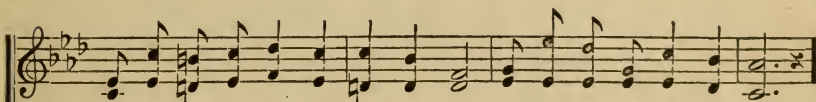
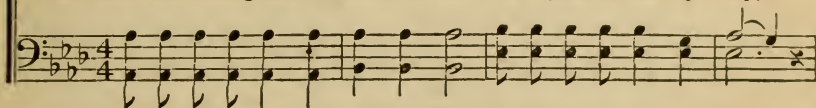


L. B. B.

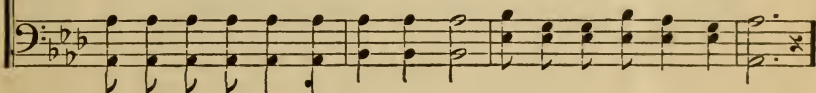
L. B. Bridgers.



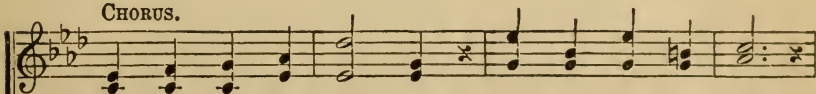
1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's coming back to wel-come me Far beyond the star-ry sky;



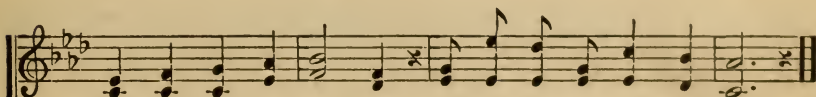
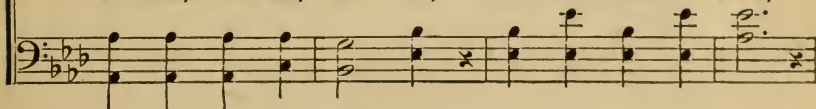
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je - sus swept a - cross the bro-ken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
 Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
 I shall wing my flights to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.



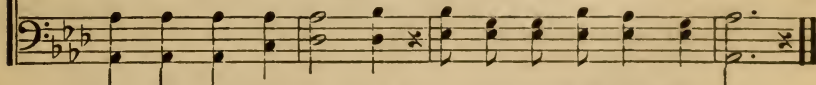
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go.



Rev. W. O. Cushing.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Un - der His wings, I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Though the night
 2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
 3. Un - der His wings, O what pre - cious en - joy - ment! There will I

deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him, I
 yearn - ing - ly turns to His rest! Oft - en when earth has no
 hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel - tered, pro - tect - ed, no

know He will keep me; He has re - deemed me, and I am His child.
 balm for my heal - ing, There I find com - fort, and there I am blest.
 e - vil can harm me, Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

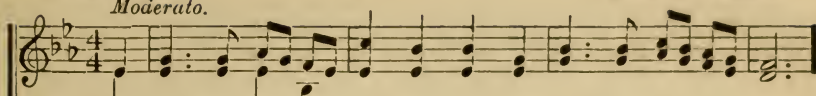
CHORUS.

Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?

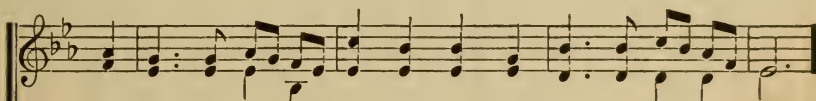
Un - der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - er.

El Nathan.

James McGranahan.

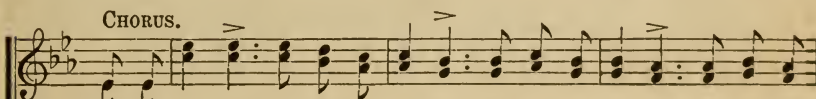
Modérato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
 2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
 3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
 4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
 5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

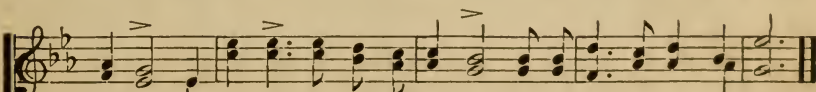


Nor why un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - a - ting faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
 Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per - suad - ed that He is



a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un - to Him against that day."

The Prodigal Son.

T. O. Chisholm.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out in the wil-der-ness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for ma-n-y a year,
 2. Why should I per-ish in dark de-spain, Here where there's no one to help or care,
 3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Fac-es of loved ones a - gain I see,
 4. O that I nev-er had gone a - stray! Life was all ra-diant with hope one day,

Driv-en by hun-ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
 When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
 Vis-ions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
 Now all its treas-ures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go.

Backward with sor-row my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's face,
 Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor-thy no more to be called a son,
 Oth-ers have gone who had wandered, too, They were for-giv-en, were clothed a-new,
 Some-thing is say-ing "God loves you still, Tho' you have treat-ed His love so ill,"

Will-ing to take but a serv-ant's place,— I will a - rise and go,—
 Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a - rise and go,—
 Why should I lin-ger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go,—
 I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

The Prodigal Son.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Back to my Fa-ther and home, and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home, and home,

I will a-rise and go and go Back to my Fa-ther and home.

261

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

John J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

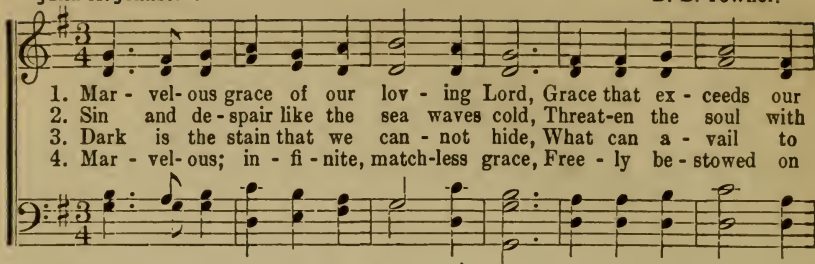
CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
Sav-iour, and scat-tered our night. sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

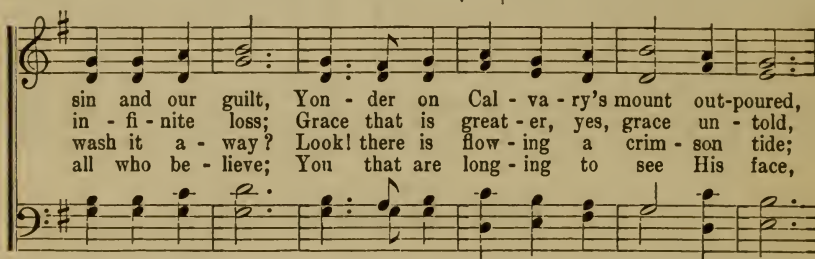
lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, re - vive us a - gain.

Julia H. Johnston.

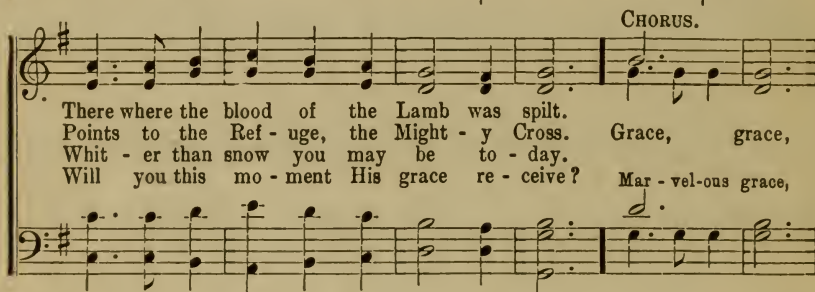
D. B. Towner.



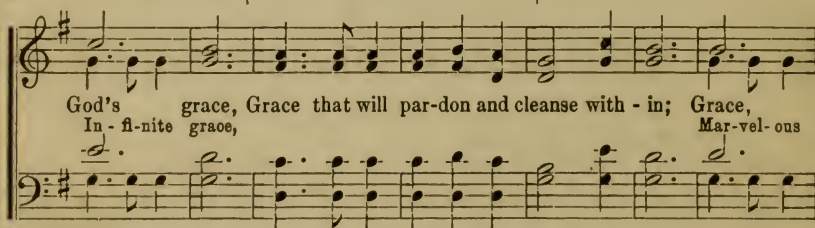
1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
 2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves cold, Threat - en the soul with
 3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
 4. Mar - vel - ous; in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on



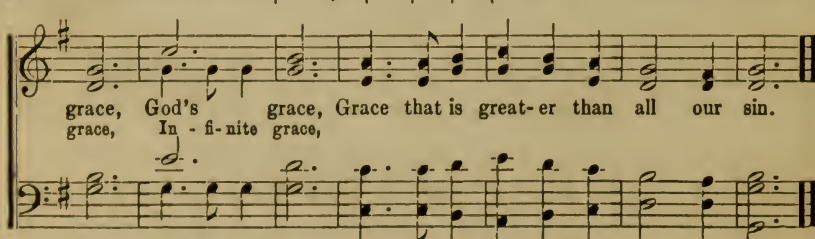
sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
 in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
 wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
 all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,



CHORUS.
 There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
 Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace,
 Whit - er than snow you may be to - day.
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? Mar - vel - ous grace,



God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace,
 In - fi - nite grace, Mar - vel - ous



grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
 grace, In - fi - nite grace,

P. R.

Paul Rader

1. O - ver there where the heath-en are dy - ing, O - ver there where the
 2. O - ver there where temp-ta-tion is call - ing, O - ver there where the
 3. O - ver there they are call - ing and dy - ing, O - ver there in the

sin forc - es dwell, We must car - ry the great sal - va - tion;
 vic - es, a - bound, We must tell of the One who con - quers,
 dark-ness they roam, There are wait - ing to hear of Je - sus,

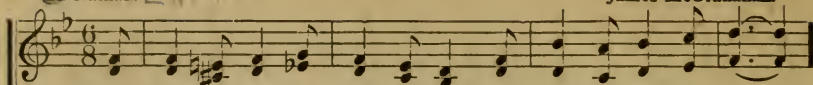
CHORUS.
 We must go and the glad sto - ry tell.
 We must tell of the Christ we have found. O - ver there where the millions are
 They are call-ing to us, "Won't you come?"

dy-ing, over there, Over there where God's tho'ts are turning, o-ver there; O-ver

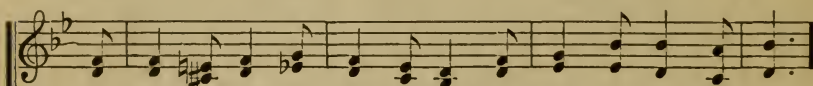
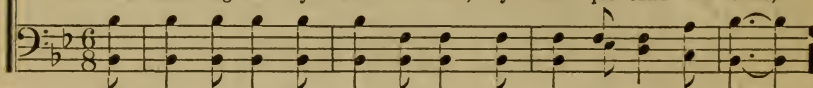
rit.
 there darkened hearts are yearning, over there We will pray for the souls over there.

Nathan. LAMPE

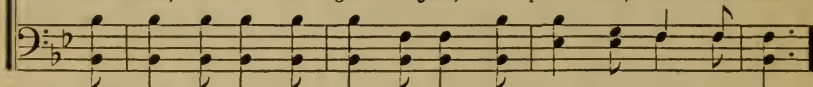
James McGranahan



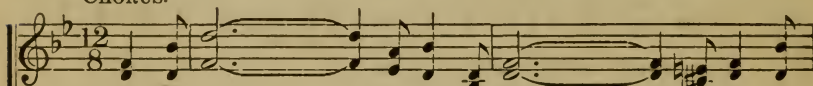
1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich - es o'er,
 2. For ev - 'ry sin by grace di - vine A *par - don* free be - stowed;
 3. Of grace to break the power of sin, He gives a full sup - ply;
 4. The *power* to win a soul to God, The Spir - it, too, im - parts;
 5. These bless - ings we by faith re - ceive, By sim - ple child - like trust;



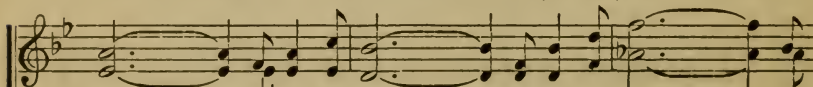
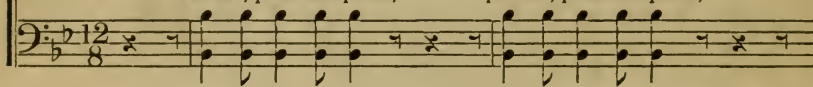
Re - vealed to faith with - in His word, And note the bound - less store.
 And with the par - don *peace* is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.
 The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart with - in, From sin doth *pu - ri - fy*.
 And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells *now* in all our hearts.
In Christ, 'tis God's de - light to *give*; He prom - ised, and He must.



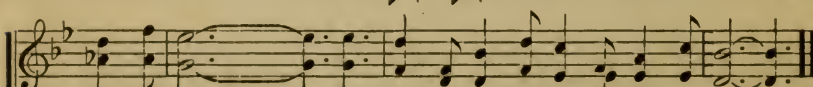
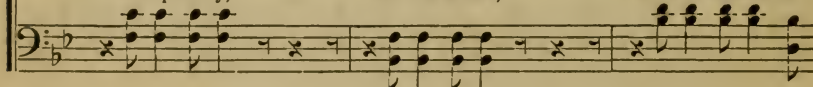
CHORUS.



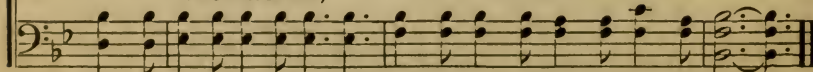
There is par - - - don, peace and power, And pu - ri -
 Par-don, peace and power, par-don, peace and power,



ty. and Par - a - dise; With all of these in
 And pu - ri - ty, and Par - a - dise; With all of these in



Christ for me, Let joy - ful songs of praise to Him a - rise!
 in Christ for me,



The King's Business.

(Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.)

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is
 2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'rywhere, Re-pent and
 3. My home is bright - er far than Sharon's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal

far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
 turn a-way, from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
 life and joy throughout its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.
 realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
 Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
 mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye

reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

Moment By Moment.

D. W. Whittle.

Mary Whittle.

1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv-ing with Je - sus, a
 2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur - den that
 3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and
 4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that

new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Moment by
 He doth not bear, Nev-er a sor-row that He doth not share, Moment by
 nev - er a moan; Nev-er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Moment by
 He can-not heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal, Je-sus, my

CHORUS.

moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 moment I'm un - der His care; Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;
 moment He thinks of His own.
 Saviour, a-bides with me still.

Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a - bove; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till

glo - ry doth shine; Mo-mont by mo-moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

God Will Take Care of You.

"Be careful for nothing."—Phil. 4: 6. "He careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

C. D. Martin.

W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis-mayed what - e'er be - tide, God will take care of you!

2. Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you!

3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you!

4. Lone-ly and sad, from friends a - part, God will take care of you!

5. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you!

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you!

When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you!

Trust Him, and you will be sat - is - fied, God will take care of you!

He will give peace to your ach - ing heart, God will take care of you!

Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you!

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Through ev - 'ry day o'er all the way;

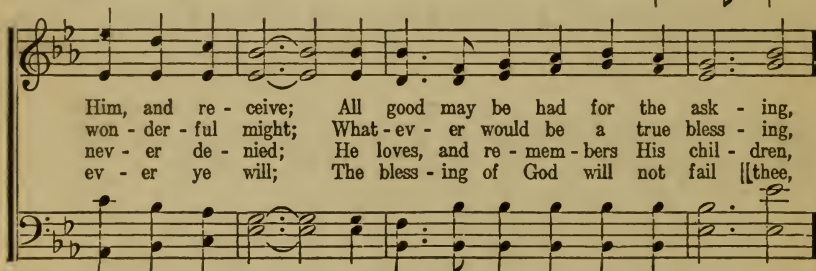
He will take care of you; God will take care of you!.....
take care of you!

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

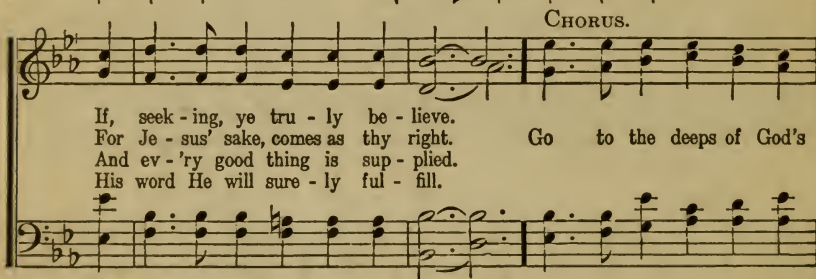
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; Ask free - ly of
 2. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise, And know of His
 3. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; The bless - ing is
 4. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise, And claim what - so -

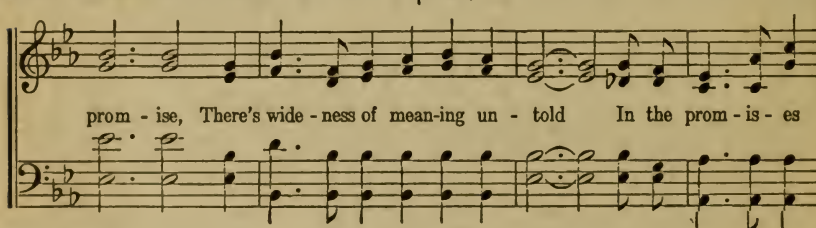


Him, and re - ceive; All good may be had for the ask - ing,
 won - der - ful might; What - ev - er would be a true bless - ing,
 nev - er de - nied; He loves, and re - mem - bers His chil - dren,
 ev - er ye will; The bless - ing of God will not fail [thee,

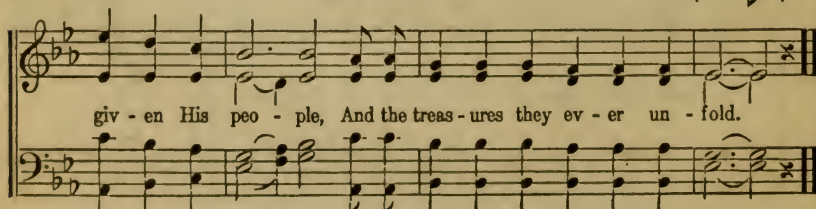


CHORUS.

If, seek - ing, ye tru - ly be - lieve.
 For Je - sus' sake, comes as thy right. Go to the deeps of God's
 And ev - 'ry good thing is sup - plied.
 His word He will sure - ly ful - fill.



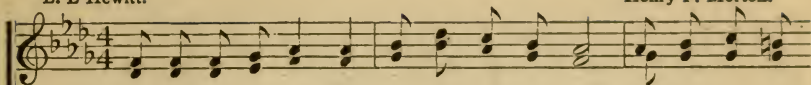
prom - ise, There's wide - ness of mean - ing un - told In the prom - is - es



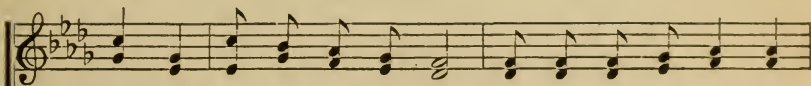
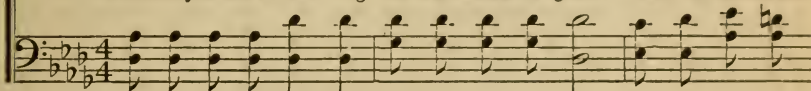
giv - en His peo - ple, And the treas - ures they ev - er un - fold.

E. E Hewitt.

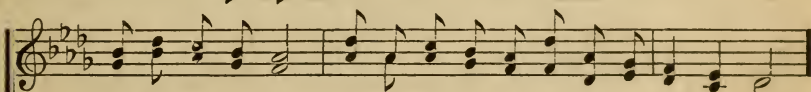
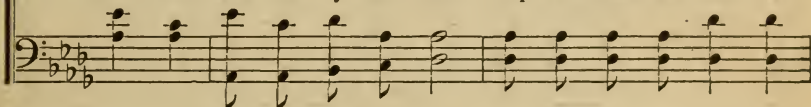
Henry P. Morton.



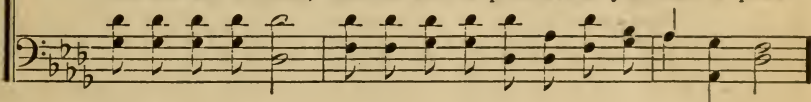
1. In this world of con - flicts, serv - ants of the King, Let His faith - ful
2. Would you tell an - oth - er of the Friend you love? Spread a-round your
3. Would you win a bless - ing at the throne of grace? There His blood-sealed



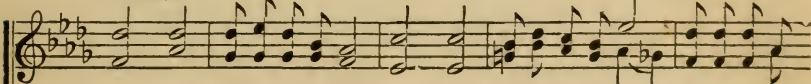
say - ings, strength and com - fort bring; Lean - ing on the Sav - iour
 sun - shine stream - ing from a - bove; Would you lead a wan - derer
 cov - 'nant trust - ful - ly em - brace! Help to make the des - ert



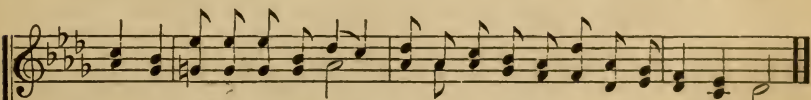
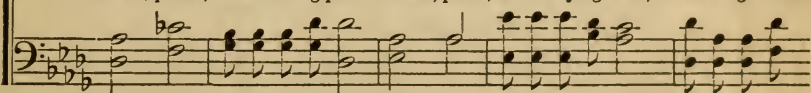
in the try - ing hour, Take His word of prom - ise as your word of power.
 to the shel - t'ring Tower, Take His word of prom - ise as your word of power.
 blos - som as a flower, Take His word of prom - ise as your word of power.



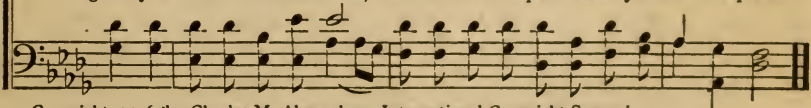
CHORUS.



Power, power, over-coming power! Peace, peace, in the trying hour; Take the grace He



gives you as life's rich - est dower, Take His word of prom - ise as your word of power.



Fances R. Havergal.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
 2. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence -
 3. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great

lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -
 forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and
 pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
 lov - ing o - be - dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
 fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own.

CHORUS.

Peal out the watch - word! si - lence it nev - er!
 Peal si - lence

Song of our spir - its, re - joice - ing and free;
 Song re - joic - ing

True Hearted, Whole Hearted.—Concluded.

Peal... out the watch-word! loy - al for - ev - er!

Peal loy - al

King.... of our lives, By Thy grace we will be....

King

271 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. B. P. P. Buss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fath-er's mer-cy, From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest - tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

FINE

D.C.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Thy God Reigneth!

F. S. Shepherd.

James McGranahan.

1. Trem - bling soul, be - set by fears, "Thy God reign - eth!"
 2. Sin - ful soul, thy debt is paid, "Thy God reign - eth!"
 3. Seek - ing soul to Je - sus turn, "Thy God reign - eth!"
 4. Join, ye saints, the truth pro - claim, "Thy God reign - eth!"
 5. Church of Christ, a - wake, a - wake! "Thy God reign - eth!"
 "Thy God reign-eth!"

Look a - bove and dry thy tears: "Thy God reign - eth!"
 On the Lord thy sins were laid, "Thy God reign - eth!"
 None that seek Him will He spurn, "Thy God reign - eth!"
 Shout it forth with glad ac - claim, "Thy God reign - eth!"
 For - ward, then, fresh cour - age take: "Thy God reign - eth!"
 "Thy God reign-eth!"

Though thy foes with power as - sail, Naught a-against thee shall pre - vail;
 On the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus shed His blood for thee,
 Wand - 'ring sheep the Shep - herd seeks And, when found He ev - er keeps,
 Zi - on, wake! the morn is nigh, See it break from yon - der sky;
 Soon, de - scend - ing from His throne, He shall claim thee for His own;

Trust in Him—He'll nev - er fail: "Thy God reign-eth, Thy God reign-eth!"
 From all sin to set thee free "Thy God reign-eth Thy God reign-eth!"
 For "He slum - bers not nor sleeps," "Thy God reign-eth, Thy God reign-eth!"
 Loud and clear the watch-men cry: "Thy God reign-eth, Thy God reign-eth!"
 Sin shall then be o - ver-thrown: "Thy God reign-eth, Thy God reign-eth!"

He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon.

Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
 2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
 3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
 4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
 For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
 Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
 Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, hold me fast, He will hold me fast; hold me fast;

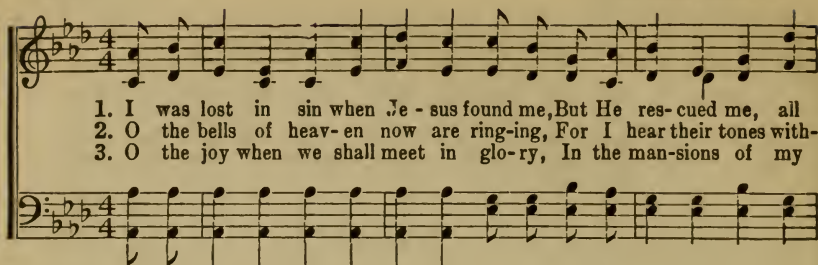
rall.

For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

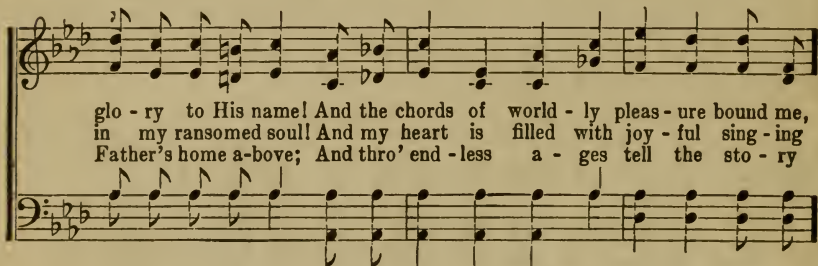
274 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.

A. S. R.

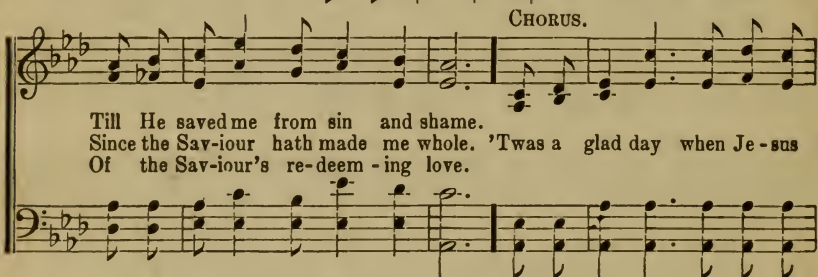
Albert Simpson Reitz,



1. I was lost in sin when Je - sus found me, But He res - cued me, all
 2. O the bells of heav - en now are ring - ing, For I hear their tones with -
 3. O the joy when we shall meet in glo - ry, In the man - sions of my

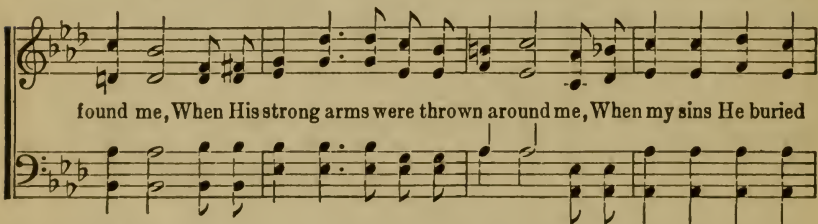


glo - ry to His name! And the chords of world - ly pleas - ure bound me,
 in my ransomed soul! And my heart is filled with joy - ful sing - ing
 Father's home a - bove; And thro' end - less a - ges tell the sto - ry

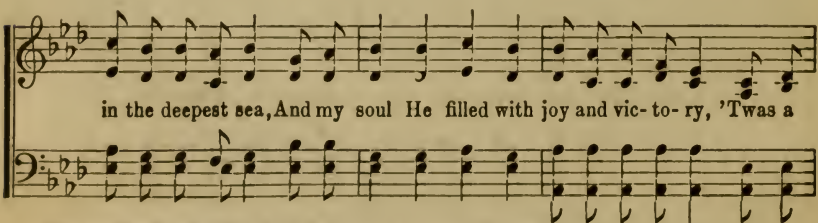


CHORUS.

Till He saved me from sin and shame.
 Since the Sav - iour hath made me whole. 'Twas a glad day when Je - sus
 Of the Sav - iour's re - deem - ing love.



found me, When His strong arms were thrown around me, When my sins He buried



in the deepest sea, And my soul He filled with joy and vic - to - ry, 'Twas a

'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.—Concluded.

glad day, O hal - le - lu - jah! 'Twas a glad day He claimed His own; I will
shout a glad ho - san-na in glo-ry When I see Him up-on His throne.

275

I Gave My Life for Thee.

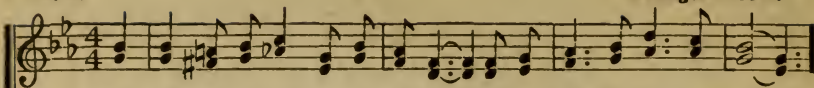
Frances R. Havergal.

P. P. Bliss.

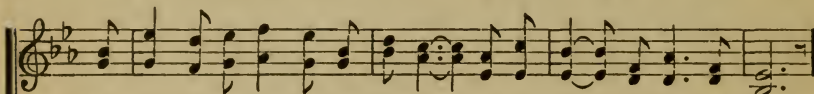
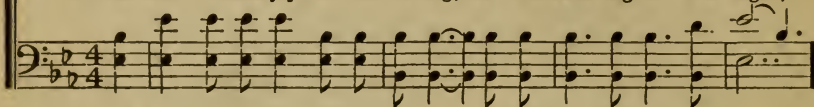
1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand' - rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t' rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou done for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

B. B.

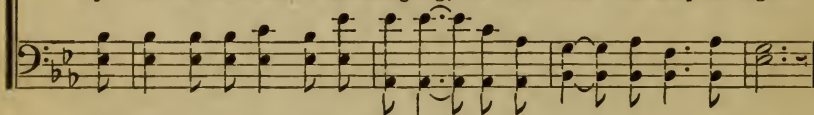
Ballington Booth.



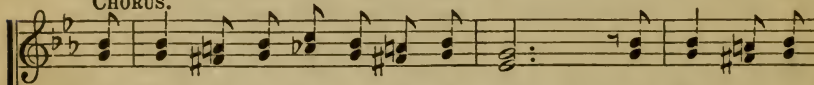
1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



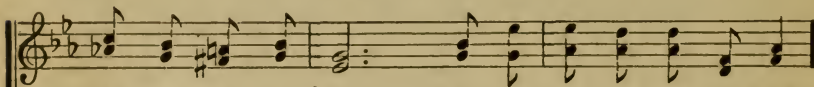
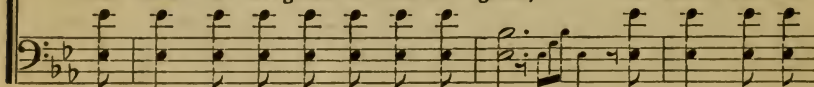
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsem-a - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.



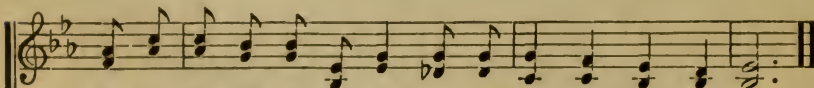
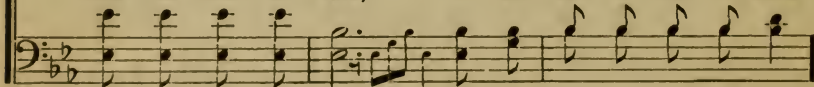
CHORUS.



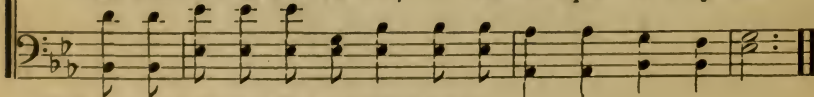
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know



That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.



Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - it's my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift-ed mel..... Love lift-ed mel.....
 e - ven mel! e - ven mel!

When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

Faith Is the Victory.

John H. Yates.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;
 4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be given;

And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies.
 We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod.
 Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And-on-ward to the fray.
 Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven.

A-gainst the foe in vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled;
 By faith, they like a whirl-wind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
 Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
 Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world.
 The faith by which they con-quer-ed death Is still our shin-ing shield.
 The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
 We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' con-quer-ing name.

Faith Is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith... is the vic - to - ry! Faith.... is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

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My Sins Are Forgiven.

Ada R. Habershon.

Robert Harkness.

1. As far as the west is re - moved from the east, He ban - ished my
2. Like clouds they had gath - ered, ob - scour - ing the sun; He blot - ted them
3. My sins were as scar - let, and crim - son the stains; He made them like
4. My guilt and my need His great love have re - vealed; Once wound - ed for
5. And this is the rea - son I'm par - doned to - day. Be - cause with His

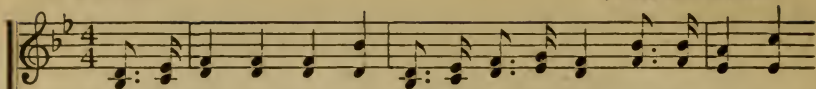
sins, both the great - est and least; My sins are for - giv - en,—
out, there re - main - eth not one; My sins are for - giv - en,—
snow, and no ves - tige re - mains; My sins are for - giv - en,—
me, by His stripes I am healed; My sins are for - giv - en,—
blood He has washed them a - way; My sins are for - giv - en,—

REFRAIN.

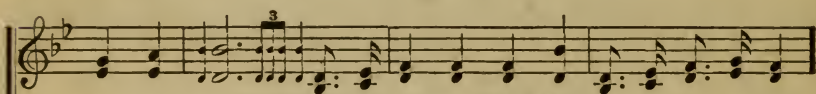
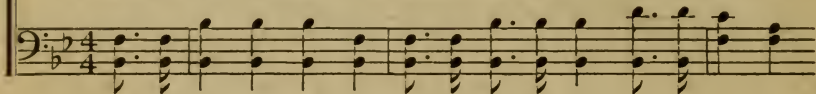
Are yours?..... My sins are for - giv - en,— Are yours?.....
Are yours? Are yours? Are yours?

D. W. Whittle.

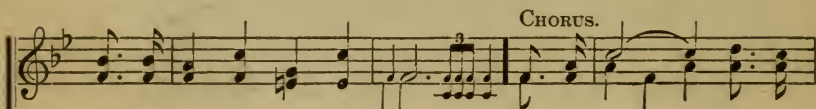
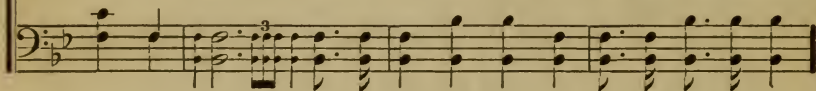
James McGranahan.



1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns— 'tis draw - ing ver - y near— It is hast - 'ning

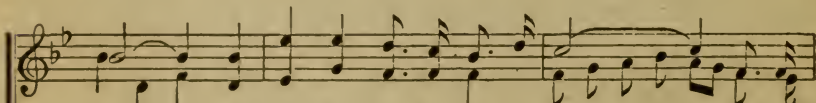
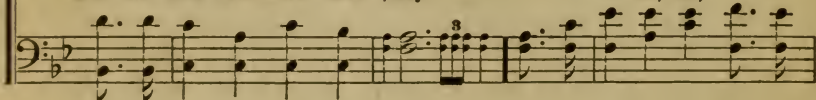


of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played, And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

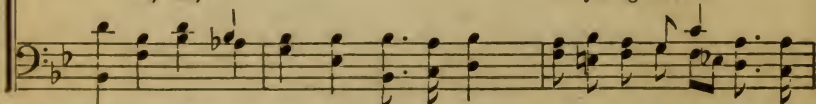


CHORUS.

While as ran - somed ones we sing.
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own!
 And the cross the world shall sway! on, on,



on, For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! And to
 on, on, ev'rything but loss!



The Banner of the Cross.—Concluded.

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross!
 we'll Be-neath

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Where the Cross is Leading.

Lizzie DeArmond and Jennie Ree.

B. D. Ackley.

1. On where the cross is lead-ing, Un-der the glo-rious ban-ner go;
 2. Clos-er a-round us throng-ing, Gath-er the might-y hosts of sin;
 3. On where the cross is lead-ing! Fear not, tho' march-ing days be long;

March-ing in phalanx brave and strong, We fear not to meet the foe.
 Yet, while our great Com-mand-er leads We will fight, and tri-umph win.
 Ours is the bat-tle, His the tri-umph, Ours be the vic-tor's song.

CHORUS

On, on, u-nit-ed in His love! On, on, to joy and peace a-bove;
 On, on, on, on On, on, on, on

Marching to-geth-er, songs of triumph singing, Je-sus is lead-ing, on for the King!

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

Adam Geibel.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day;
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 "Ye that are men now serve Him" A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each piece put on with pray'r;
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

Stand Up, stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of

roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A -
flesh will fail you— Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,

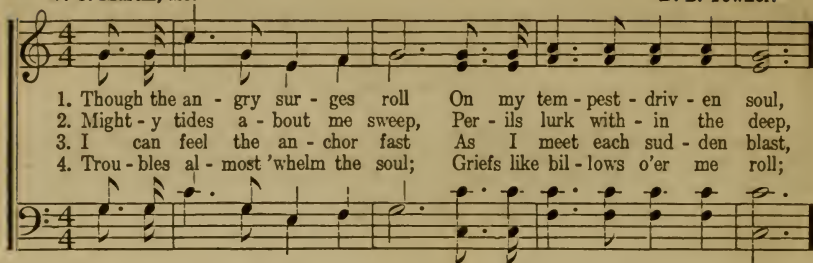
ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

My Anchor Holds.

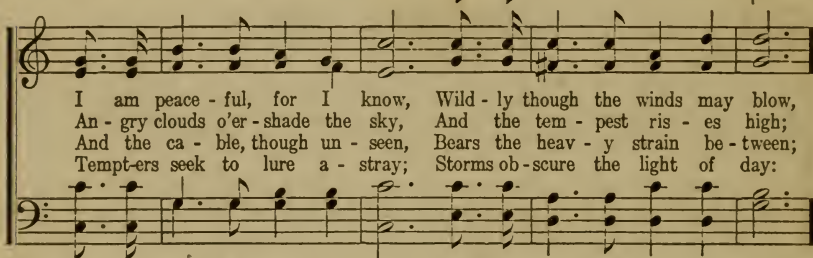
"Anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

W. C. Martin, arr.

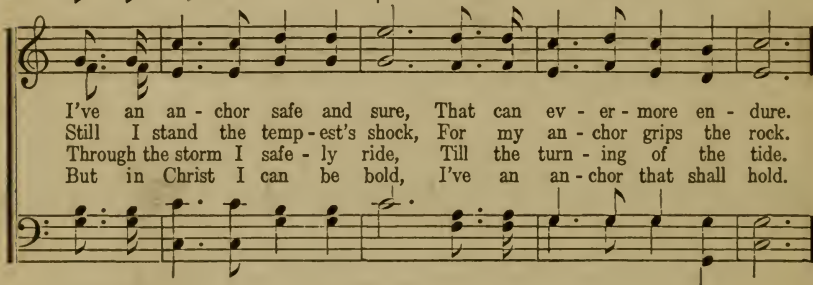
D. B. Towner.



1. Though the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
 3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
 4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

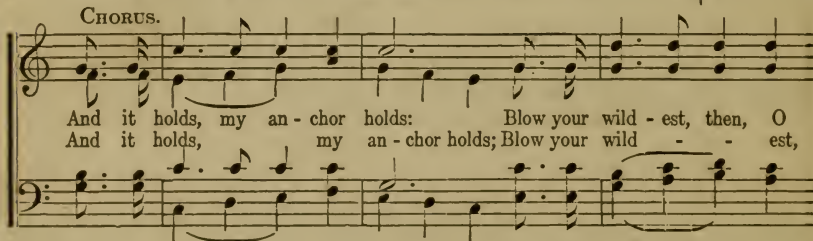


I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
 Tempt - ers seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:

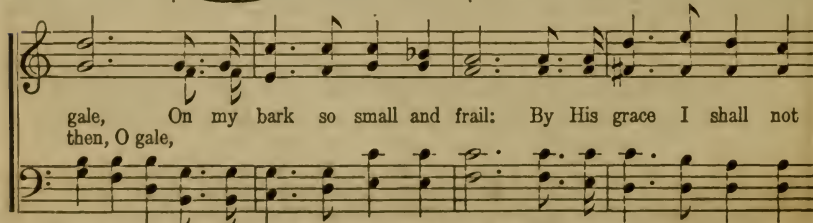


I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
 Still I stand the temp - est's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
 Through the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.



And it holds, my an - chor holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.—Concluded.

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

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We Shall Meet.

John Atkinson.

Hubert P. Main.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by;
3. When with robes of snow - y white-ness, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flow - ing, By and by, by and by;

And the dark - ness will be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
And with crowns of daz - zling bright-ness, By and by, by and by;
And with sweet - est rap - ture know - ing, By and by, by and by,—

With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,
And the an - gels who ful - fil All the man - dates of His will
There, our storms and per - ils past And with glo - ry ours at last,
All the blest ones, who have gone To the land of life and song,—

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Shall at - tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
We'll pos - sess the king - dom vast, By and by, by and by.
We, with shout - ings shall re - join By and by, by and by.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence, how my soul de - lights to hide!
 2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
 3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears:
 4. Would you like to know the sweet - ness of the se - cret of the Lord?

Slowly.

Oh, how pre - cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth - ly
 There is cool and pleas - ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my
 Oh, how pa - tient - ly He list - ens! and my droop - ing soul He cheers: Do you
 Go and hide be - neath His shad - ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when -

cares can nev - er vex me, neith - er tri - als lay me low; For when Sa - tan comes to
 Sav - iour rests be - side me, as we hold com - mun - ion sweet; If I tried, I could not
 think He nev - er re - proves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
 e'er you leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet - ing place, You must mind and bear the

In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
 ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
 told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
 im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

rit.

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Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.

1. "Man of sor - rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
 2. Bear - ing shame and scow - ling rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
 3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished," was His cry,
 5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran-somed, home to bring,

Ruin - ed sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 "Full a - tone - ment," can it be! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Now in heaven ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

P. P. B. Fred. P. Morris.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Free from the law, oh, hap - py con - di - tion! Je - sus hath bled, and
 2. There on the Cross your bur - den up - bear - ing, Thorns on His brow your
 3. Now are we free—there's no con - dem - na - tion; Je - sus pro - vides a
 4. "Chil - dren of God," oh, glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His grace will

there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
 Sav - iour is wear - ing; Nev - er a - gain your sin need ap - pal,
 per - fect sal - va - tion: "Come un - to Me," oh, hear His sweet call,
 keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His call,

CHORUS.

Grace hath re-deemed us once for all.
 You have been par-doned once for all. Once for all, oh, sin - ner, re -
 Come, and He saves us once for all.
 Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.

ceive it; Once for all, oh, doubt - er, be - lieve it; Cling to the

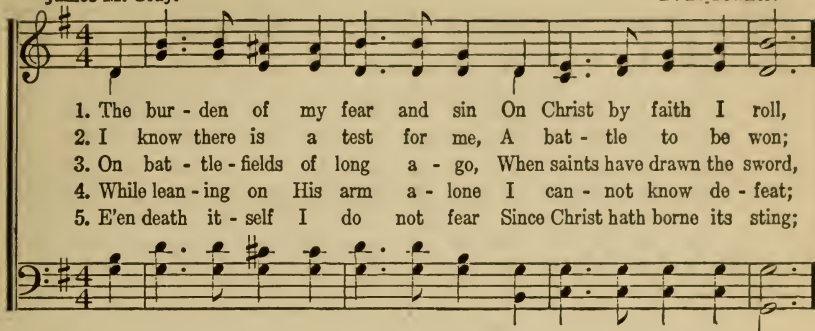
Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath re-deemed us once for all.

Victory In My Soul.

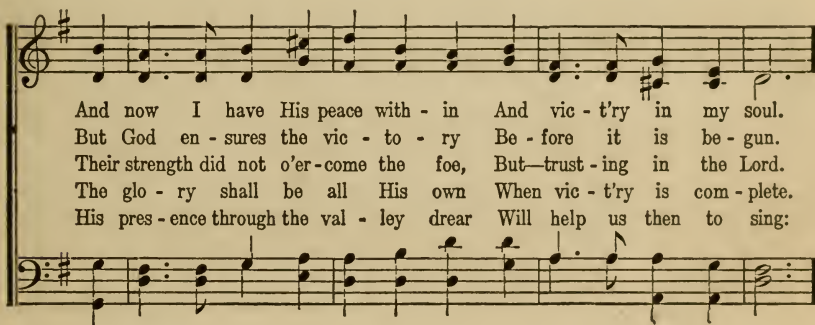
"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v. 4.

James M. Gray.

D. B. Townner.

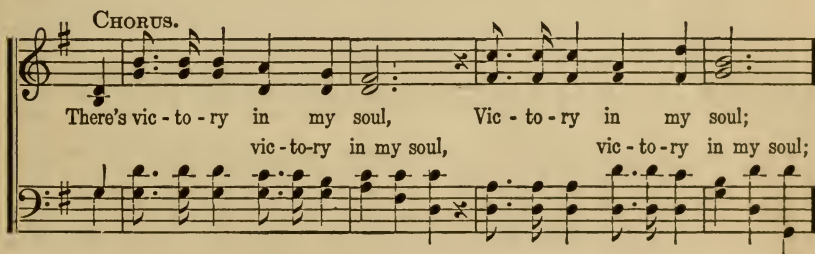


1. The bur - den of my fear and sin On Christ by faith I roll,
 2. I know there is a test for me, A bat - tle to be won;
 3. On bat - tle - fields of long a - go, When saints have drawn the sword,
 4. While lean - ing on His arm a - lone I can - not know de - feat;
 5. E'en death it - self I do not fear Since Christ hath borne its sting;

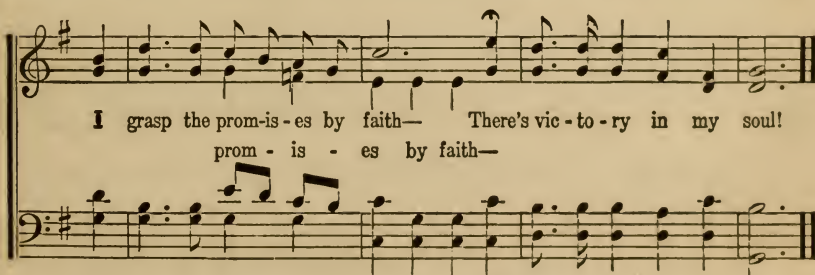


And now I have His peace with - in And vic - t'ry in my soul.
 But God en - sures the vic - to - ry Be - fore it is be - gun.
 Their strength did not o'er - come the foe, But—trust - ing in the Lord.
 The glo - ry shall be all His own When vic - t'ry is com - plete.
 His pres - ence through the val - ley drear Will help us then to sing:

CHORUS.



There's vic - to - ry in my soul, Vic - to - ry in my soul;
 vic - to - ry in my soul, vic - to - ry in my soul;

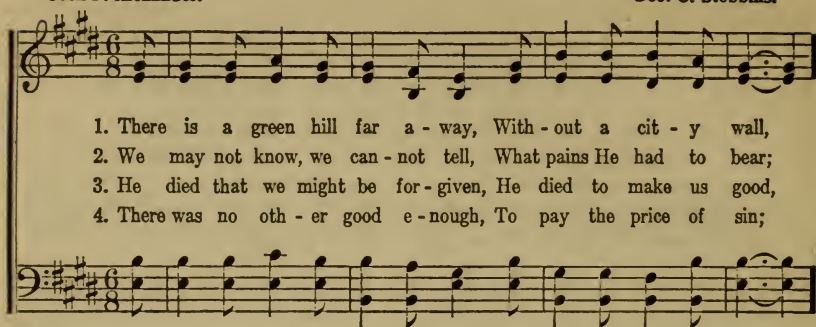


I grasp the prom - is - es by faith— There's vic - to - ry in my soul!
 prom - is - es by faith—

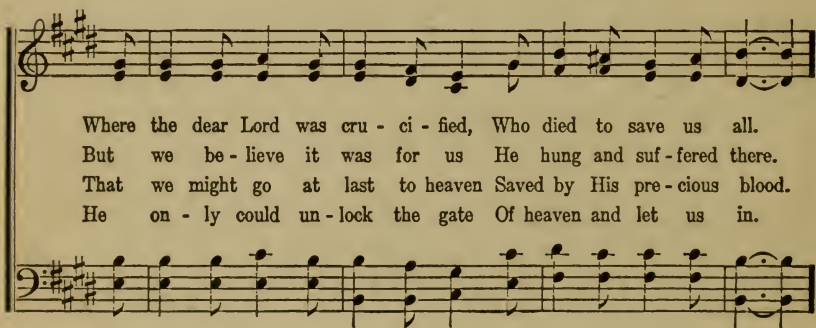
There Is a Green Hill Far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

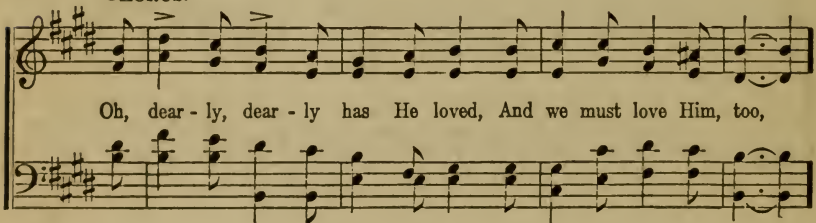


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for - given, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth - er good e - nough, To pay the price of sin;

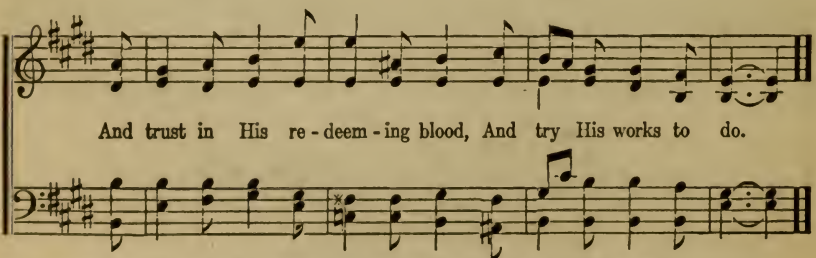


Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 That we might go at last to heaven Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

CHORUS.



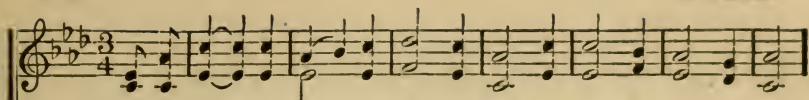
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



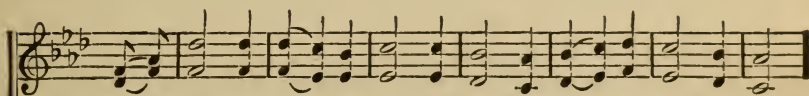
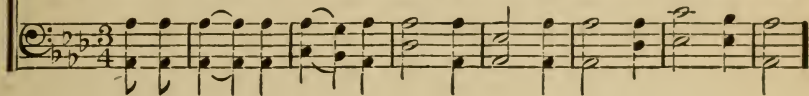
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

T. D.

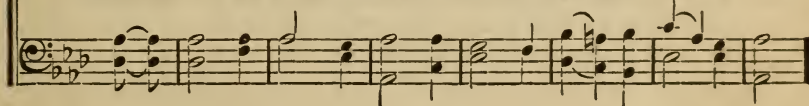
T. DENNIS.



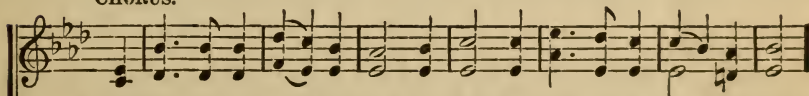
1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je - sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they plac'd the crown of thorns Upon His love - ly brow,
3. Have you read that He sav'd the dy - ing thief, When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you read that He look'd to heav'n and said, It's finished—'twas for thee?



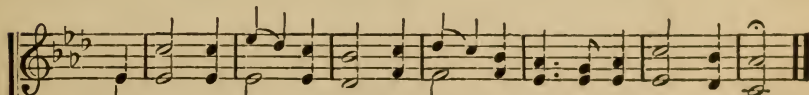
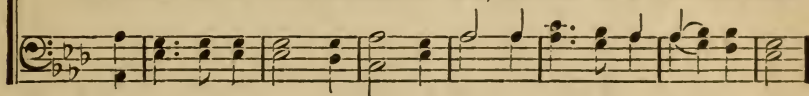
Where your debt was paid by His pre - cious blood That gush'd from His wounded side?
 When He pray'd, for - give them, oh! for - give; They know not what they do?
 Who look'd with pit - y - ing eyes and said, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me?
 Have you ev - er said, I thank Thee, Lord, For giving Thy life for me?



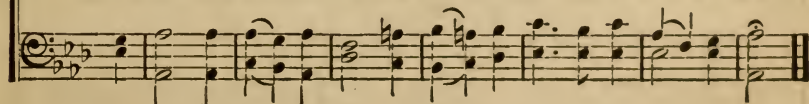
CHORUS.



He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.

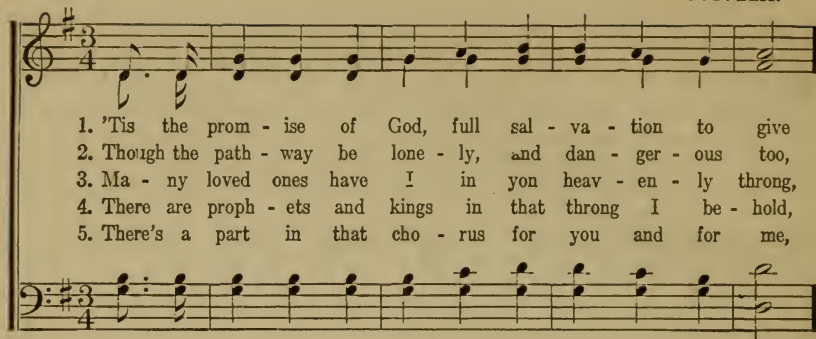


Oh, wondrous love! it was for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.

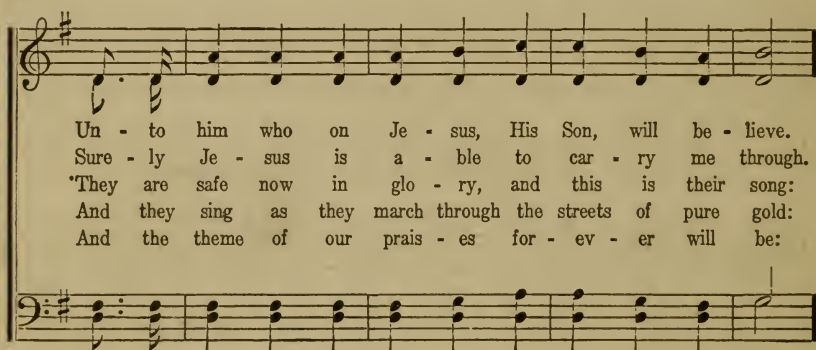


P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

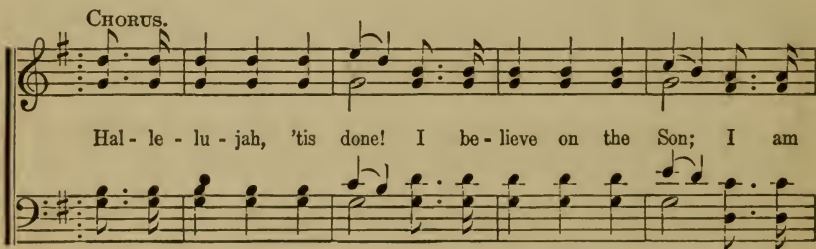


1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give
 2. Though the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,
 3. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
 4. There are proph - ets and kings in that throng I be - hold,
 5. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me,

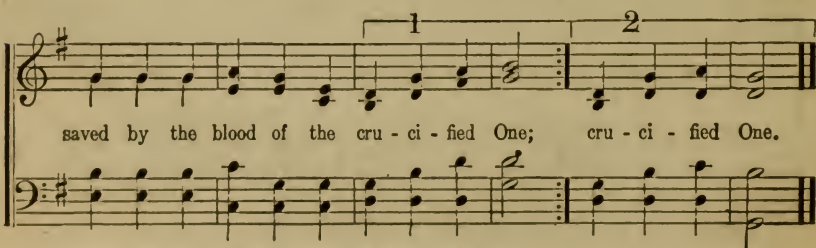


Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
 Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
 'They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song:
 And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
 And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er will be:

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am

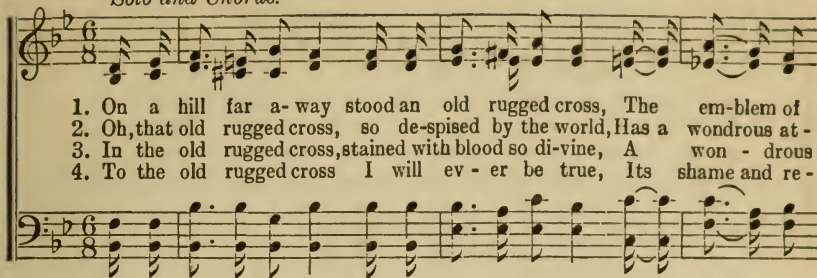


saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

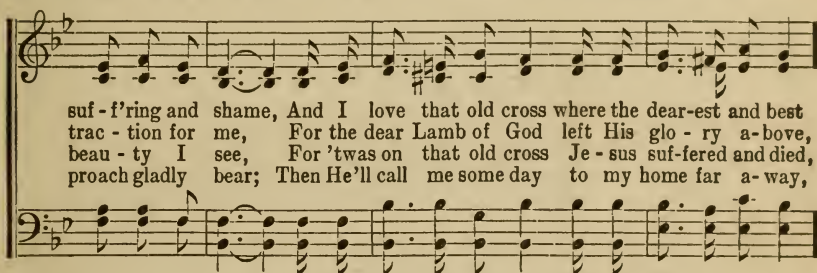
The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

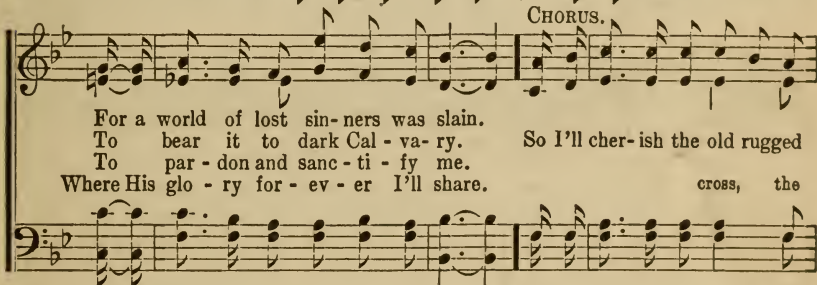
Rev. Geo. Bennard.

Solo and Chorus.


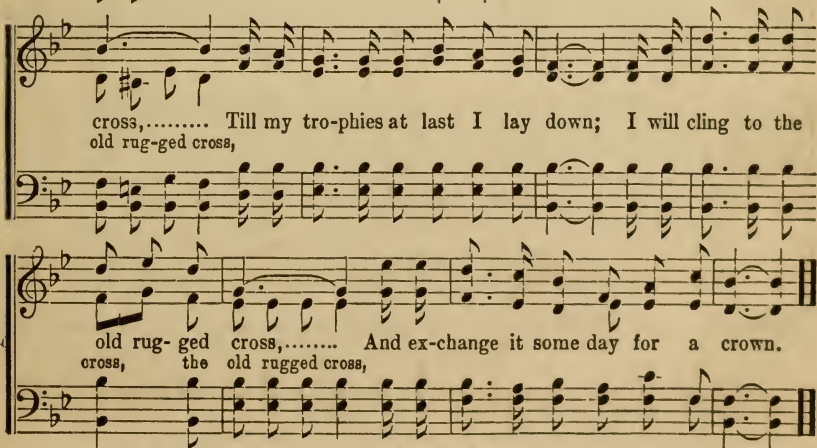
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rugged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rugged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-



suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



CHORUS.
 For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rugged
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the

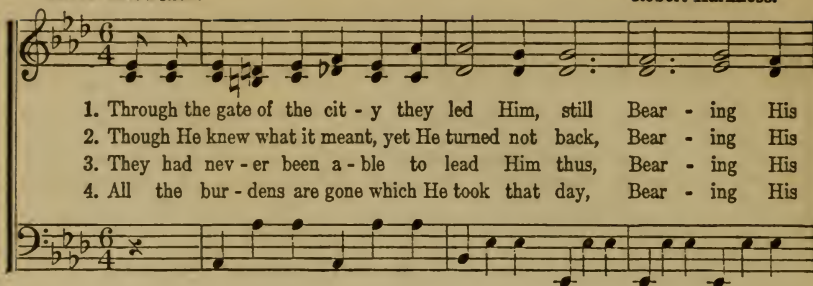


cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,
 old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rugged cross,

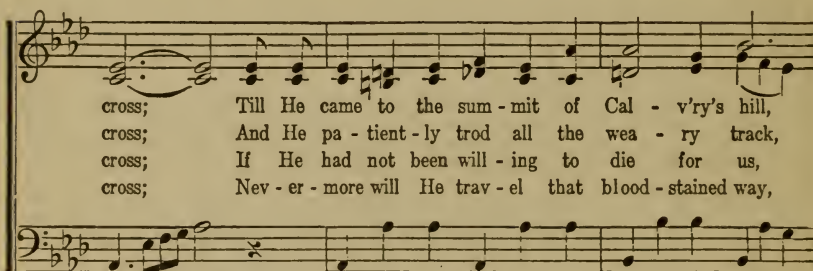
Bearing His Cross.

Ada R. Habershon.

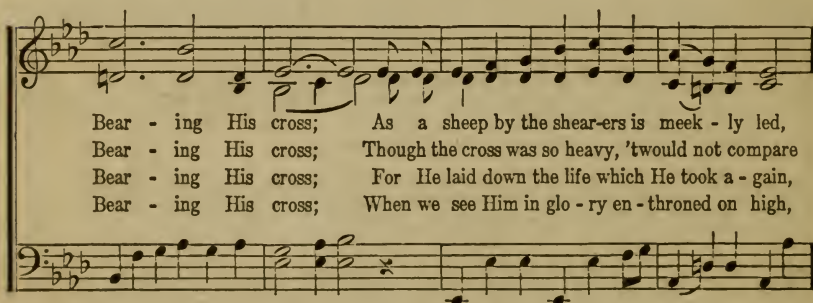
Robert Harkness.



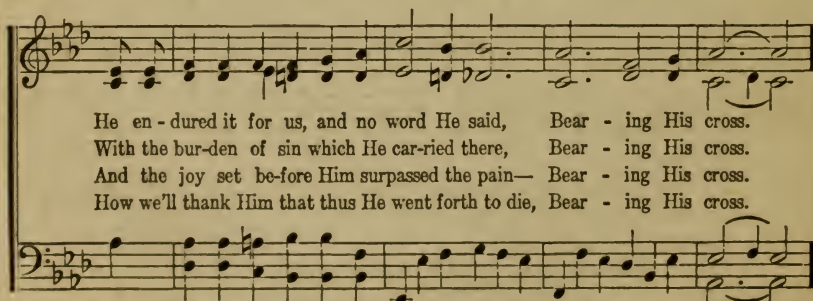
1. Through the gate of the cit - y they led Him, still Bear - ing His
 2. Though He knew what it meant, yet He turned not back, Bear - ing His
 3. They had nev - er been a - ble to lead Him thus, Bear - ing His
 4. All the bur - dens are gone which He took that day, Bear - ing His



cross; Till He came to the sum - mit of Cal - v'ry's hill,
 cross; And He pa - tient - ly trod all the wea - ry track,
 cross; If He had not been will - ing to die for us,
 cross; Nev - er - more will He trav - el that blood - stained way,



Bear - ing His cross; As a sheep by the shear - ers is meek - ly led,
 Bear - ing His cross; Though the cross was so heavy, 'twould not compare
 Bear - ing His cross; For He laid down the life which He took a - gain,
 Bear - ing His cross; When we see Him in glo - ry en - throned on high,

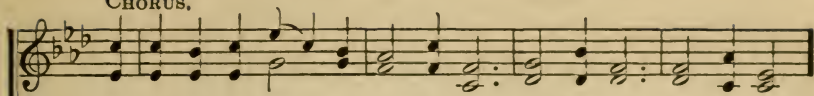


He en - dured it for us, and no word He said, Bear - ing His cross.
 With the bur - den of sin which He car - ried there, Bear - ing His cross.
 And the joy set be - fore Him surpassed the pain— Bear - ing His cross.
 How we'll thank Him that thus He went forth to die, Bear - ing His cross.

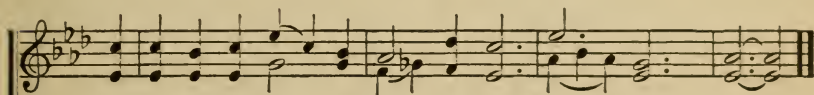
It is suggested that the Chorus be used only after the second and third verses, the last four notes of verse 4, twice repeated, makes an effective close.

Bearing His Cross.—Concluded.

CHORUS,



O won - der of won - ders, can it be All for me, all for me?

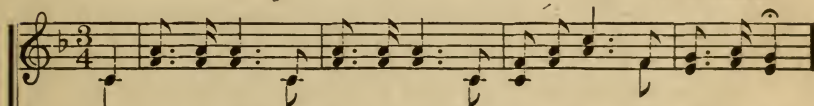


O won - der of won - ders, can it be All for me?

295

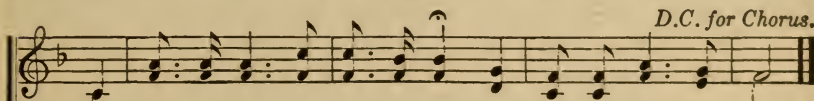
I'll Live for Him.

C. C. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I may live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me; How hap-py then my soul shall be!



O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

Hallelujah for the Cross.

A favorite hymn of the late C. H. Spurgeon.

Horatius Bozart.

James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Its tri-umph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our sins on

ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
 let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shone, Thro'
 Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing, Of

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ the bless - ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

* SOLO, SOP. OR TENOR, OR DUET.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

SOPRANO AND TENOR.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

TENOR AND BASS.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross.—Concluded.

lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a melody starting on G4, moving to A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The second staff has a melody starting on G4, moving to A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The third staff has a melody starting on G3, moving to A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.

The second system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a melody starting on G4, moving to A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The second staff has a melody starting on G4, moving to A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The third staff has a melody starting on G3, moving to A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

f FULL CHORUS.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

The third system consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The top staff has a melody starting on G4, moving to A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bottom staff has a melody starting on G3, moving to A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

cres. *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

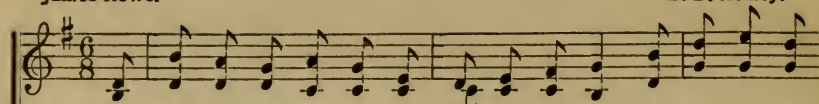
The fourth system consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The top staff has a melody starting on G4, moving to A4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bottom staff has a melody starting on G3, moving to A3, Bb3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

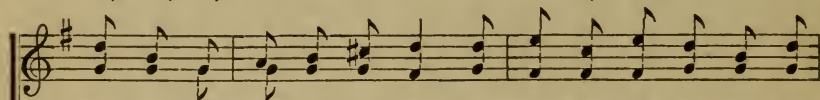
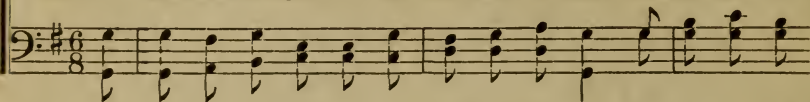
I Walk With the King.

James Rowe.

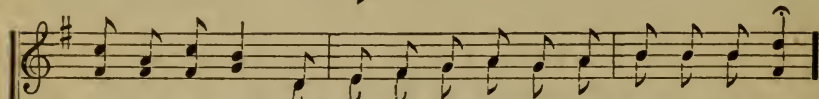
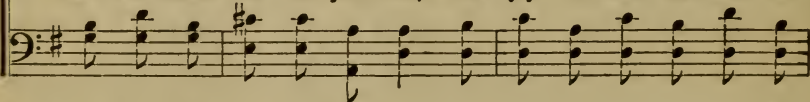
B. D. Ackley.



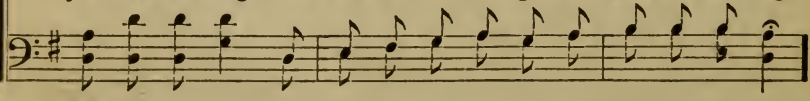
1. In sor-row I wandered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am
 2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
 3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let



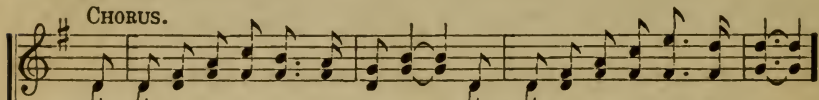
hap-py-se-cure-ly I rest, From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
 help me-no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
 Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to



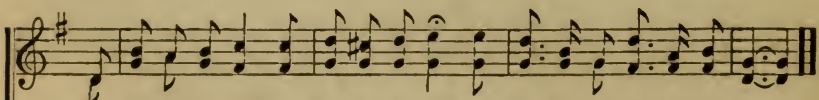
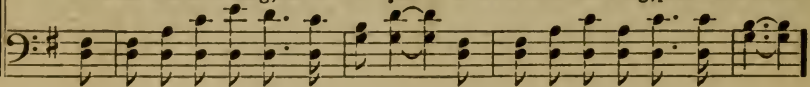
car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son—I walk with the King.
 sun-beams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
 you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.



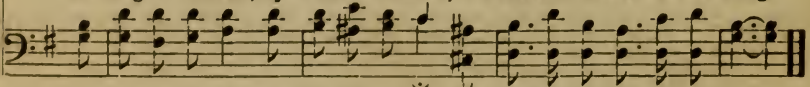
CHORUS.



I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!



No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.



1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. Hesp-eks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
 fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
 in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

Ivory Palaces.

Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.

H. B.

Henry Barraclough.

1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their texture fills;
 2. His life had also its sorrows sore, For aloe had a part;
 3. His garments too were in cassia dipped, With healing in a touch;
 4. In garments glorious He will come, To open wide the door;

Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my being thrills.
 And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
 Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
 And I shall enter my heav'nly home, To dwell for ever - more.

CHORUS.

DUET.—*Slowly, softly, and with much expression.*

Out of the ivory palaces Into a world of woe,

FULL CHORUS.

DUET.—*Very softly.*

On - ly His great eternal love... Made my Sav-iour go.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
 2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
 3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
 4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
 That when my Sav-iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
 . shall see to face,

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
 . shall see

rit.

face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
 to face,

Only a Sinner.

James M. Gray.

D. B. Towner.

1. Naught have I got-ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
 2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
 3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
 4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Saviour, to

I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm
 God to de-part, Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I
 else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear-ing God's face; But
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace—I'm

CHORUS.

on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
 now am a sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
 now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
 on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

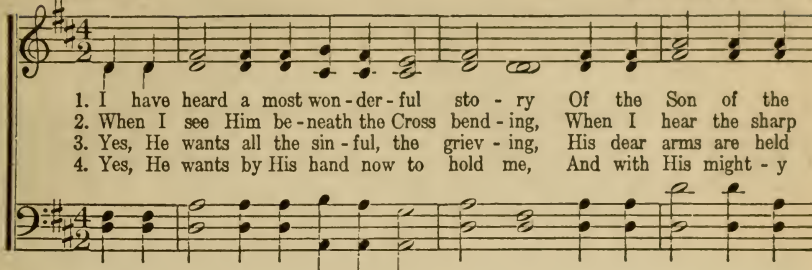
On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to

God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

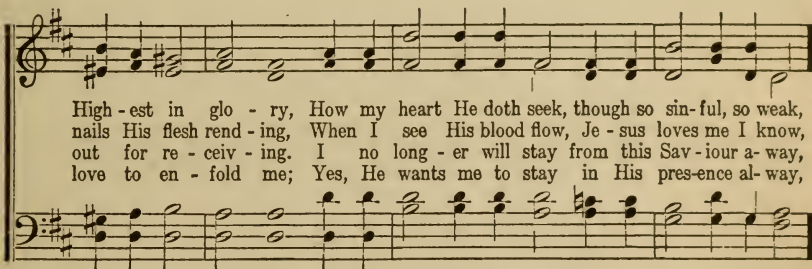
"He loved me and gave himself for me."—Gal. ii : 20.

Maud Frazer.

Robert Harkness.

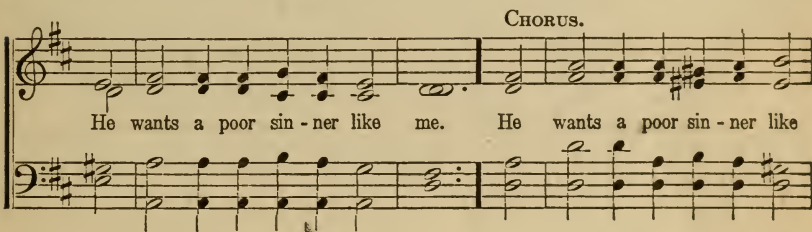


1. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry Of the Son of the
 2. When I see Him be - neath the Cross bend - ing, When I hear the sharp
 3. Yes, He wants all the sin - ful, the griev - ing, His dear arms are held
 4. Yes, He wants by His hand now to hold me, And with His might - y

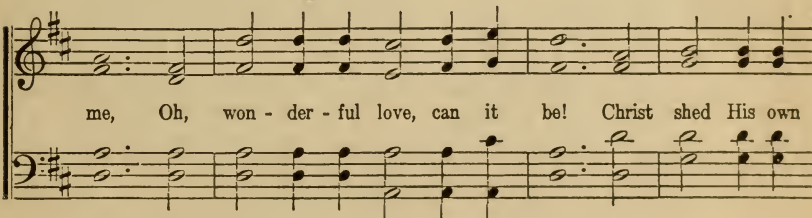


High - est in glo - ry, How my heart He doth seek, though so sin - ful, so weak,
 nails His flesh rend - ing, When I see His blood flow, Je - sus loves me I know,
 out for re - ceiv - ing. I no long - er will stay from this Sav - iour a - way,
 love to en - fold me; Yes, He wants me to stay in His pres - ence al - way,

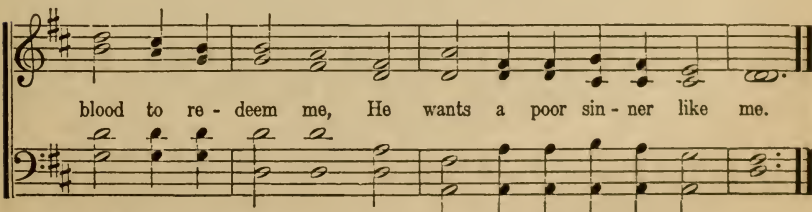
CHORUS.



He wants a poor sin - ner like me. He wants a poor sin - ner like



me, Oh, won - der - ful love, can it be! Christ shed His own



blood to re - deem me, He wants a poor sin - ner like me.

Love Found a Way.

Constance B. Ried.

Harry Dixon Loes.

Constance B. Rice. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Won - der - ful love that res - cued me, Sunk deep in sin, Guilt - y and
2. Love bro't my Sav-iour here to die On Cal - va - ry, For such a
3. Love o-pened wide the gates of light To heav'n's do - main, Where in e -

vile as I could be— No hope with - in; When ev - 'ry ray of light had fled,
sin - ful wretch as I, How can it be? Love bridged the gulf twixt me and heav'n,
ter - nal pow'r and might Je - sus shall reign; Love lift - ed me from depths of woe

O glo - rious day! Rais - ing my soul from out the dead, Love found a way.
 Taught me to pray; I am redeemed, set free, for - giv'n, Love found a way.
 To end - less day, There was no help in earth be - low, Love found a way.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Love found a way..... to re-deem my soul,.... Love found a
a way to re-deem my soul,

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the words 'Love found a way..... to re-deem my soul,.... Love found a' on the first line and 'a way to re-deem my soul,' on the second line. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties.

way.... that could make me whole;... Love sent my Lord.... to the
a way could make me whole; my Lord

Love Found a Way.—Concluded.

ad lib.

cross of shame, Love found a way, O praise His ho - ly name!
to the cross of shame,

304

Just a Little Help From You.

Maud Frazer Jackson.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Do you ev - er stop, my friend, to think, The while this world your passing through,
2. Just a lit - tle deed of kind - ness now, It may the faith of one re - store,
3. Just a lit - tle word of Je - sus' love, Some precious soul may help de - cide
4. Let us do our part, ere day is done, And to our call - ing faith - ful be;

Some-one may be saved from ru-in's brink, By just a lit-tle help from you?
Who be-neath some load of grief doth bow, Is al-most read-y to give o'er.
To for-sake the wrong and look a - bove, And let the Lord His footsteps guide.
For the world to Christ must now be won, By help of you, by help of me.

CHORUS.

Just a lit-tle help from you Just a lit-tle help from you
Just a little help from you, Just a little help from you;

Won-drous things the Lord may do, By just a lit - tle help from you.

My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss.

James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re-deem-er,
 of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood..... He pur-chased me,.....
 He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me,

On the cross..... He sealed my par-don,
 He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

My Redeemer.—Concluded.

Paid the debt,..... and made me free.....
and made me free, and made me free.

306

Old Time Power.

P. R.

Paul Rader.

1. We are gath - ered for Thy bless - ing, We will wait up - on our God;
2. We will glo - ry in Thy pow - er, We will sing of won - drous grace;
3. Bring us low in prayer be - fore Thee, And with faith our souls in - spire,

We will trust in Him who loved us, And who bought us with His blood.
In our midst, as Thou hast prom - ised, Come, O come, and take Thy place:
Till we claim, by faith, the prom - ise Of the Ho - ly Ghost and fire.

CHORUS.

Spir - it, now melt and move All of our hearts with love,

Breathe on us from a - bove With old - time power.

Rev. J. Oatman.

E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -

cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your ma - ny bless - ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your ma - ny bless - ings, ev - 'ry
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your ma - ny bless - ings, wealth can
 heart - ened, God is o - ver all; Count your ma - ny bless - ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will keep sing - ing as the days go by.
 nev - er buy, Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

Count your bless - ings, name them one by one; Count your
 Count your many bless - ings, name them one by one; Count your ma - ny

bless - ings, see what God hath done! Count your bless - ings,
 bless - ings, see what God hath done! Count your many bless - ings,

Count Your Blessings.—Concluded.

name them one by one; And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
Lord our God hath done.

308

Only Jesus Knows.

Fred P. Morris.

D. B. Townner.

1. Some-one stands be-hind the shad-ow, Bear-ing all our bit-ter woes;
2. Some-one bends with love and pit-y, Strong-er than our strong-est foes:
3. Some-one suf-fers when we sor-row; Some-one bears the fierc-est blows;
4. Some-one comes with sweet com-pas-sion, When the heart so wea-ry grows;

Just the weight of ev-'ry bur-den On-ly Je-sus knows.
All the force of each temp-ta-tion On-ly Je-sus knows.
All the an-guish of the con-flict On-ly Je-sus knows.
He was tried and He was tempt-ed On-ly Je-sus knows.

REFRAIN.

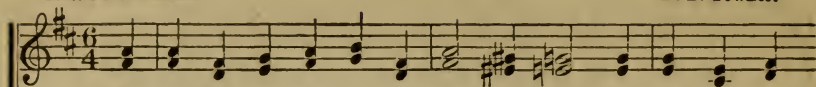
Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows, On-ly Je-sus knows;
Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows,

Ev-'ry care and all our sor-row On-ly Je-sus knows.

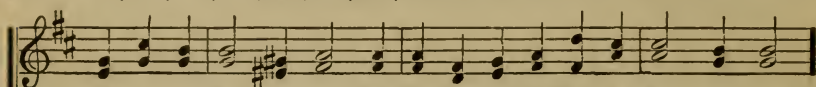
309 The Hand That Was Wounded for Me.

Hattie H. Pierson.

D. B. Towner.

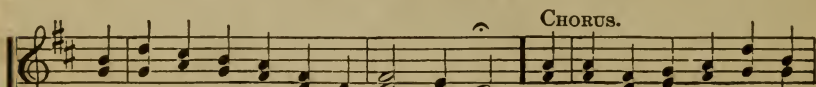


1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach - es
 2. E'en now I can see, through a mist of tears, That hand still out -
 3. The hand that wrought won - ders in days of old, Holds treas - ure more

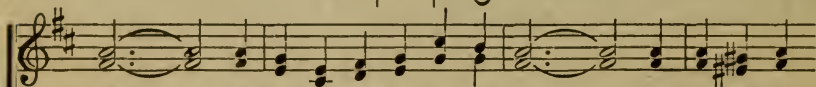


down to the world be - low; 'Tis beck - on - ing now to the souls that roam,
 stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal - ing and hope for my sin - sick soul,
 pre - cious than gems or gold, The price of re - demp - tion from sin and shame,

CHORUS.



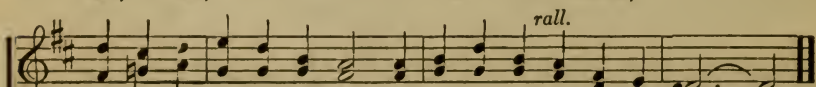
And point - ing the way to the heav - en - ly home.
 One touch of its fin - ger will make me whole! The hand of my Sav - iour I
 The gift of sal - va - tion through Je - sus' name my



see, The hand that was wound - ed for me: 'Twill lead me in
 Saviour I see, was wounded for me;

see, I see, for me;

rall.



love to the man - sions a - bove, The hand that was wound - ed for me!.....
 was wounded for me!

T. O. Chisholm.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Redeemed and saved! for me the Sav-iour suffered, Laid down His life, a
 2. Redeemed and saved! oh! bless-ed was the moment, When, in de-spair, I
 3. Redeemed and saved! no more a wand'ring al-ien, No more the guilt, the

ran-som for my own; Took on Him-self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
 found His par-don free; When first I knew the Son of God, in dy-ing,
 fears I felt be-fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth;

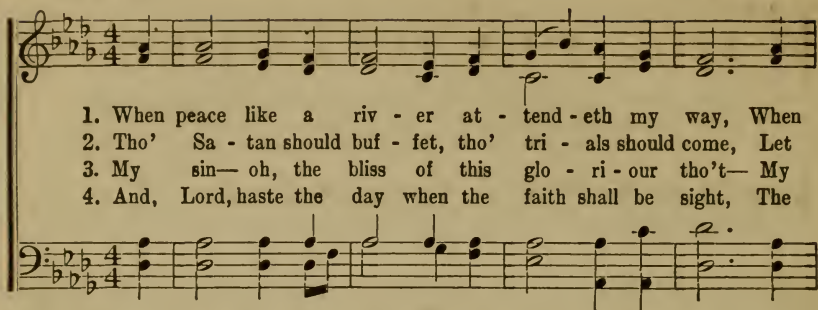
CHORUS.
 And trod the cru-el wine-press all a-lone.
 Had died for me, had died for ev-en me. Redeemed! redeemed! my re-
 Since I am His, yes, His for-ev-er-more!

grateful heart keeps singing, Redeemed and saved! How wonderful it seems! My sin is
 deemed!

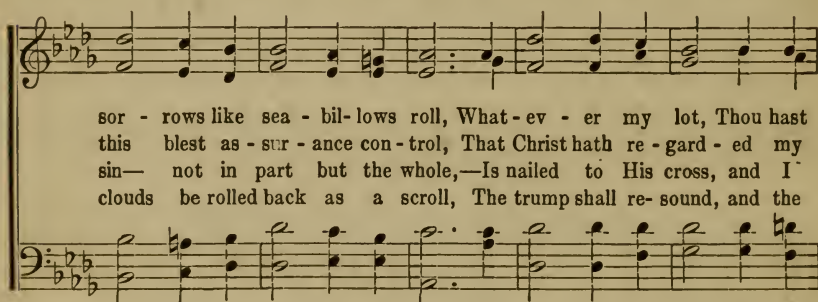
gone, I am an heir of glo-ry, O bliss in-deed, beyond my brightest dreams!

H. G. Spafford.

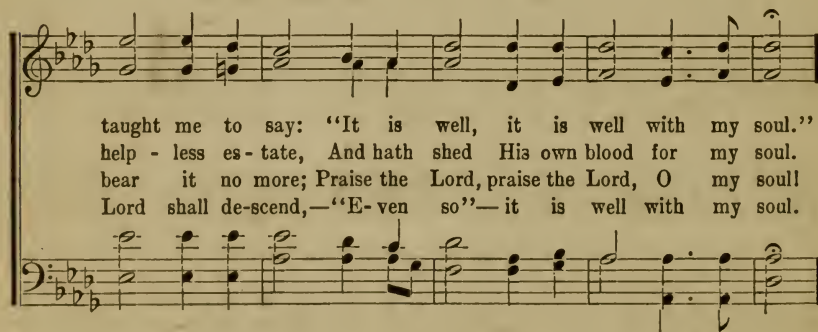
P. P. Bliss.



1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin— not in part but the whole,—Is nailed to His cross, and I
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the



taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 Lord shall de - scend,—"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.



It is well..... with my soul,..... it is well, it is well with my soul!
 It is well with my soul,

S. F. Bennett.

J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by,

James Rowe.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Dark - ness may o'er - take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
 2. Should mis - for - tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
 3. How the thought en - thralls me, that what - e'er be - falls me One will al - ways

nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom - ised He will guide me
 Je - sus I stay - He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
 love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus - es Him to sev - er

CHORUS.

And will keep His prom - ise to me.
 Ev - 'ry drear - y mile of the way. He will keep His prom - ise to
 From the ones who hon - or His name. His

me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
 prom - ise to me, He will go;

bro - ken an - y prom - ise spo - ken; He will keep His prom - ise I know.

Elizabeth B. Miller.

George S. Schuler.

1. When doubts and fears as - sail thy soul And o'er thy heart like bil - lows roll,
 2. When tempt-ed sore on ev-'ry side To fol-low with the drift-ing tide,
 3. When all is peace and joy and health, And for-tune brings to you great wealth,
 4. When ev-'ry-thing is bright and gay, And when we hear the dear Lord say,

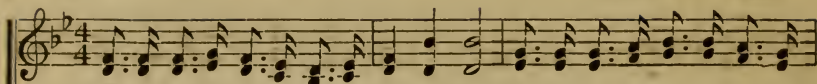
When wrath seems hov'ring like a cloud, O cling to the prom-ise of God.
 To leave the path thy Sav-iour trod, O cling to the prom-ise of God.
 For - get not in this cher-ished state To cling to the prom-ise of God.
 "Come up up - on the moun-tain-top," Still cling to the prom-ise of God.

CHORUS.

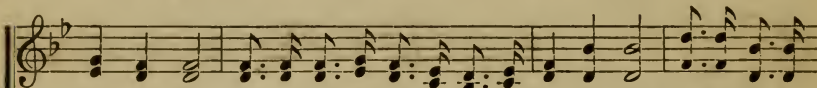
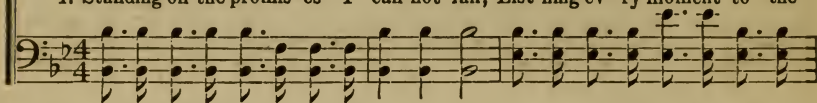
O cling to the prom-is-es, They nev-er will fail; O cling O cling

to the prom-is-es, to the prom-is-es of God; In Christ are the
 In Christ

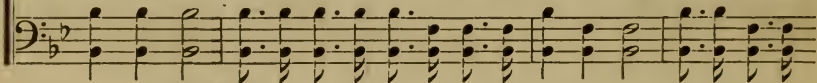
prom-is-es, yea and A - men! I cling, yes, cling to the prom-is-es of God.



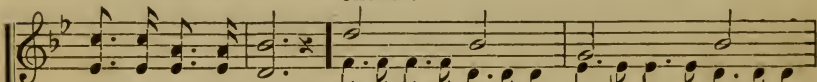
1. Standing on the promis-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His
2. Standing on the promis-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
3. Standing on the promis-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by
4. Standing on the promis-es I can-not fall, List'ning ev'-ry moment to the



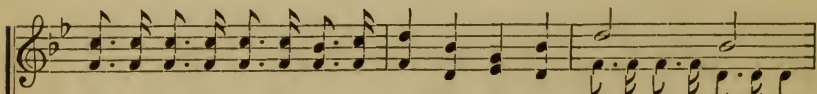
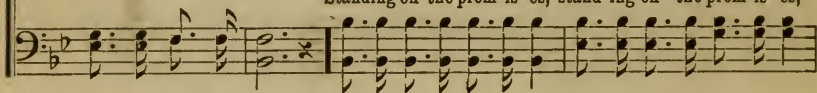
prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the
 fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the
 love's strong chord, O-vercom-ing dai-ly with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the
 Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the



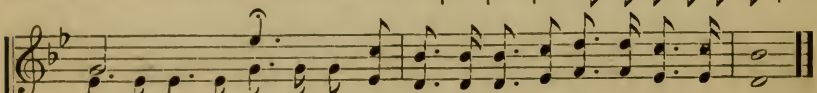
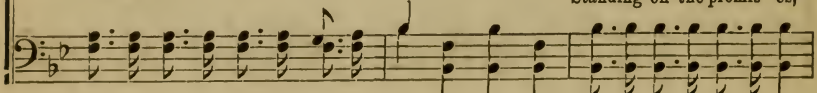
CHORUS.



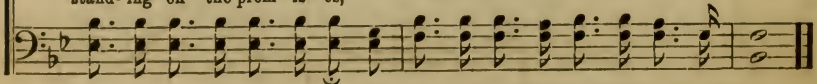
prom-is-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,
 Standing on the prom-is-es, stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



Standing on the promis-es of God my Sav-iour; Stand-ing,
 Standing on the promis-es,



stand-ing I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

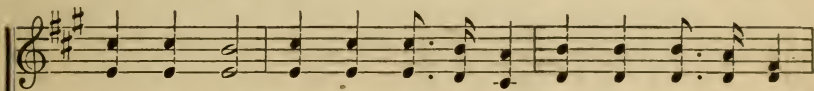
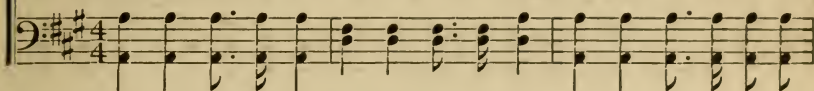


Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

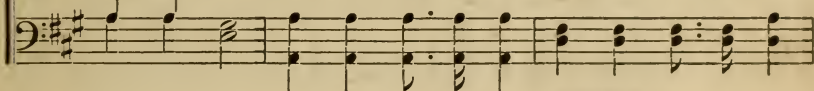
A. J. Showalter.



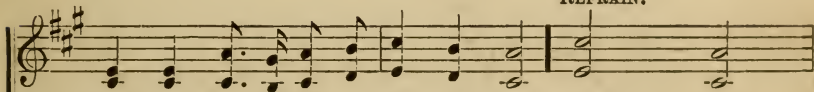
1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-



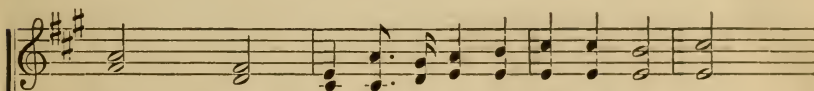
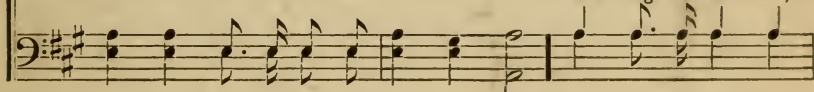
last - ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day.
 last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



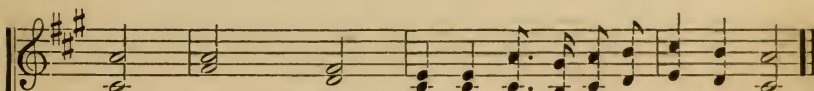
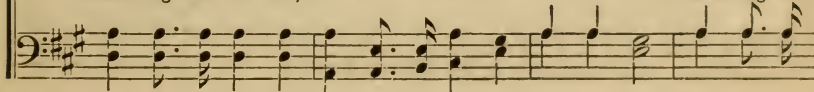
REFRAIN.



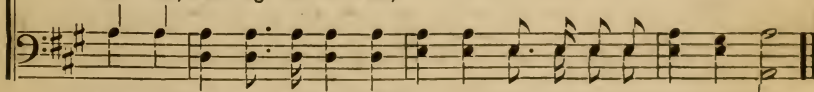
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - -
 lean - ing on Je - sus, Lean - ing on

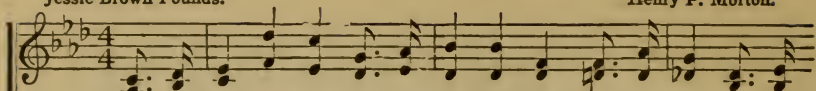


- ing, lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er - last-ing arms.
 Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

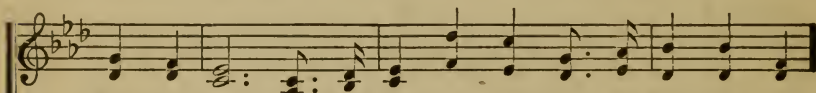


Jessie Brown Pounds.

Henry P. Morton.

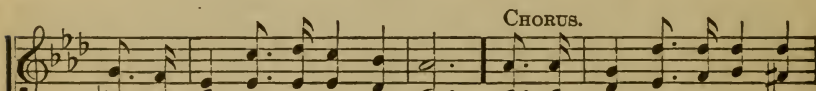


1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
 2. There are times, when tired of the toil - some road, That for ways of the
 3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
 4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of

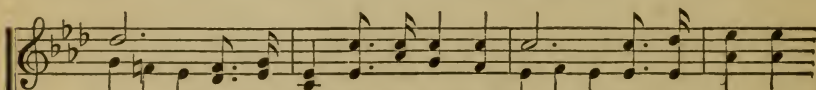


Friend Di - vine; But though dark - ness hide, He is there to guide
 world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
 wise de - sign, How my glad heart years and my faith re - turns
 death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

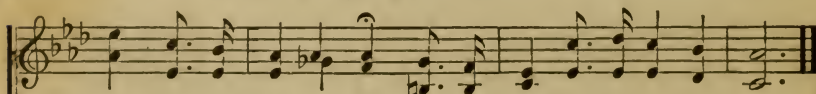
CHORUS.



By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on



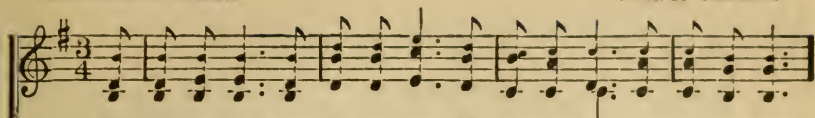
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
 on mine, on mine!



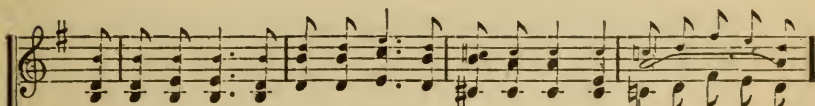
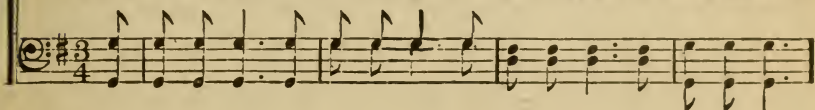
power, in the try - ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

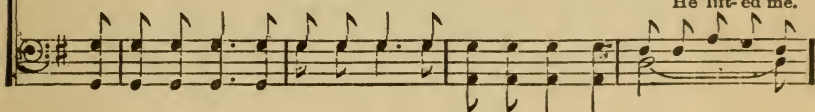
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



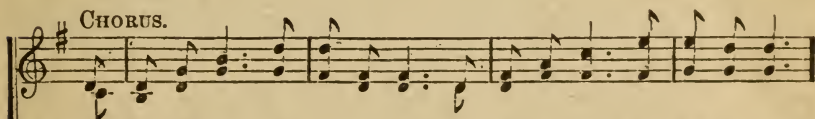
1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



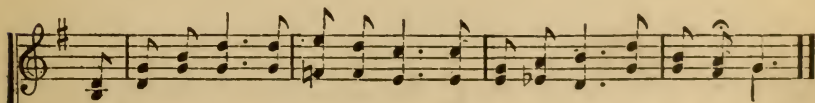
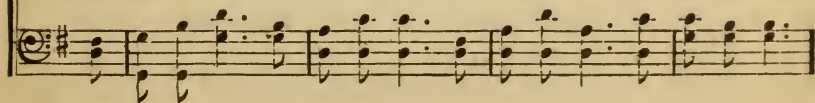
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, ferlorn, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. He lift-ed me.



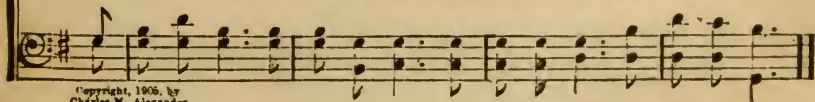
CHORUS.



From sinking sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,

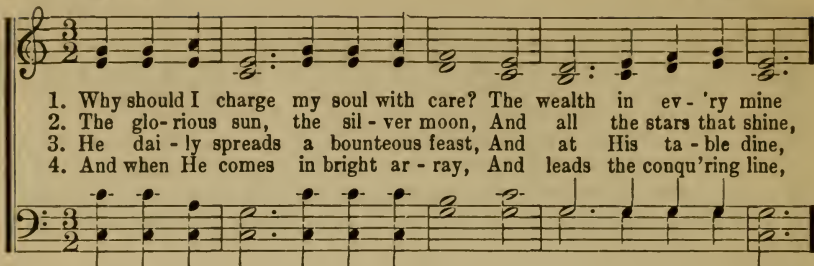


From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

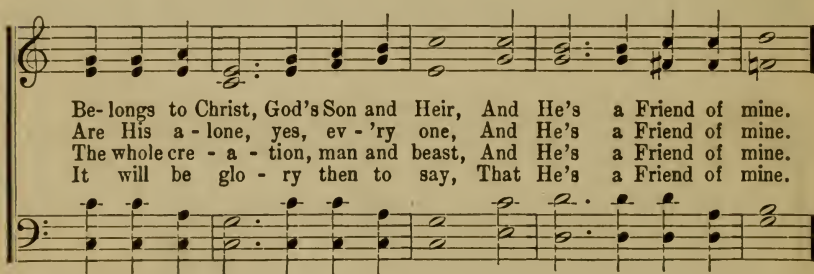


J. H. Sammis.

D. B. Towner.

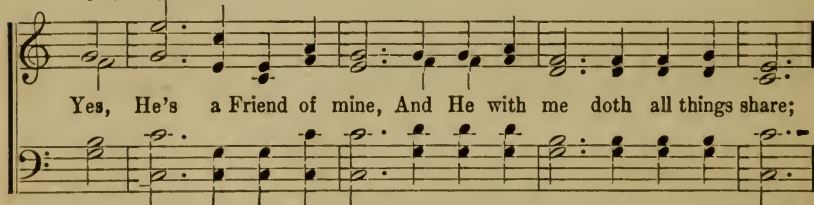


1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev-'ry mine
 2. The glo-rious sun, the sil-ver moon, And all the stars that shine,
 3. He dai-ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta-ble dine,
 4. And when He comes in bright ar-ray, And leads the conqu'ring line,

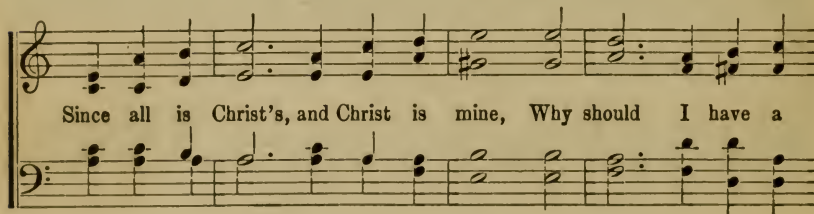


Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
 Are His a-lone, yes, ev-'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
 The whole cre-a-tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
 It will be glo-ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.

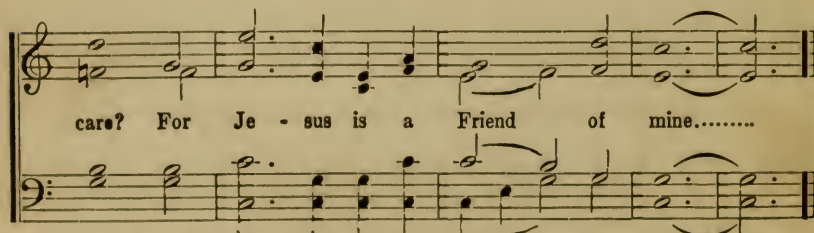
CHORUS.



Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;



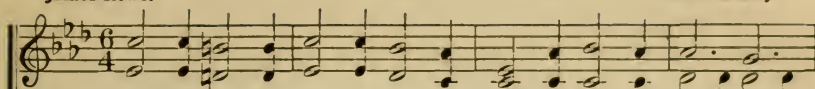
Since all is Christ's, and Christ is mine, Why should I have a



care? For Je-sus is a Friend of mine.....

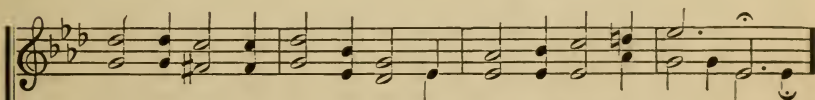
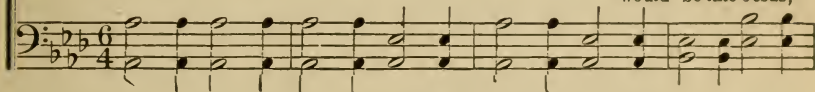
James Rowe.

B. D. Ackley.



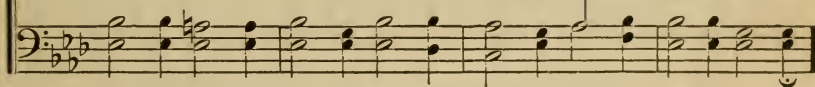
1. Earth - ly pleas - ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Jesus;

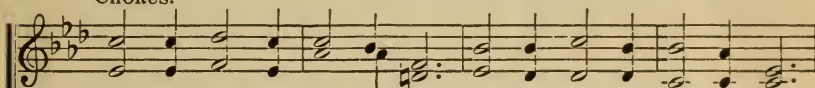


Noth - ing world - ly shall en - thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
 That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
 Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
 That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

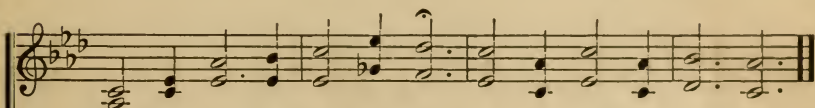
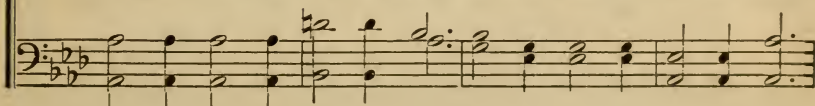
would be like Je - sus.



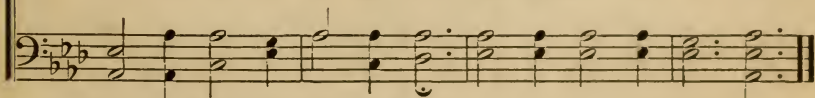
CHORUS.



Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;



Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.



Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. ix: 12.

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671.

James McGranahan.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin,

Who the heaven - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heaven with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain;

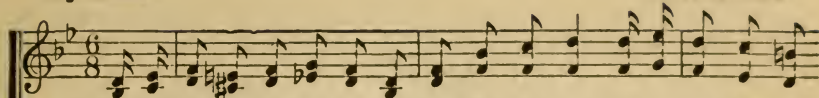
ceiv - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
 ceiveth sin - ful men, Christ receiveth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain:

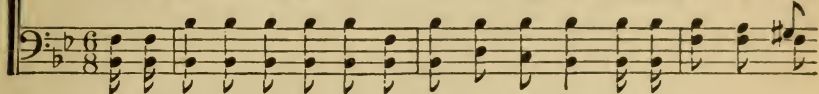
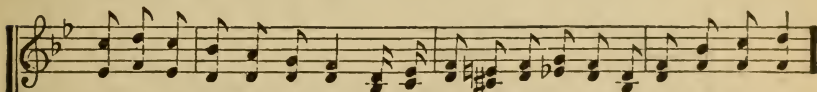
When Jesus the Saviour Comes In.

E. J. Sheets.

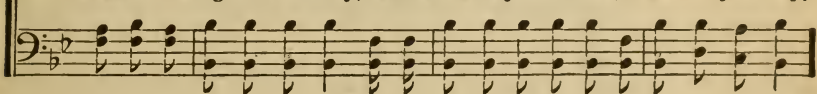
W. R. Cole.



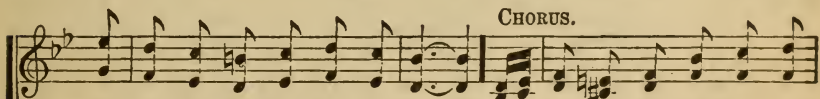
1. Do you need one to help you to bat-tle with sin? Do you seek for a
 2. Do you need a com-pan-ion to walk by your side, Thro' the world and its
 3. Do you want to be use-ful to God ev-'ry day? Do you want to win

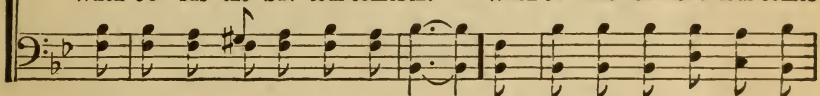
vic-t'ry o'er doubts from within? Do you know that new life in your soul will begin,
 e - vils your footsteps to guide? There's a Friend and Brother, who ere will a - bide,
 those who have gone far a-stray, Let His love be your motive, His will be your way,



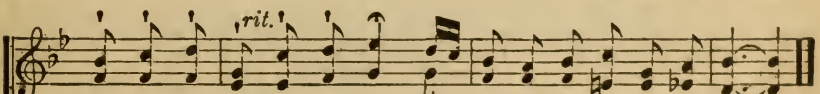
CHORUS.



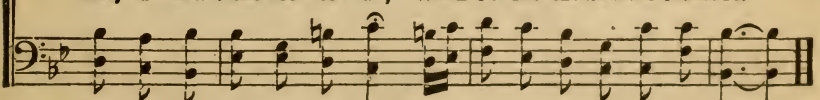
When Je - sus the Sav-iour comes in. When Je - sus the Sav-iour comes




in,..... When Je - sus the Sav-iour comes in, From your sins you are
 comes in,

free, a new creat-ure to be, When Je - sus the Saviour comes in.



Mrs. C. D. Martin.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should I feel dis - cour - aged, Why should the shad - ows come,
 2. "Let not your heart be trou - bled," His ten - der word I hear,
 3. When - ev - er I am tempt - ed, When - ev - er clouds a - rise,

Why should my heart be lone - ly And long for heaven and home, When
 And rest - ing on His good - ness, I lose my doubts and fears; Though
 When songs give place to sigh - ing, When hope with - in me dies, I

Je - sus is my por - tion? My con - stant friend is He: His
 by the path He lead - eth, But one step I may see: His
 draw the clos - er to Him, From care He sets me free; His

eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me; His
 eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me; His
 eye is on the spar - row, And I know He cares for me; His

eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me.
 eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me.
 eye is on the spar - row, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye Is on the Sparrow.—Concluded.

CHORUS

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, I sing be-cause I'm free,
I'm happy, I'm free,

rall.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me.

324

Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

Rev. Francis Pott.

Arthur Sullivan.

1. An-gel voic-es ev-er sing-ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be-yond the far-thest Mor-tal eye can scan,
3. Yes, we know Thy love re-joic-es O'er each work of Thine;
4. Here, great God, to-day we of-fer Of Thine own to Thee;

An-gel harps, for-ev-er ring-ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re-gard-est Songs of sin-ful man?
Thou didst ears and hands and voic-es For Thy praise com-bine;
And for Thine ac-cept-ance prof-fer, All un-wor-thi-ly,

Thou-sands on-ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might.
Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yes, we can.
Crafts-man's art and mus-ic's meas-ure For Thy pleas-ure Didst de-sign.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic-est Mel-o-dy.

El Nathan.

James McGranahan.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con - tent a - bide?
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
 3. Soul of mine, must, I sur - ren - der, See my - self as cru - ci - fied;
 4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue plead-ing; Sin re - buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for - ev - er plead-ing? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
 Ah, why dost thou thus re - prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
 Turn from all of earth's am - bi - tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
 I ac - cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?

CHORUS.

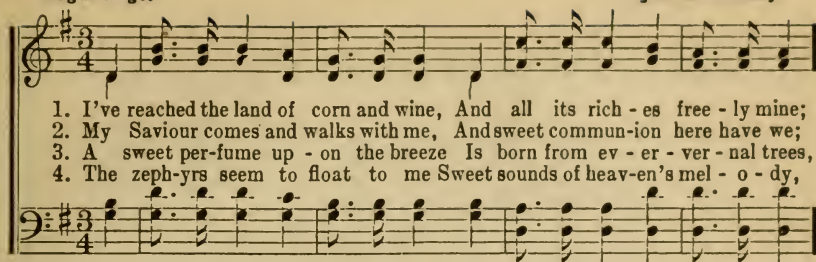
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
 I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a - wake in His like - ness,
 I shall be sat - is - fied,

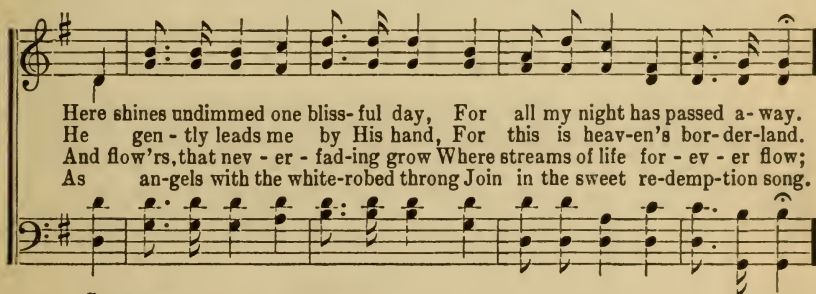
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a - wake in His like - ness.
 I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

Edgar Page.

Jno. R. Sweney.

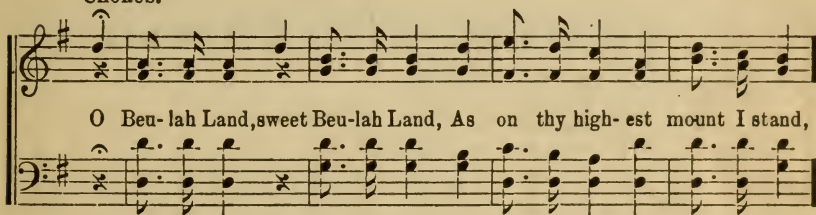


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun-ion here have we;
 3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
 4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

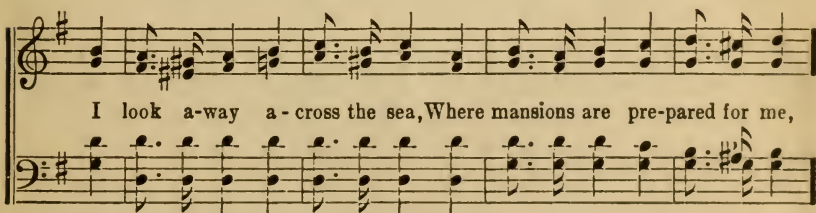


Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow;
 As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

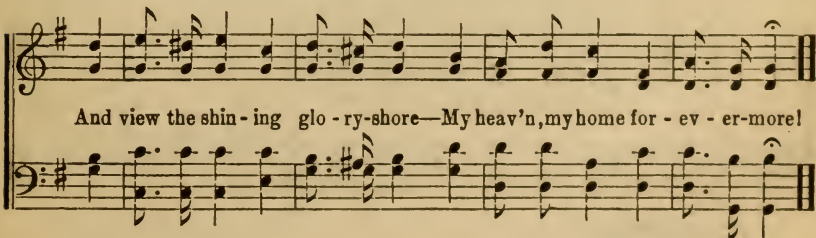
CHORUS.



O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,



I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

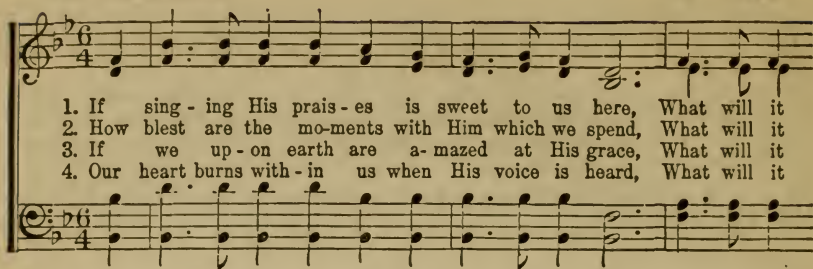


And view the shin - ing glo - ry-shore—My heav'n, my home for - ev - er-more!

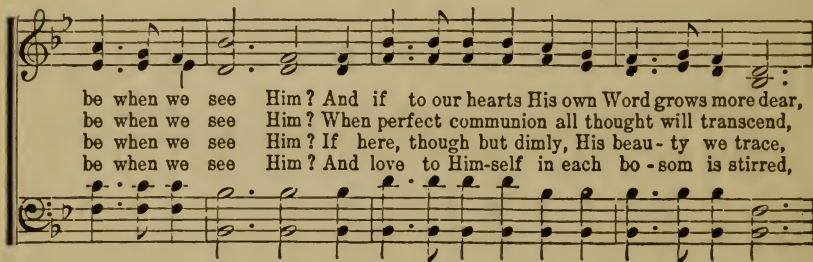
327 What Will it Be When We See Him?

ADA R. HABERSHON.

D. B. TOWNER.

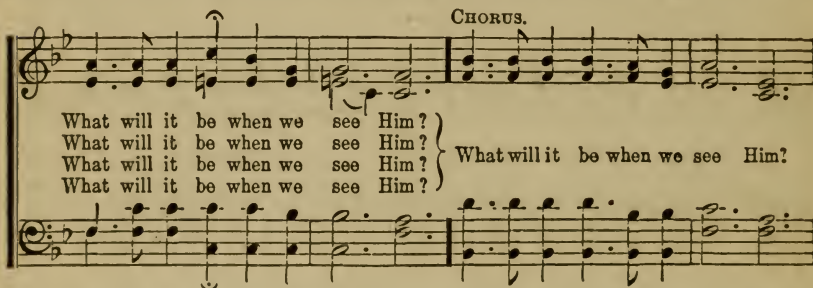


1. If sing - ing His prais - es is sweet to us here, What will it
 2. How blest are the mo - ments with Him which we spend, What will it
 3. If we up - on earth are a - mazed at His grace, What will it
 4. Our heart burns with - in us when His voice is heard, What will it

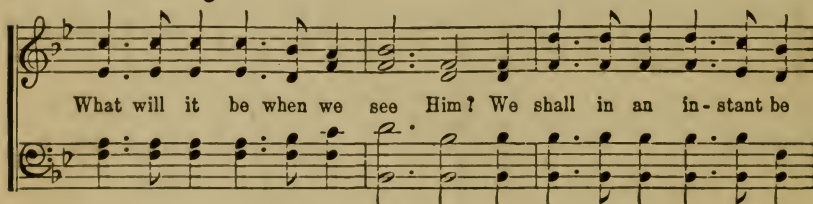


be when we see Him? And if to our hearts His own Word grows more dear,
 be when we see Him? When perfect communion all thought will transcend,
 be when we see Him? If here, though but dimly, His beau - ty we trace,
 be when we see Him? And love to Him-self in each bo - som is stirred,

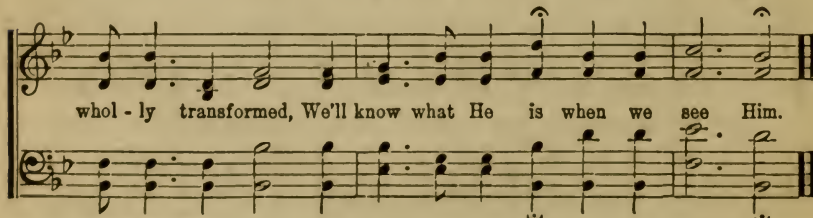
CHORUS.



What will it be when we see Him? }
 What will it be when we see Him? } What will it be when we see Him?
 What will it be when we see Him? }
 What will it be when we see Him? }



What will it be when we see Him? We shall in an in - stant be



whol - ly transformed, We'll know what He is when we see Him.

El Nathan.

James McGranahan.

1. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
 2. As rays of light from yon - der sun, The flow'rs of earth set free,
 3. As lives the flow'r with-in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
 4. With long-ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,

But in God's Word the light I found, Now Christ liv - eth in me.
 So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv - ing in me.
 So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me,
 As on the won-drous thought I dwell That Christ liv - eth in me.

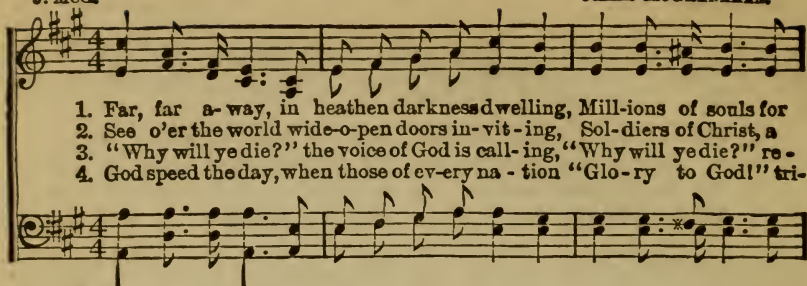
CHORUS.

Christ liv - eth in me, Christ liv - eth in me,
 Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in

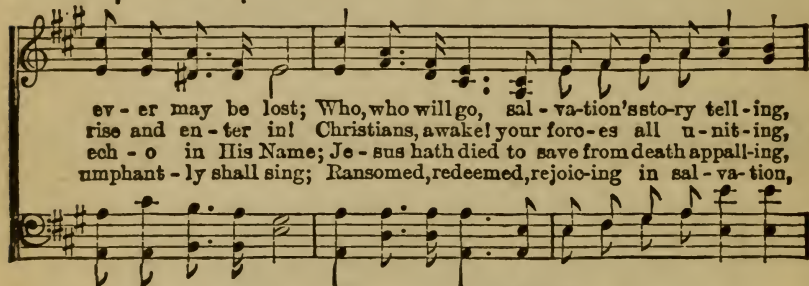
Oh! what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me.
 me, Oh!

J. McG.

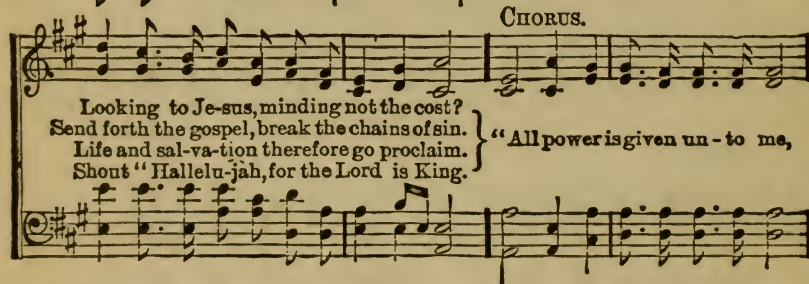
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Far, far a-way, in heathen darkness dwelling, Mill-ions of souls for
2. See o'er the world wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day, when those of ev-ery na-tion "Glo-ry to God!" tri-

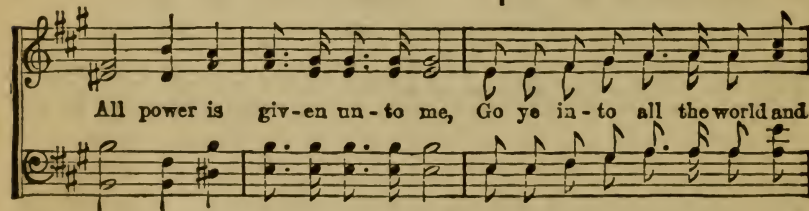


ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
rise and en-ter in! Christians, awake! your fore-es all u-nit-ing,
ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,
umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, rejoic-ing in sal-va-tion,

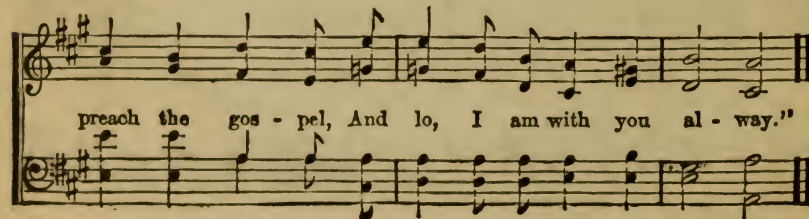


CHORUS.

Looking to Je-sus, minding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin. } "All power is given un-to me,
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go proclaim. }
Shout "Hallelu-jah, for the Lord is King."



All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and

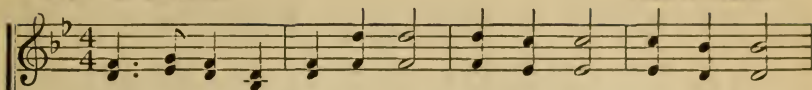


preach the gos-pel, And lo, I am with you al-way."

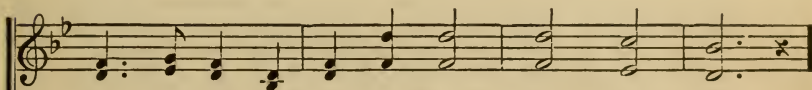
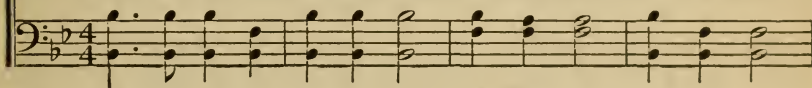
Make Him Known.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.
Mrs. C. M. Alexander.

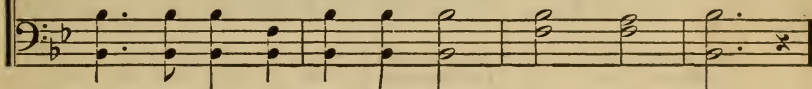
Chas. H. Gabriel.



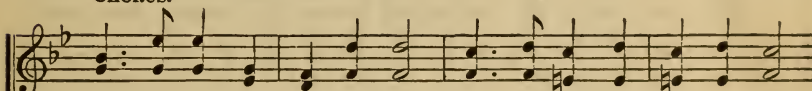
1. Tell of Christ who saves from sin; Make Him known—make Him known!
2. For the world God gave His Son, Make Him known—make Him known!
3. All the lost ones Christ has sought, Make Him known—make Him known!
4. Go ye forth to all the world— Make Him known—make Him known!
5. Souls are grop - ing in the night, Make Him known—make Him known!



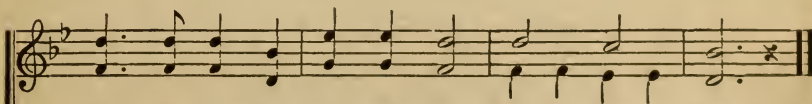
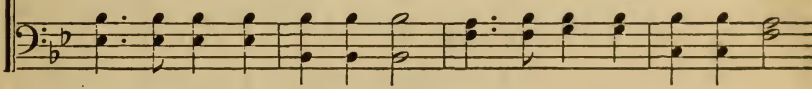
He has called you souls to win, Make Him known!
With the mes - sage quick - ly run, Make Him known!
Great sal - va - tion He hath wrought, Make Him known!
Let His ban - ner be un - furled— Make Him known!
Je - sus is the world's true light, Make Him known!



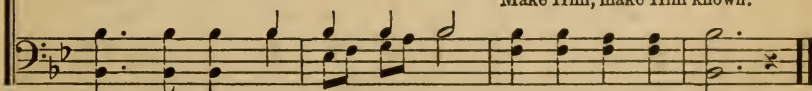
CHORUS.



Make the bless - ed Sav - iour known, Till all hearts shall be His throne;

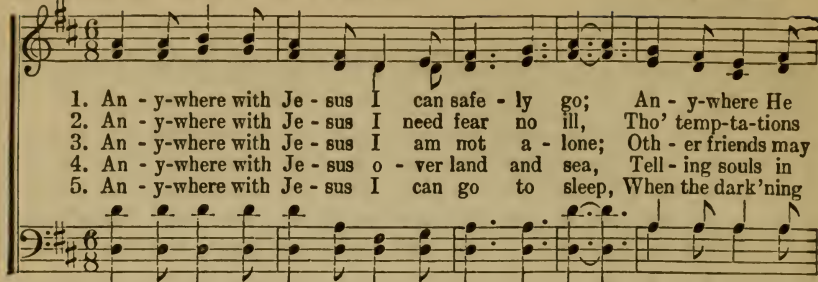


Till He rules the world a - lone, Make Him known.
Make Him, make Him known.

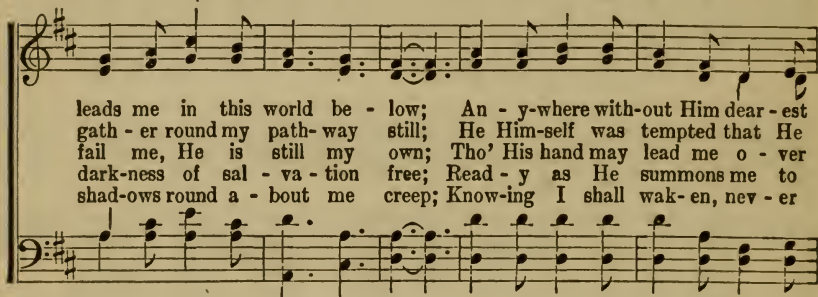


Jessie H. Brown and Mrs. C. M. Alexander.

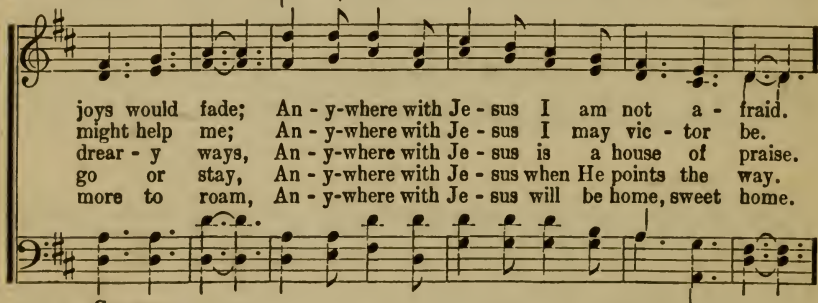
D. B. Townner.



1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go; An - y-where He
 2. An - y-where with Je - sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-tations
 3. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er friends may
 4. An - y-where with Je - sus o - ver land and sea, Tell - ing souls in
 5. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning



leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him dear - est
 gath - er round my path-way still; He Him-self was tempted that He
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 dark-ness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He summons me to
 shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak-en, nev - er

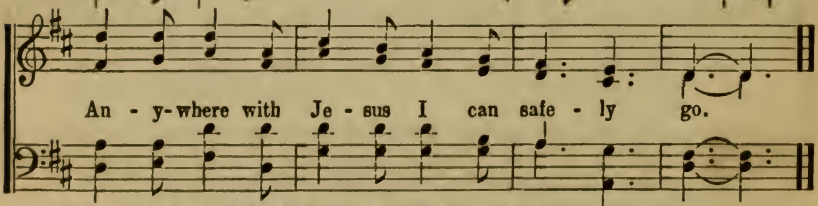


joys would fade; An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 might help me; An - y-where with Je - sus I may vic - tor be.
 dear - or ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 go or stay, An - y-where with Je - sus when He points the way.
 more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.



An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know;



An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

* Verse 5 to be sung softly and slowly, omitting the Chorus

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L. E. J.

L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
 2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
 3. Would you be whit - er—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
 4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is pow'r,
 there is pow'r,

won-der-working pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb; There is
 In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

P. R.

Paul Rader.

1. Down from the glo - ries of heav - en, Down to a world of woe,
 2. Out in the dark they are dy - ing, For them His life He gave;
 3. 'Ut - ter - most part is His or - der, Dare an - y an - swer no?

When there was no eye to pit - y, Je - sus said, "I will go."
 Go, tell the lost of sal - va - tion, Give them a chance to live.
 What will you do when you meet Him, If you re - fuse to go?

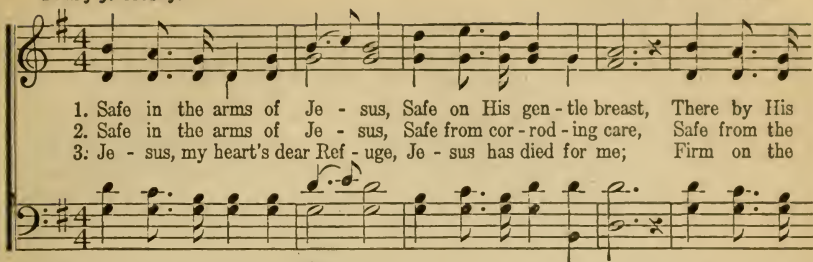
CHORUS.

Go, go, go, go, Leave what He asks you to leave;

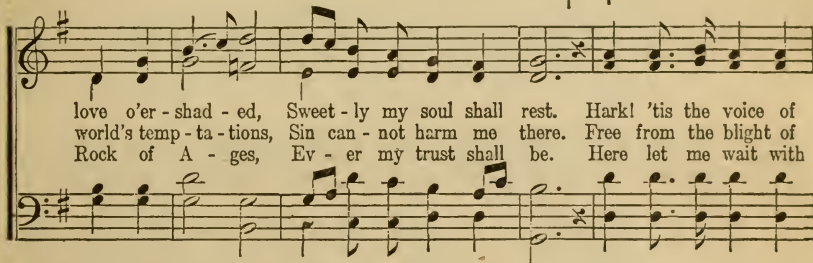
Pray for your part in the har vest, Give what He asks you to give.

Fanny J. Crosby.

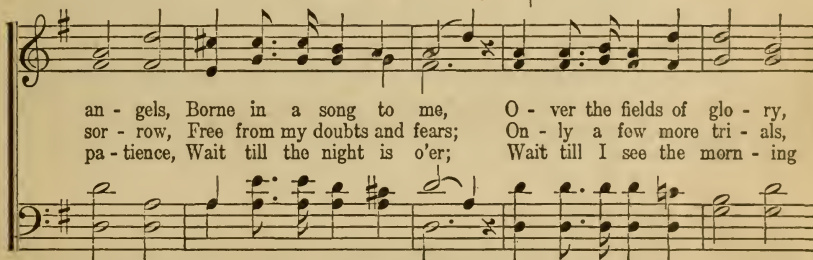
W. H. Doane.



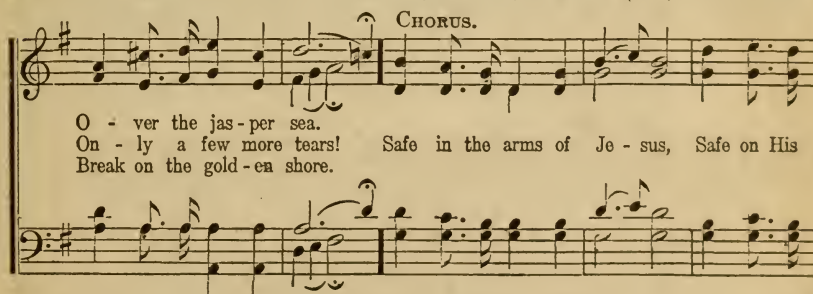
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear Ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the



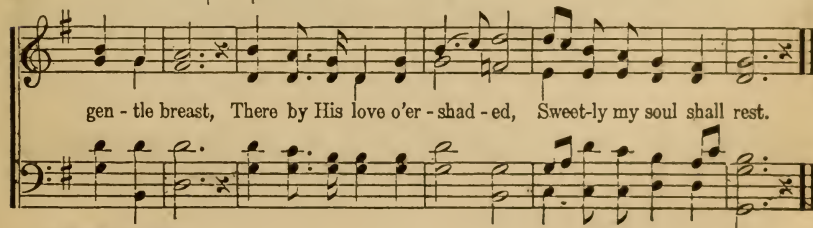
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
 world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of
 Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with



an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
 sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
 pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



CHORUS.
 O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tears! Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
 Break on the gold - ea shore.



gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Maxwell N. Cornelius.

James McGranahan.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
 2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
 3. We'll know why clouds in-stead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
 4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our eag-er hand;
 5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time, we'll un-der-stand.
 Heaven will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah, then, we'll un-der-stand.
 Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun; 'Tis there, some-time, we'll un-der-stand.
 Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall, Up there, some-time, we'll un-der-stand.
 Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.

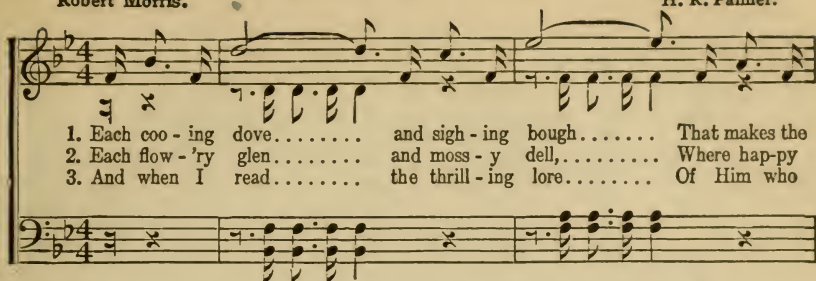
CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Then trust in God through all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
 doth hold thy hand;

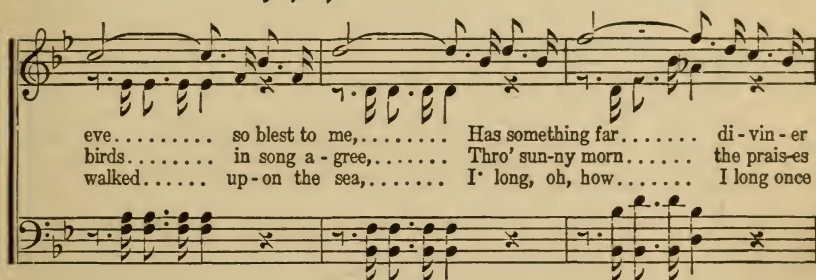
a tempo. *cres.* *ad lib.*
 Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Some-time, some-time, we'll un-der-stand.

Robert Morris.

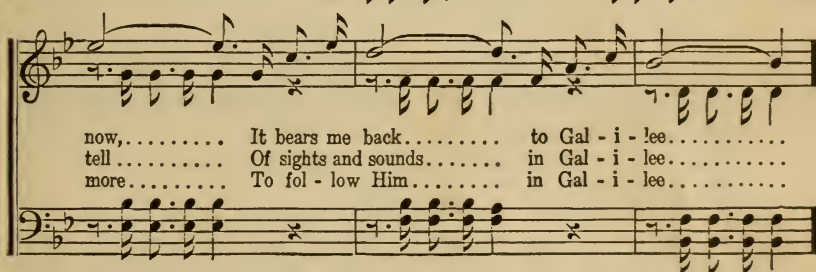
H. R. Palmer.



1. Each coo - ing dove..... and sigh - ing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow - 'ry glen..... and moss - y dell..... Where hap - py
 3. And when I read..... the thrill - ing lore..... Of Him who

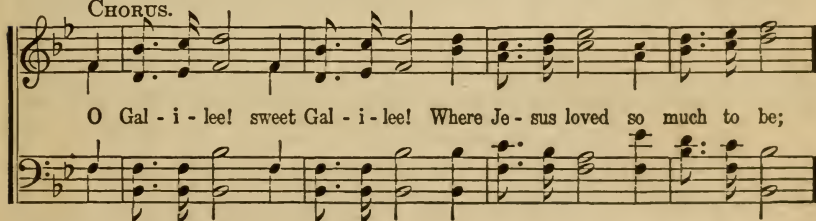


eve..... so blest to me..... Has something far..... di - vin - er
 birds..... in song a - gree..... Thro' sun - ny morn..... the prais - es
 walked..... up - on the sea..... I' long, oh, how..... I long once

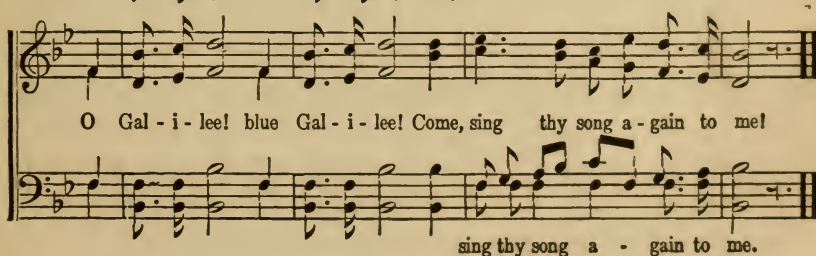


now..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
 more..... To fol - low Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus loved so much to be;



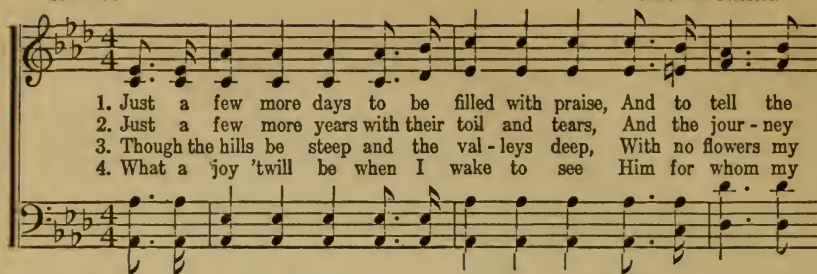
O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!

sing thy song a - gain to me.

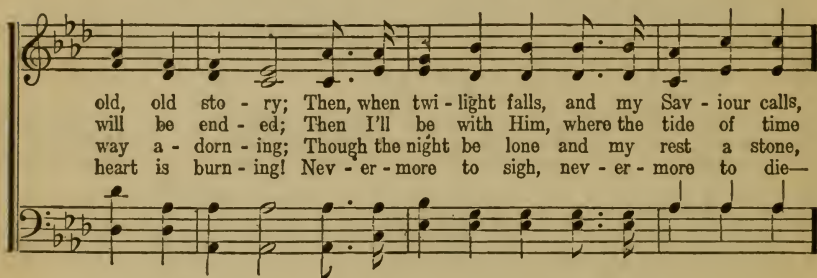
337 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel

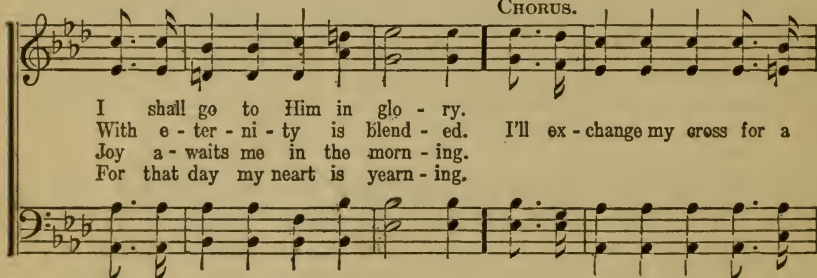


1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
 2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney
 3. Though the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flowers my
 4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

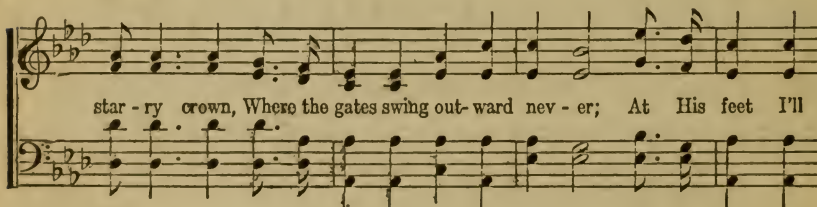


old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - iour calls,
 will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
 way a - dorn - ing; Though the night be lone and my rest a stone,
 heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—

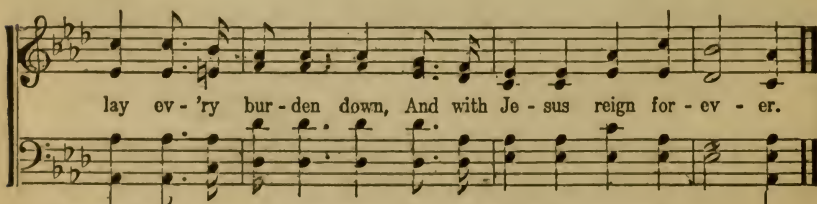
CHORUS.



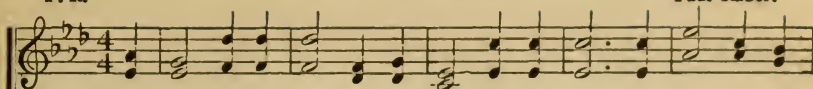
I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
 With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex - change my cross for a
 Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
 For that day my heart is yearn - ing.



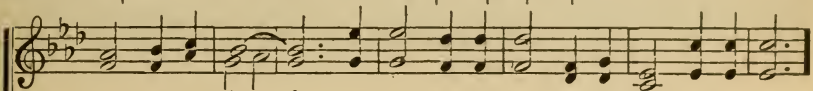
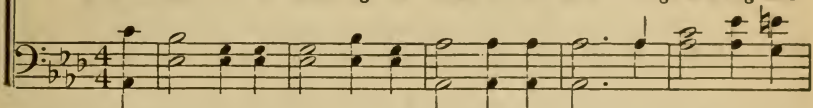
star - ry crown, Where the gates swing out - ward nev - er; At His feet I'll



lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

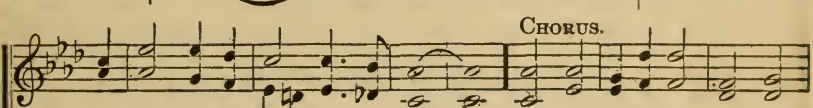
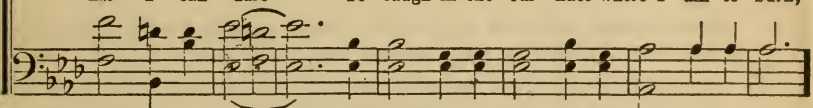


1. When Je - sus no long - er stands pre - cious - ly nigh, When sor - rows like
2. The sun may be shin - ing on fields bright and gay, With spring-time per-
3. If liv - ing like Paul all vic - to - rious and free, Though beat-en while
4. If faith - ful in stand-ing for what I be - lieve Brings scof-fing and



sea - bil - lows roll;
fumes in the breeze:
mul - ti - tudes stare;
fine I can dare

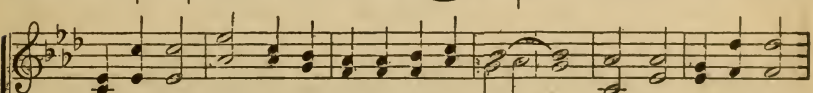
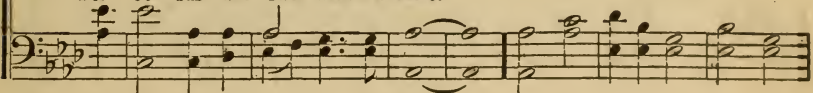
I look to the Rock that is high - er than I,
Yet, life with - out Je - sus is win - ter in May,
Though put be - hind bars 'twould be heaven to me,
To laugh in the fur - nace where I am to burn,



CHORUS.

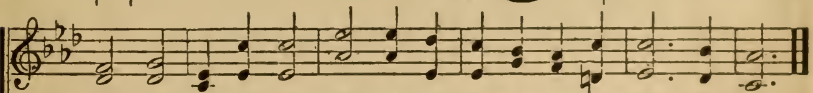
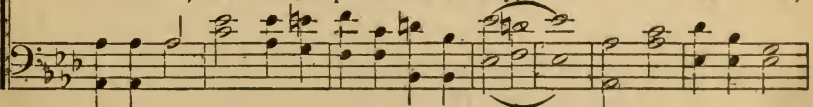
And peace, wondrous peace floods my soul.
With - out Him no pros - pect can please.
For Je - sus would dwell with me there.
For Je - sus will dwell with me there.

Je - sus sat - is - fies, Je - sus

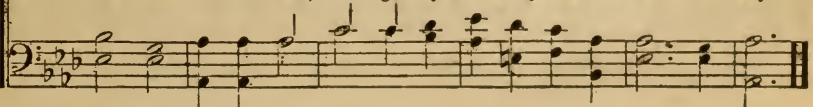


sat - is - fies; Clouds at His presence roll a - way;

Je - sus sat - is - fies,

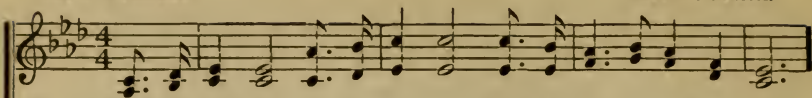


Je - sus sat - is - fies; His glo - ry turns my dark - ness in - to day.

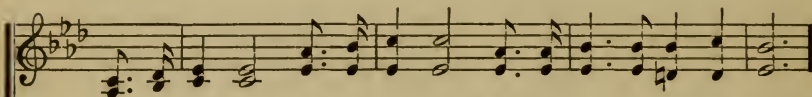
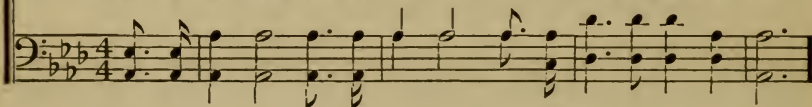


Ada R. Habershon.

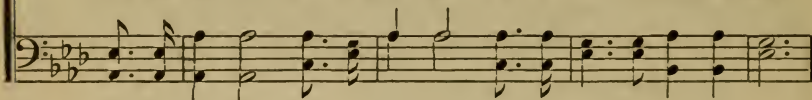
Chas. H. Gabriel.



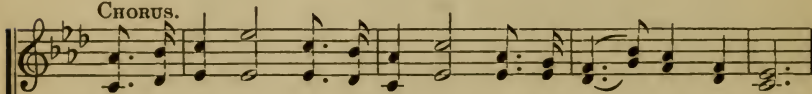
1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft - en miss,
2. In the joy - ous days of child - hood, Oft they told of won-drous love
3. You re - mem - ber songs of heav - en Which you sang with child-ish voice,
4. You can pic - ture hap - py gath-'rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emp - tied, One by one they went a - way,



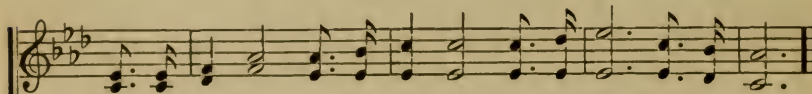
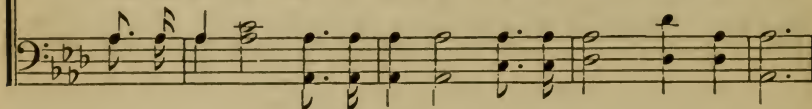
When you close your earth - ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
 Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - iour, Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
 Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
 And you think of tear - ful part - ings, When they left you here be - low.
 Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com - plete, one day?



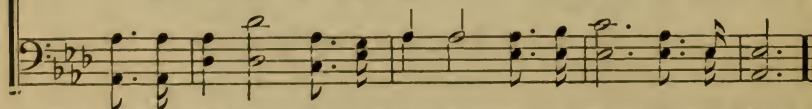
CHORUS.



Will the cir - cle be un - brok - en By and by, by and by?



In a bet - ter home a - wait - ing In the sky, in the sky?



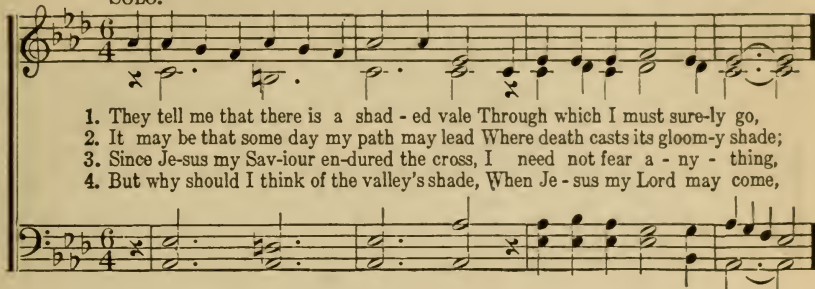
The Valley of Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm 23: 4.

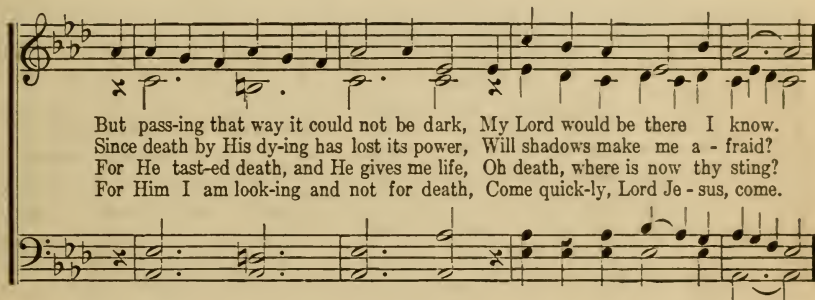
Ada R. Habershon.

Robert Harkness.

SOLO.

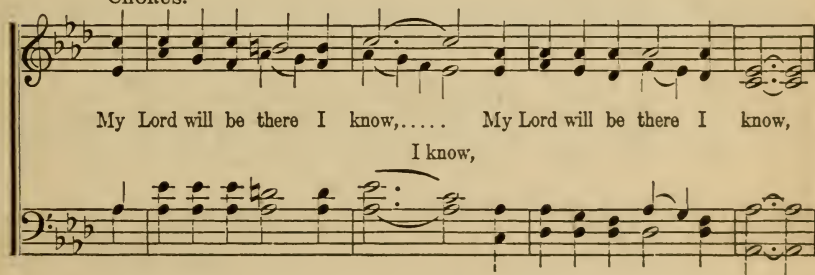


1. They tell me that there is a shad - ed vale Through which I must sure-ly go,
2. It may be that some day my path may lead Where death casts its gloom-y shade;
3. Since Je-sus my Sav-iour en-dured the cross, I need not fear a - ny - thing,
4. But why should I think of the valley's shade, When Je - sus my Lord may come,

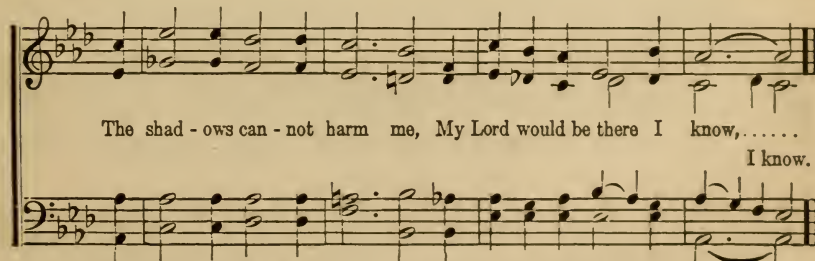


But pass-ing that way it could not be dark, My Lord would be there I know.
 Since death by His dy-ing has lost its power, Will shadows make me a - fraid?
 For He tast-ed death, and He gives me life, Oh death, where is now thy sting?
 For Him I am look-ing and not for death, Come quick-ly, Lord Je - sus, come.

CHORUS.



My Lord will be there I know,..... My Lord will be there I know,
 I know,

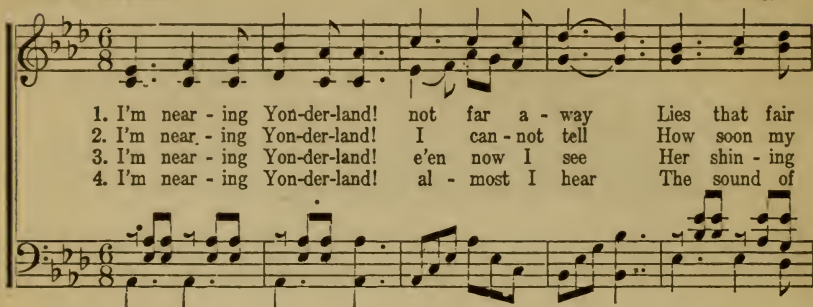


The shad - ows can - not harm me, My Lord would be there I know,.....
 I know.

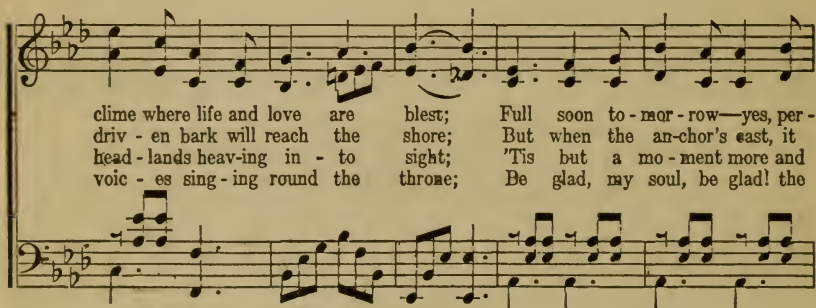
"I'm nearing Yonderland. To-morrow; mayhap, to-night, I shall see the King,—
so near is Yonderland.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

T. O. Chisholm.

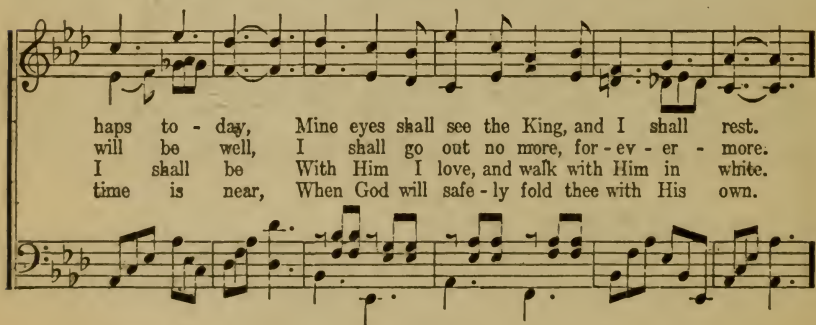
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. I'm near - ing Yon - der - land! not far a - way Lies that fair
2. I'm near - ing Yon - der - land! I can - not tell How soon my
3. I'm near - ing Yon - der - land! e'en now I see Her shin - ing
4. I'm near - ing Yon - der - land! al - most I hear The sound of

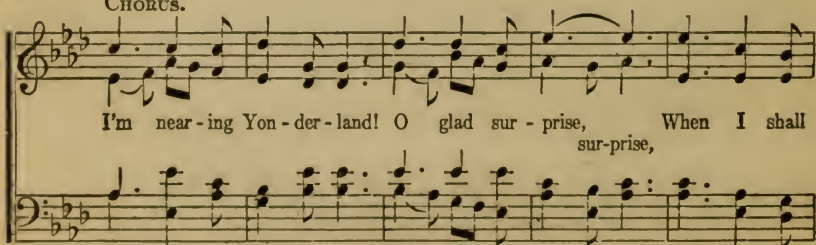


clime where life and love are blest; Full soon to - mor - row—yes, per -
driv - en bark will reach the shore; But when the an - chor's east, it
head - lands heav - ing in - to sight; 'Tis but a mo - ment more and
voic - es sing - ing round the throne; Be glad, my soul, be glad! the



haps to - day, Mine eyes shall see the King, and I shall rest.
will be well, I shall go out no more, for - ev - er - more.
I shall be With Him I love, and walk with Him in white.
time is near, When God will safe - ly fold thee with His own.

CHORUS.



I'm near - ing Yon - der - land! O glad sur - prise, When I shall
sur-prise,

Yonderland.—Concluded.

gain that ra-diant, peace - ful strand! To - mor - row, yes, per-haps to -
peaceful strand!

ritard,

night, mine eyes Shall see the King—so near is Yon - der - land.
Yonder-land.

342

Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Walter O. Cushing.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O-ver the heart of the
2. O-ver the heart of the mourn-er Shin-eth thy gold - en day, Wafting the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-washed throng, Over the highlands of

REFRAIN.

wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
an - gels Down from the far-a-way. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E - den, Home of the
glo - ry Roll-eth the great new song.

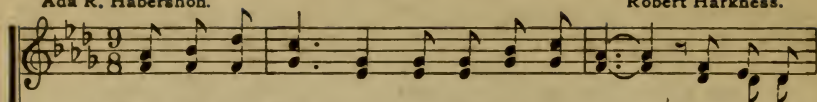
rit.

pure and blest, How oft-en a-mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!
the pure and blest,

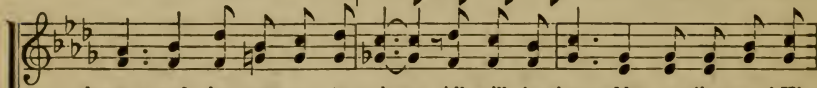
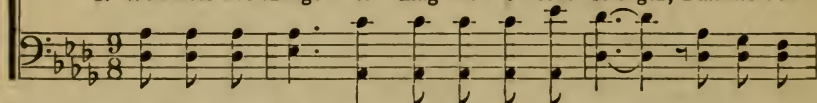
Oh, What a Change!

Ada R. Habershon.

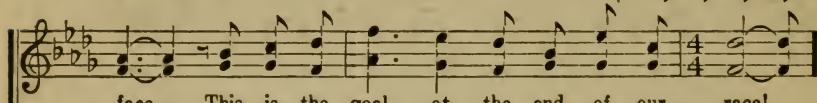
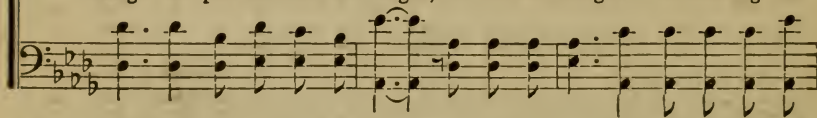
Robert Harkness.



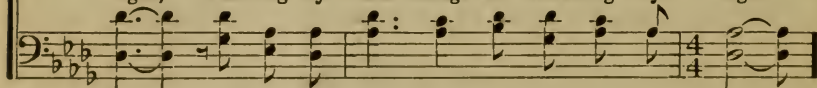
1. Soon will our Sav - iour from heav - en ap - pear, Sweet is the
 2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Absence ex -
 3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark - ness a - way, Night will be
 4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will



hope and its pow - er to cheer, All will be changed by a glimpse of His
 changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a moment of
 changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
 change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor - row will change to un - end - ing de -



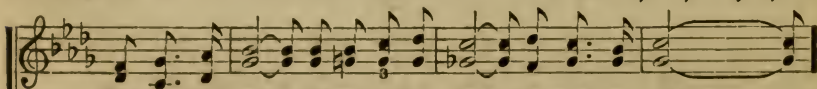
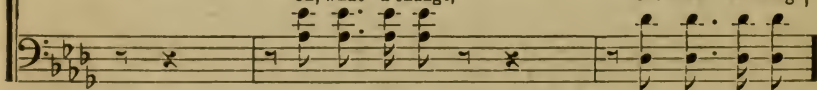
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
 time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
 calm, Weep - ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
 light, Walk - ing by faith change to walk - ing by sight!



CHORUS.



Oh, what a change,..... Oh, what a change,.....
 Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,



When I shall see His wonderful face! Oh, what a change,.....
 Oh, what a change,



Oh, What a Change!—Concluded.

Oh, what a change!..... When I shall see His face!
oh, what a change!

344

The Land Beyond the Sea.

Anon.

G. Waring Stebbins.

1. The land be-yond the Sea! How close it some-times seems, When flushed with
2. The land be-yond the Sea! Some-times a - cross the strait, Like draw-bridge
3. The land be-yond the Sea! When will our toil be done? Slow - foot - ed
4. O land be-yond the Sea! Sweet is thine end - less rest, But sweet - er

eve - ning's peace - ful gleams; My heart looks o'er the strait and dreams!
to a cas - tle gate, The sun - beams lie and seem to wait
years! more swift - ly run In - to the gold of th'un - set - ting sun.
far that Fa - ther's breast, Up - on thy shores for - e'er pos - sessed;

rit. dim. pp
It longs to fly to thee, Calm land be - yond the Sea!
For us to pass to thee, Calm land be - yond the Sea!
Home - sick we are for thee, Calm land be - yond the Sea!
For Je - sus reigns o'er thee, Calm land be - yond the Sea!

Fred P. Morris.

Robert Harkness.

1. There are glo - ries un - told in that cit - y of gold, On the brink of the
 2. There are some who have died that His name should a-bide, There are some who have
 3. When in won - der I stand with my hand in His hand, In that home with the
 4. When the love-light doth shine from His eyes in - to mine, While the face that was

beau - ti - ful riv - er; Its won - der - ful light will burst on my sight, But
 lived for His glo - ry; What bliss will it be, their fa - ces to see, But
 ran - somed for - ev - er, The sor - row all passed, tri - umph - ant at last, Oh,
 marred is up - lift - ed, With rap - ture com - plete, His smile I shall meet, Oh,

CHORUS.

What will it be to see Je - sus? What will it be to see

Je - sus, What will it be to see Him? There are glo - ries un -

told in that cit - y of gold, But what will it be to see Je - sus?

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. Gabriel

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
 heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-iour, I know,

rit...... CHORUS.
 Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me..... O that will be
 O..... that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, When by His grace
 be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me glo-ry for me,.....

rit.
 I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

R. H.

Robert Harkness.

SOLO.

1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's
 2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If their
 3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He

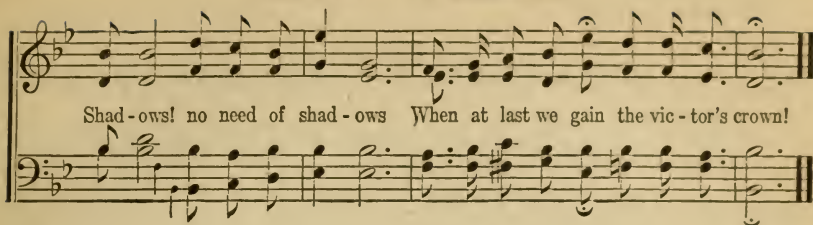
day is end - ed and its sor - rows o'er; When the sum-mons comes to
 faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with
 comes in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall

meet the bless-ed Sav - iour, When we rise to dwell with Him for-ev-er - more.
 Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long a-dored.
 sound and loved ones wak - en, When He leads us onward with tri-umph-ant sway.

CHORUS.

Shad-ows! no need of shad-ows When at last we lay life's bur-den down;

Shadows.—Concluded.



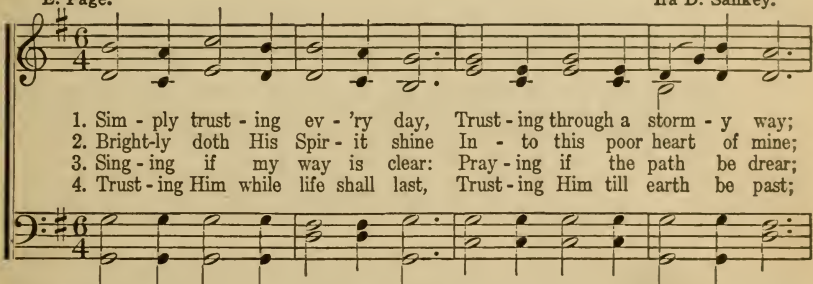
Shad-ows! no need of shad-ows When at last we gain the vic-tor's crown!

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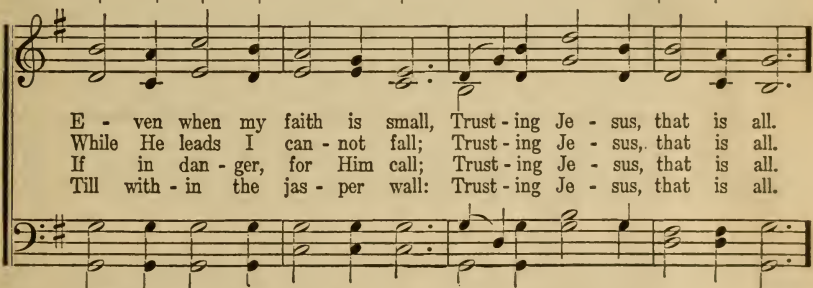
Trusting Jesus.

E. Page.

Ira D. Sankey.

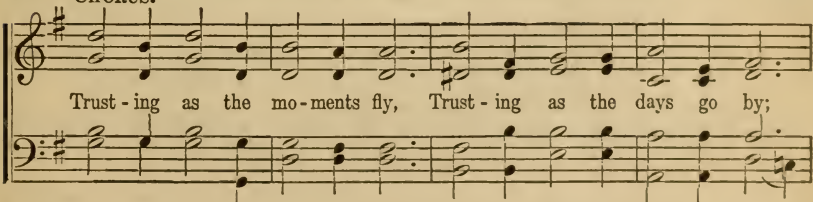


1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
 2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
 3. Sing - ing if my way is clear: Pray - ing if the path be drear;
 4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth be past;

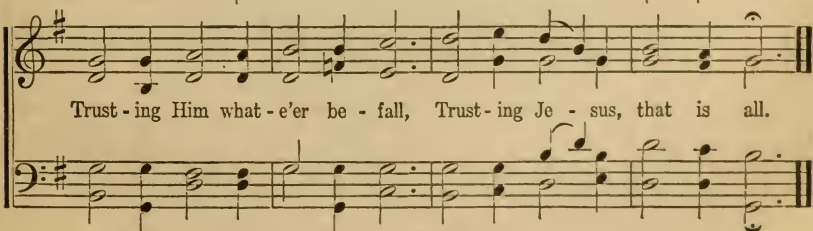


E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can - not fall; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Till with - in the jas - per wall: Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;

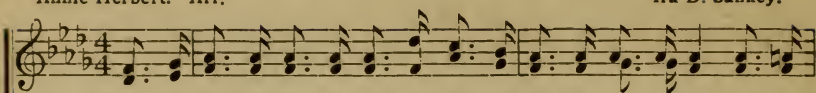


Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

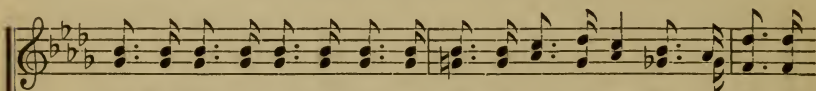
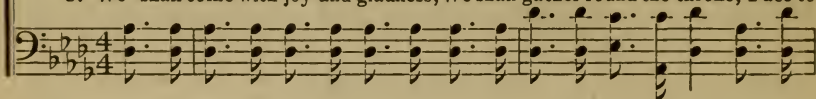
When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

Annie Herbert. Arr.

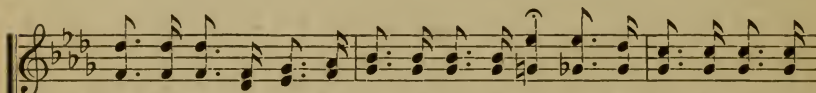
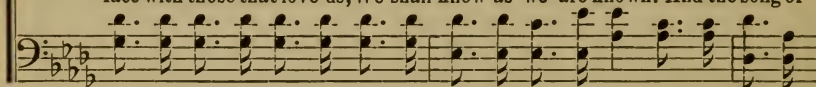
Ira D. Sankey.



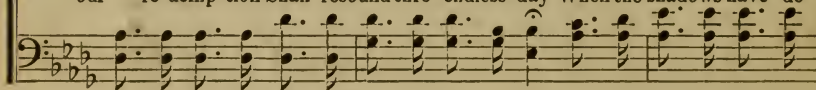
1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea-ry burdened heart; Oft we
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to



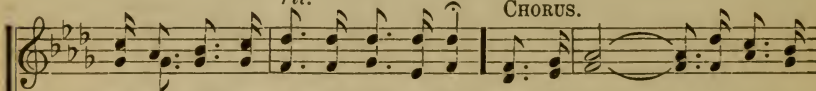
sun-light fall in glad-ness On the riv-er and the rills, We re-call our
toil a-mid the shadows, And our fields are far a-part; But the Saviour's
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the song of



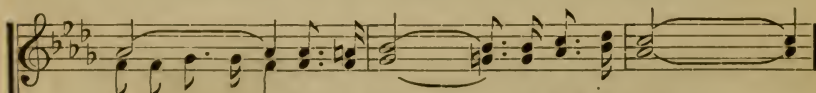
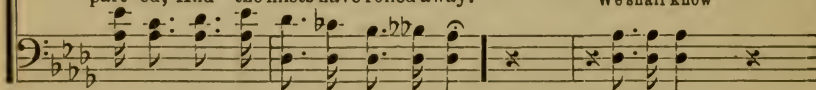
Fa-ther's promise In the rain-bow of the spray: We shall know each other
"Come, ye blessed" All our la-bor will re-pay. When we gath-er in the
our re-demp-tion Shall resound thro' endless day When the shadows have de-

*rit.*

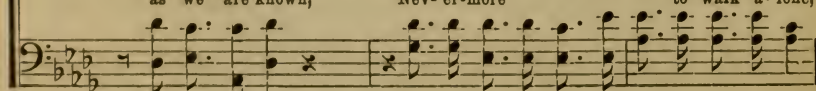
CHORUS.



bet-ter When the mists have rolled away.
morning Where the mists have rolled away. We shall know..... as we are
part-ed, And the mists have rolled away. We shall know



known,..... Nev-er-more..... to walk a-lone,.....
as we are known, Nev-er-more to walk a-lone,



When the Mists Have Rolled Away.—Concluded.

In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing Of that bright and hap - py day,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.

rit.

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Jesus Loves Me.

Anna L. Warner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I, know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
 2. Je - sus loves me He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide; He will
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Though I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

CHORUS.

ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
 wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
 shin - ing throng on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

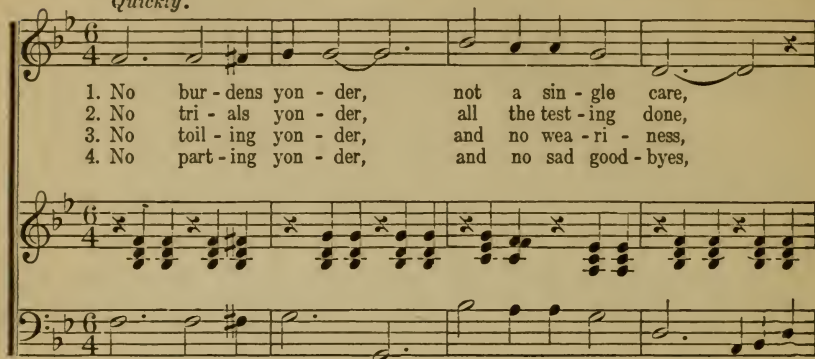
Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi : 4.

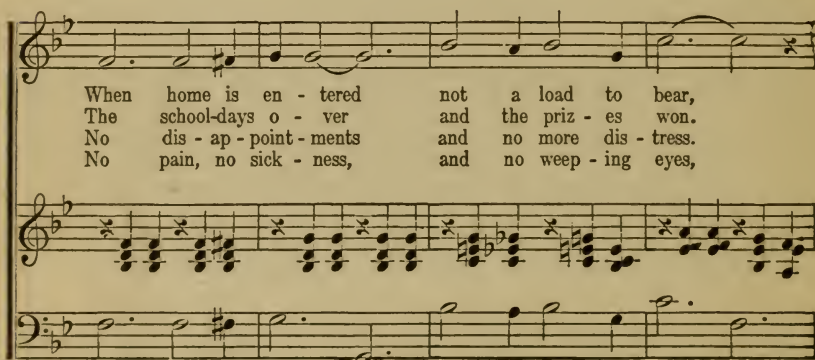
Ada R. Habershon.

Robert Harkness.

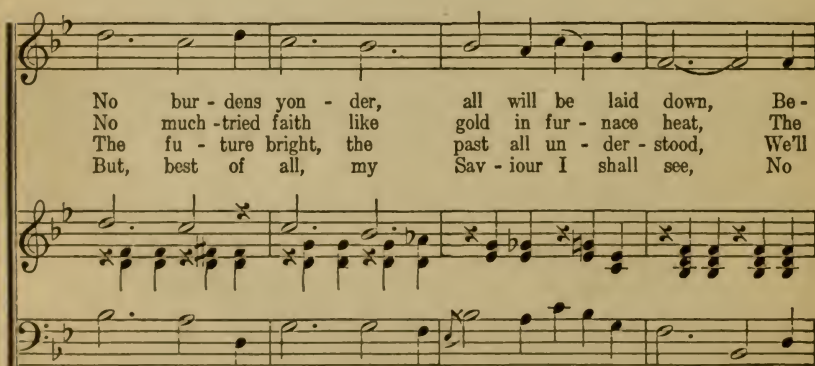
Quickly.



1. No bur - dens yon - der, not a sin - gle care,
 2. No tri - als yon - der, all the test - ing done,
 3. No toil - ing yon - der, and no wea - ri - ness,
 4. No part - ing yon - der, and no sad good - byes,



When home is en - tered not a load to bear,
 The school-days o - ver and the priz - es won.
 No dis - ap - point - ments and no more dis - tress.
 No pain, no sick - ness, and no weep - ing eyes,



No bur - dens yon - der, all will be laid down, Be -
 No much - tried faith like gold in fur - nace heat, The
 The fu - ture bright, the past all un - der - stood, We'll
 But, best of all, my Sav - iour I shall see, No

No Burdens Yonder.—Concluded.

rall,

fore we share His glo - ry and His throne.
 pur - i - fy - ing will be all com - plete.
 see that all the way He led was good.
 cloud will come be - tween my Lord and me.

rall,

CHORUS. *a tempo.* *pp rall,*

No bur - dens yon - der, All sor - row past;

a tempo, *pp rall,*

cres,

No bur - dens yon - der, Home at last.

cres,

John R. Clements.

H. P. Danks.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square,"
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four-square,"
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close, To "the cit - y four-square,"
 4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "that cit - y four-square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

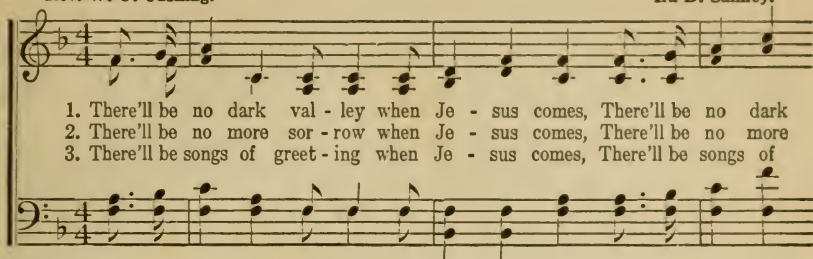
mf CHORUS.

God shall "wipe away all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

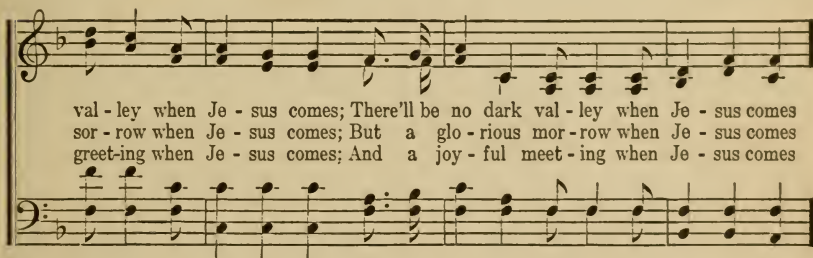
And they count not time by years,... For there is "no night there."
 not time by years, by years, "no night there."

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

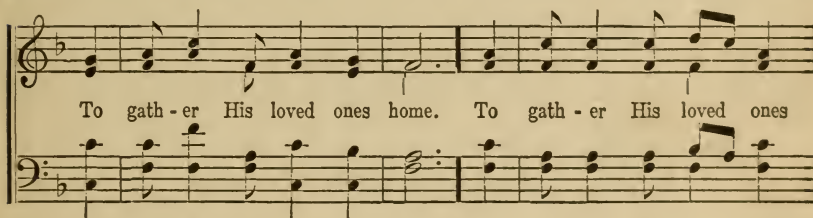
Ira D. Sankey.



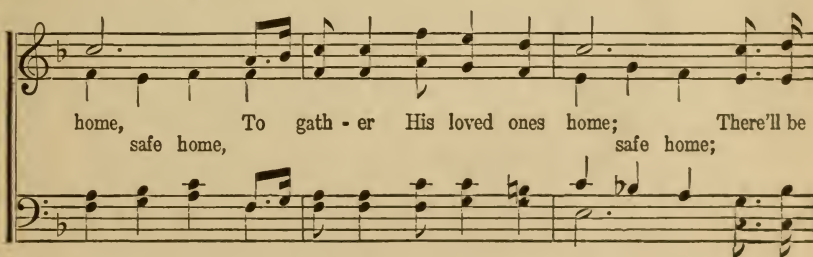
1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of



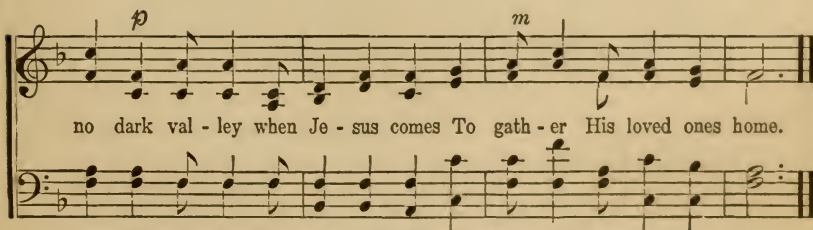
val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes
 sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo - rious mor - row when Je - sus comes
 greet - ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet - ing when Je - sus comes



To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones



home, safe home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
 safe home; safe home;



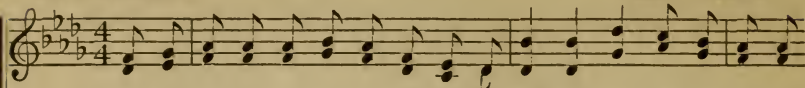
no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

Are You Ready for the Coming?

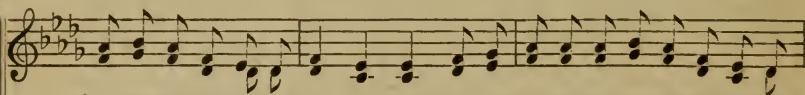
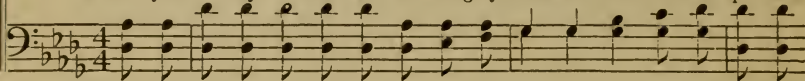
"And now, little children, abide in him: that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming." I John 2: 28.

Ada R. Habershon.

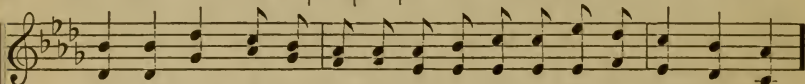
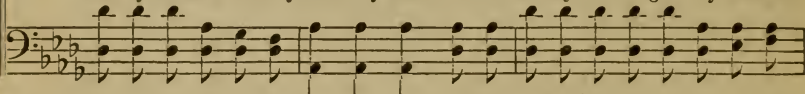
Chas. H. Gabriel.



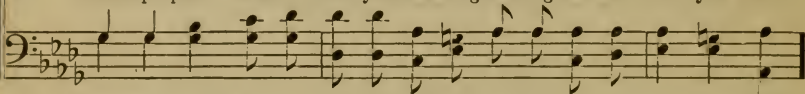
1. Are you read - y for the com - ing of the Lord from heaven? Are you rest - ing
2. If He came to call His peo - ple would you be dis - mayed? Tho' your sins have
3. To this world with all its pleas - ures are you root - ed fast? Would a call to
4. Are you bus - y in His serv - ice though your heart is cold? Are there pre - cious



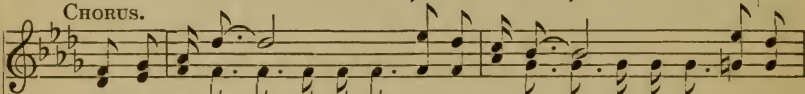
in the prom - ise which to us is given? Does your heart leap up with rapture as you
been for - giv - en would you be a - fraid? Would you be a - shamed to meet Him if He
leave it quick - ly be a wretch at last? When He views your finished life - work will you
earth - ly treasures which you fond - ly hold! Would He find you do - ing on - ly what He



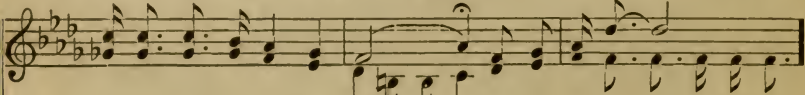
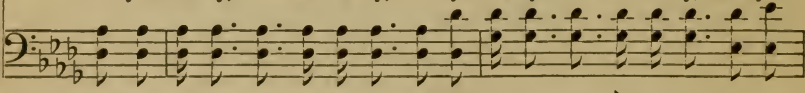
know He's near? Or do thoughts of His ap - pear - ing fill your heart with fear?
came to - day? From the pres - ence of the Mas - ter would you shrink a - way?
suf - fer loss? Will you find that you have gath - ered on - ly worth - less dross?
could ap - prove? Would He find you watch - ing wait - ing for the One you love?



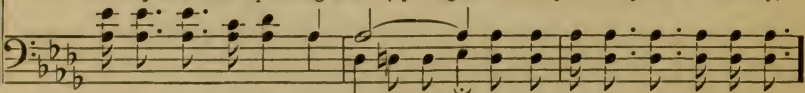
CHORUS.



Are you read - y, (I am read - y,) Are you read - y (I am read - y,) Are you



read - y for the open - ing skies? (opening skies?) Are you read - y, (I am read - y,)



Are You Ready for the Coming?—Concluded

Are you read-y, (I am read-y,) Are you read-y for that glad sur-prise? (surprise?)

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Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com - ing home;
 6. I need His cleans - ing blood, I know, Now I'm com - ing home;

S: *FINE.*

The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store: Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com - ing home.
 O wash me whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm com - ing home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam,

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
 3. While its hosts cry Ho - san-na, from heav'n descending, With glo - ri - fied
 4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad-ow, is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at - tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with the

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

turn-eth; Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

P. R.

Paul Rader.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, from the cross to the throne, From death in - to
 2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, He go - eth a - head, Your shep - herd se -
 3. Fear not, lit - tle flock, what - ev - er your lot, He en - ters all

life He went for His own; All pow - er in earth, all pow - er a - bove,
 lect-eth the path you must tread; The wa - ters of Ma - rah He'll sweeten for thee,
 rooms, "the doors being shut," He nev - er for - sakes; He nev - er is gone,

CHORUS.

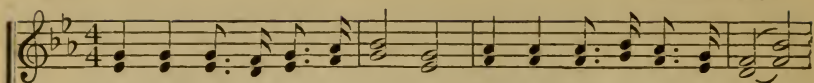
Is giv - en to Him for the flock of His love.
 He drank all the bit - ter in Geth - sem - a - ne. On - ly be - lieve,
 So count on His pres - ence in dark - ness and dawn.

on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve,

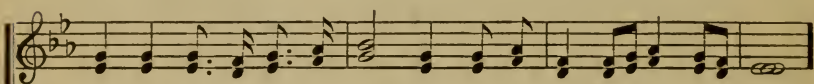
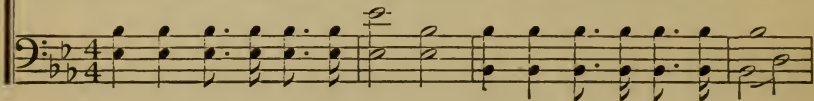
On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

R. L.

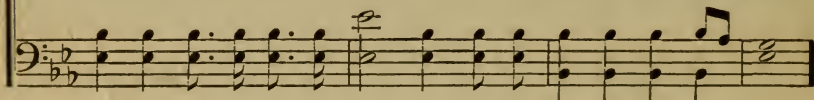
Robert Lowry.



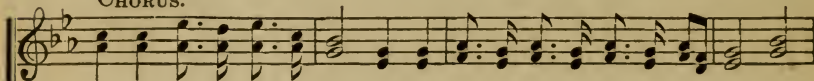
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down.
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



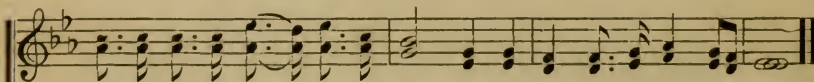
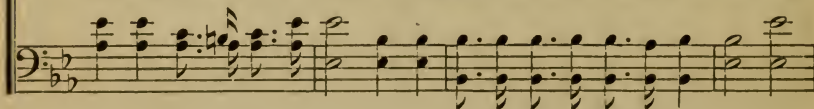
With its cry - stal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God.
 We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



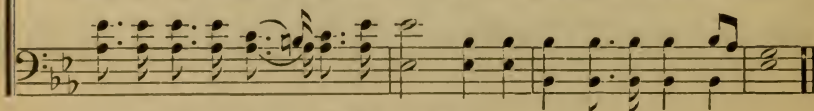
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

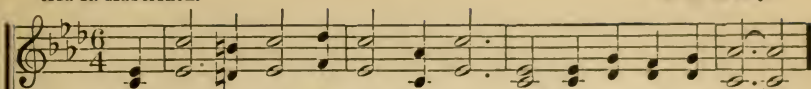


Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.

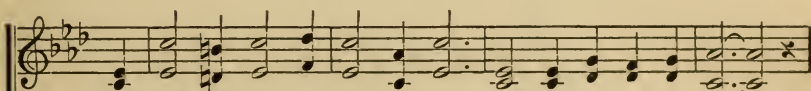
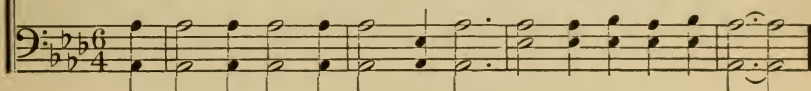


Ada R. Habershon.

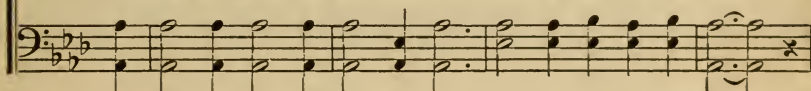
B. D. Ackley.



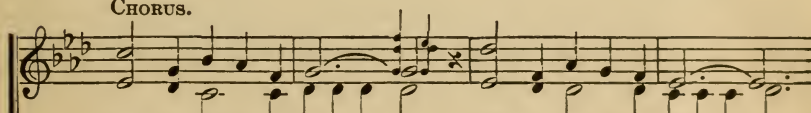
1. The weeks and months are pass - ing on, Just a day at a time;
2. With hope - ful steps our way we tread, Just a day at a time;
3. For Him, we have a life to live, Just a day at a time;
4. He sets the les - sons He would teach, Just a day at a time;
5. He gives the man - na for our need, Just a day at a time;



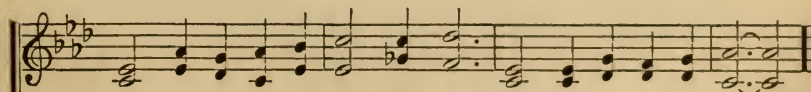
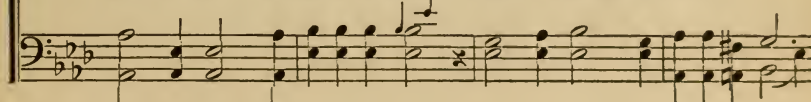
The fleet - ing years are quick - ly gone, Just a day at a time.
 We fol - low where our Lord has led, Just a day at a time.
 A wit - ness to Him - self to give Just a day at a time.
 And plac - es work with - in our reach, Just a day at a time.
 The Bread of heaven on which we feed, Just a day at a time.



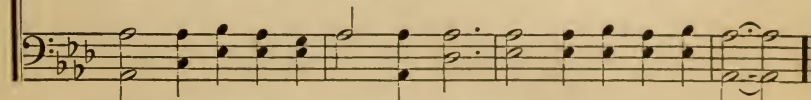
CHORUS.



Just a day at a time,..... Just a day at a time;.....
 Just a day, a day at a time, Just a day at a time;.....



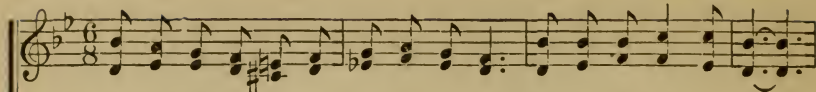
Learn - ing more of His love and power, Just a day at a time.



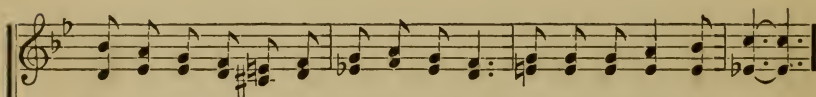
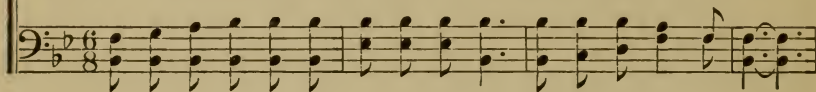
How Can I Help But Love Him?

E. M. R.

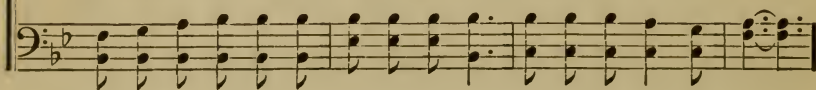
Elton M. Roth.



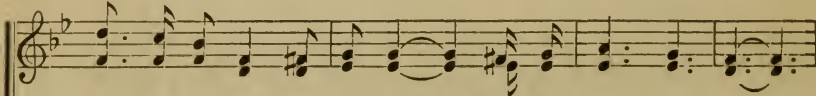
1. Down from His splendor in glo-ry He came, In - to a world of woe;
2. I am un-wor-thy to take of His grace, Won-der-ful grace so free;
3. He is the fair-est of thousands to me, His love is sweet and true;



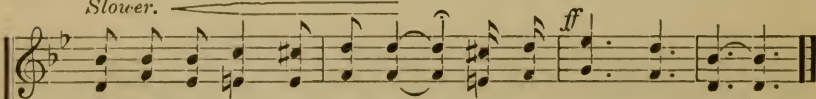
Took on Him-self all my guilt and my shame, Why should He love me so?
 Yet Je-sus suffered and died in my place, E'en for a soul like me.
 Won-der-ful beau-ty in Him I now see, More than I ev - er knew,



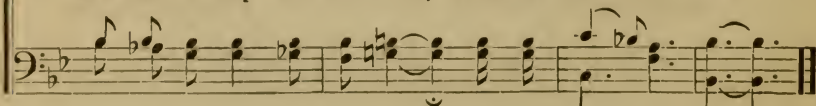
CHORUS.



How can I help but love Him, When He loved me so?

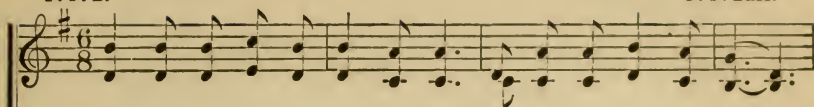
*Slower.*

How can I help but love Him, When He loved me so?

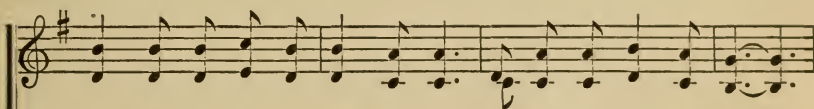
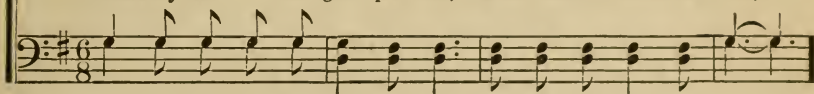


P. P. B.

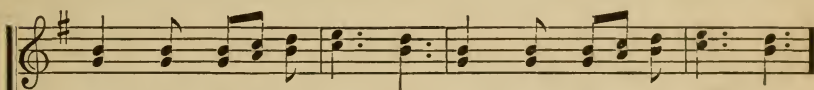
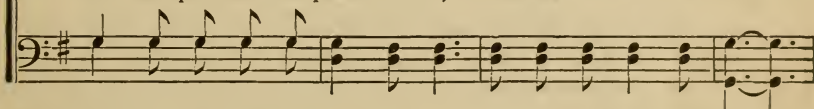
P. P. Bliss.



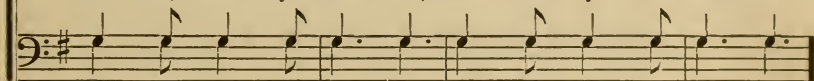
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



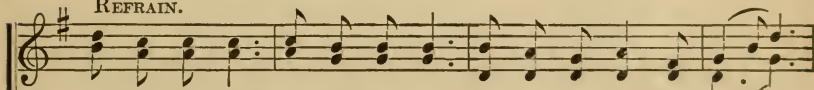
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



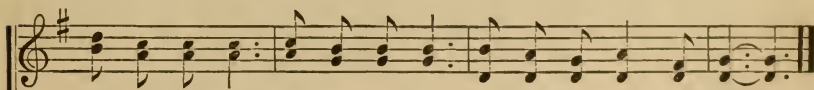
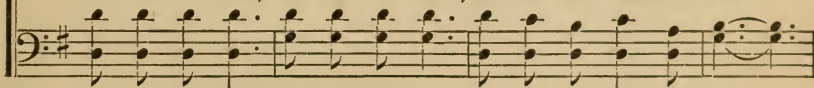
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:



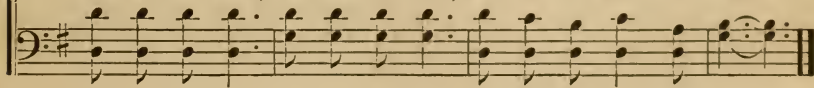
REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

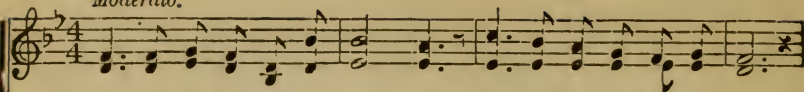


Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

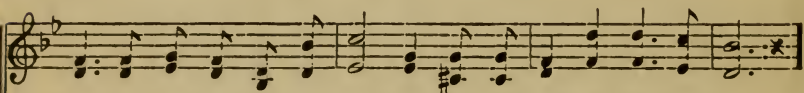
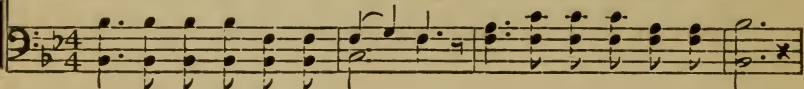


Mrs Frank A. Breck.
Moderato.

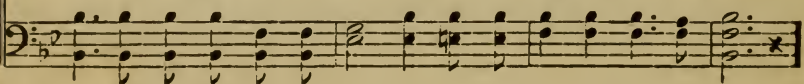
Grant Colfax Tullar.



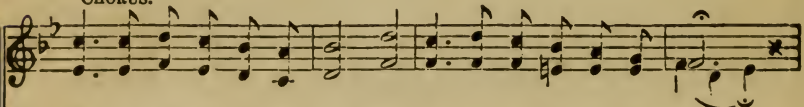
1. Face to face with Christ, my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the darking veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! oh, bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;



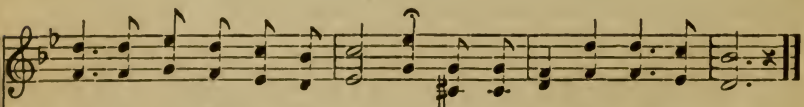
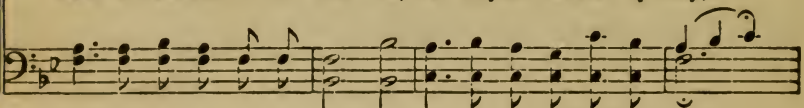
When with rapture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;....

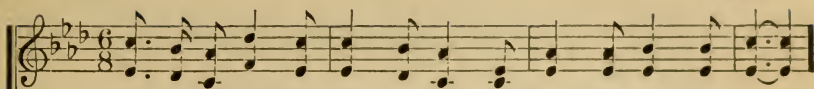


Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

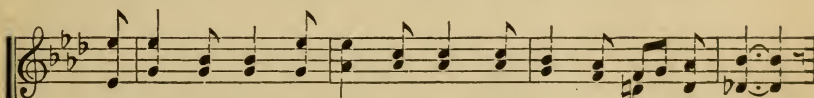
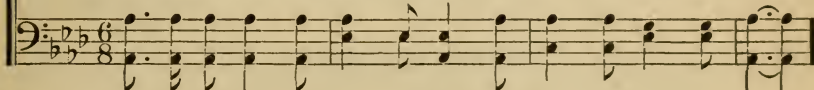


W. L. T.

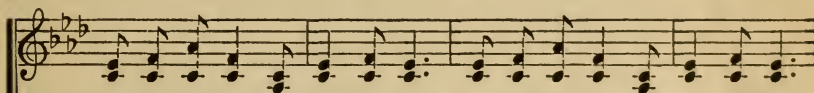
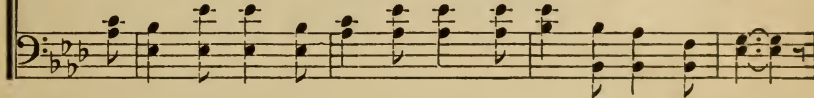
Will L. Thompson.



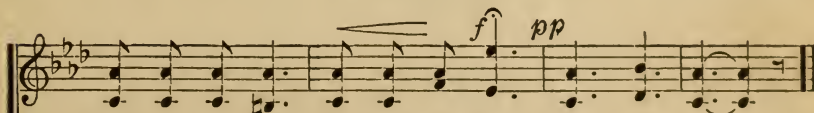
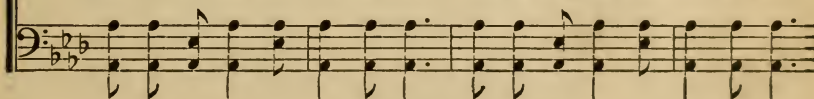
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



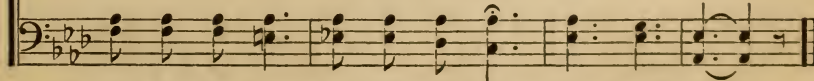
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 O how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
 Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, Keep-ing His cross with-in my sight;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.



Speed the Light.

Б. А. И.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

REV. LEONARD K. ROFFMAN,

1. To the millions liv-ing o'er the deep, deep sea Speed the light, . . . speed the
2. There in anguish millions for the gospel wait, Speed the light, . . . speed the
3. Je-sus bids us bear to them the gospel news, Speed the light, . . . speed the
4. We will go, and in our blessed Master's name Speed the light, . . . speed the

Speed the light,

Musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The notation is written on a single staff.

light; To their cry of pit - y dare we heed-less be? Speed the
light; Go and seek their res-cue ere it is too late, Speed the
light; Can the souls He ransomed His request re - fuse? Speed the
light; We will His sal - va-tion and His love proclaim, Speed the
speed the light;

A musical score for the bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of several measures, including a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and a final measure with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

CHORUS.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

light, . . . O speed the light! Speed the light, . . . the blessed gospel light,
Speed the light, O speed the light! Speed the light,

To the lands which are in gloom and night; Souls are wait - ing, and the
To the lands Souls are waiting,

The second system of the musical score, measures 10 through 14. The bass staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including rests marked with 'x'. The treble staff features dotted eighth notes and beamed sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests marked with 'x'. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Speed the Light.—Concluded.

fields are white; Speed the light,..... O speed the light!
Speed the light! O speed the light!

365

Saved to Serve.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—Psa. 100 : 2.

El. Nathan.

James McGranahan.

1. Go - ing forth at Christ's com - mand, Go - ing forth to ev - 'ry land;
2. Serv - ing God through all our days, Toil - ing not for purse or praise;
3. Seek - ing on - ly souls to win, From the dead - ly power of sin;

Full sal - va - tion mak - ing known, Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
But to mag - ni - fy His name, While the gos - pel we pro - claim.
We would guide their steps a - right, Out of dark - ness in - to light.

CHORUS.

"Saved to serve!" the watch-word ring, Saved to serve our glo - rious King;

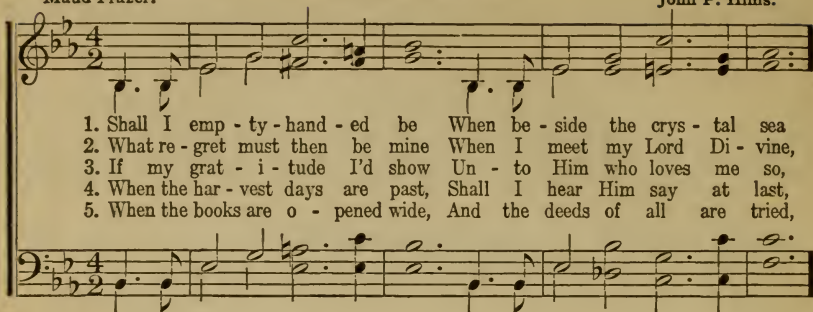
Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Saved to serve for ev - er - more.

Shall I Empty-Handed Be?

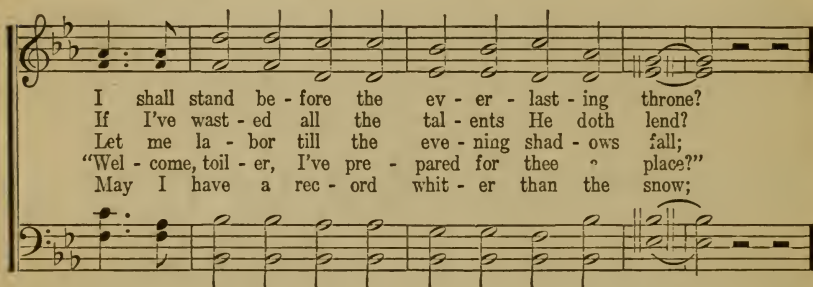
Rev. N. A. McAulay.
Maud Frazer.

(A Hymn for Workers.)

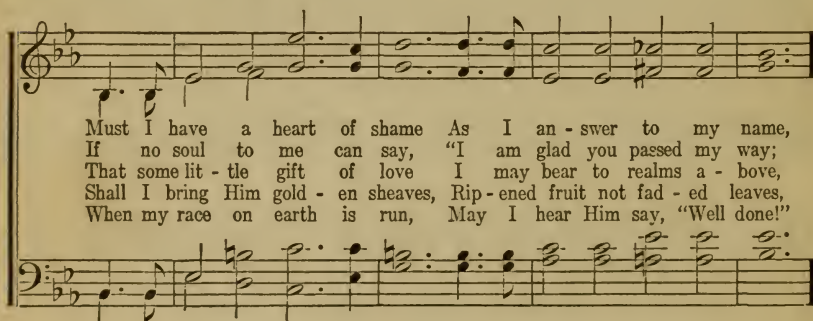
John P. Hillis.



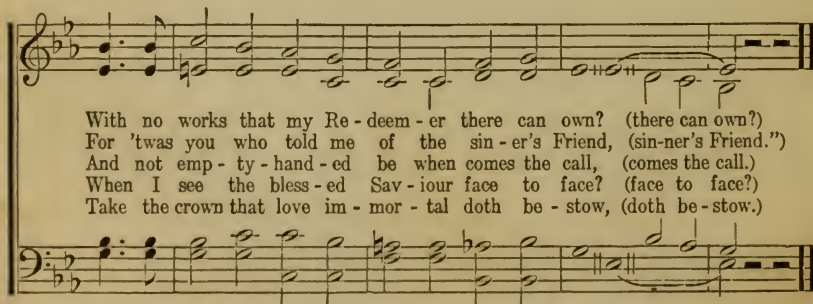
1. Shall I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
2. What re - gret must then be mine When I meet my Lord Di - vine,
3. If my grat - i - tude I'd show Un - to Him who loves me so,
4. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,
5. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,



I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?
If I've wast - ed all the tal - ents He doth lend?
Let me la - bor till the eve - ning shad - ows fall;
"Wel - come, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee ° place?"
May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow;



Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,
If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you passed my way;
That some lit - tle gift of love I may bear to realms a - bove,
Shall I bring Him gold - en sheaves, Rip - ened fruit not fad - ed leaves,
When my race on earth is run, May I hear Him say, "Well done!"

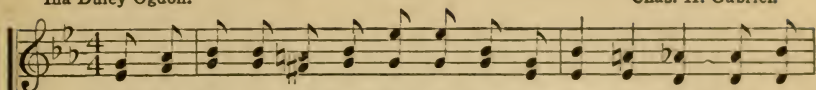


With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own? (there can own?)
For 'twas you who told me of the sin - er's Friend, (sin - er's Friend.)
And not emp - ty - hand - ed be when comes the call, (comes the call.)
When I see the bless - ed Sav - iour face to face? (face to face?)
Take the crown that love im - mor - tal doth be - stow, (doth be - stow.)

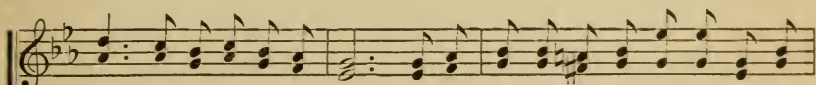
367 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

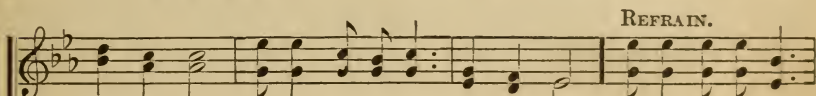


1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great - ness you may do, Do not
 2. Just a - bove are cloud - ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
 3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re -

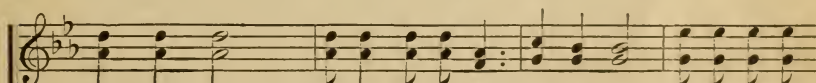


wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
 nar - row self your way de - bar, Though in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
 fleet the bright and morn - ing star, E - ven from your hum - ble hand the bread of

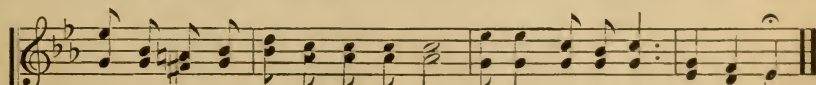
REFRAIN.



now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
 song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor - ner
 life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.



where you are! Bright-en the cor - ner where you are! Some one far from
 Shine for Jesus where you are!



har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

Caroline Sawyer.

D. B. Towner.

1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to - night, His thorn-crowned head and
 2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spoke words
 3. He whis - pers to your heart, turn not a - way, For He's be - side you

pierc - ed hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heaven's own light,
 on - ly pure and true, Could see the nail prints in His ten - der feet,
 in your nar - row pew; If you will lis - ten you will hear Him say

CHORUS.
 And hear Him say—"Be - lov - ed, 'twas for you." Would you be - lieve,.....
 And hear Him say—"Be - lov - ed, 'twas for you." *Last v.*—
 In lov - ing tones—"Be - lov - ed, 'twas for you." Will you be - lieve,.....
 Would you believe,
Last v.—Will you believe,

and Je - sus re - ceive..... If He were stand - ing
 and Je - sus re - ceive..... For He is stand - ing
 and Je-sus re-ceive? If He were standing
 and Je-sus re-ceive? For He is stand - ing

Would You Believe?—Concluded.



here?..... Would you be - lieve..... and Je - sus re -
 here;..... Will you be - lieve..... and Je - sus re -
 here, were stand - ing here? Would you be - lieve
 here, is stand - ing here; Will you be - lieve

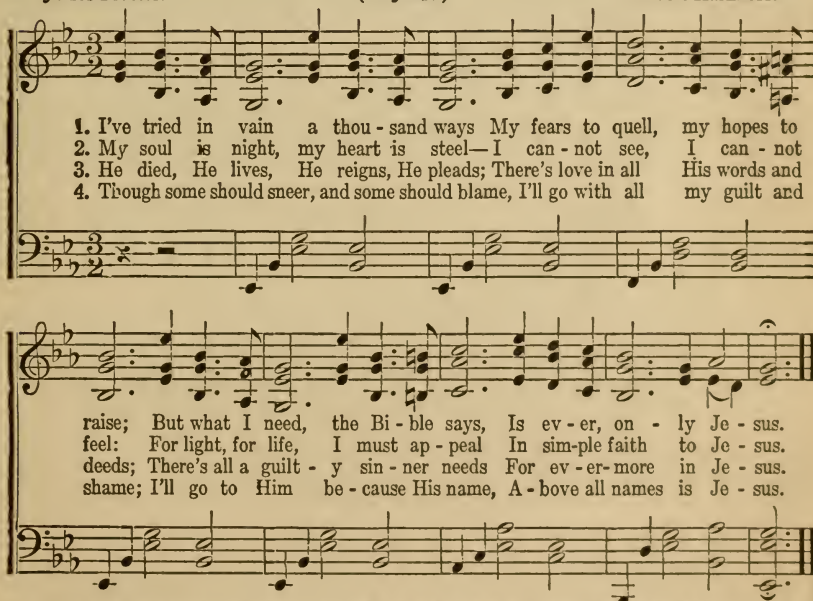
ceive..... If He was stand - ing here?.....
 ceive?..... For He is stand - ing here.....
 And Je - sus re - ceive?

369 I've Tried In Vain a Thousand Ways.

James Proctor.

(In Jesus.)

Robert Harkness.



1. I've tried in vain a thou - sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to
 2. My soul is night, my heart is steel—I can - not see, I can - not
 3. He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads; There's love in all His words and
 4. Though some should sneer, and some should blame, I'll go with all my guilt and

raise; But what I need, the Bi - ble says, Is ev - er, on - ly Je - sus.
 feel; For light, for life, I must ap - peal In sim - ple faith to Je - sus.
 deeds; There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs For ev - er - more in Je - sus.
 shame; I'll go to Him be - cause His name, A - bove all names is Je - sus.

The above lines were found after his death, on the desk of an Infidel who became a Christian.

Is It Nothing to You?

John R. Clements.

May Whittle Moody.

1. Is it noth-ing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
 2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el
 3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day, In the heav-en-ly

world of woe, That He suf-fered and bled, and rose from the dead,
 death's dark vail, Where Jor-dan's waves the path-way laves,
 land so fair, You may join the song that the ran-somed throng

REFRAIN.
 That e-ter-nal life you might know?
 And all but Christ doth fail? Is it noth-ing to you that
 Are for-ev-er sing-ing there?

grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it noth-ing to you?

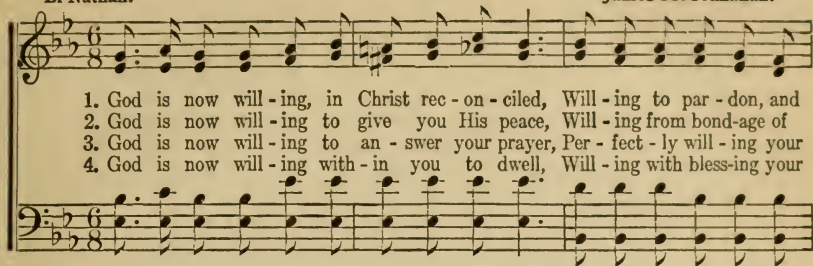
rit.
 Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

God Is Now Willing; Are You?

"Who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. v: 18.

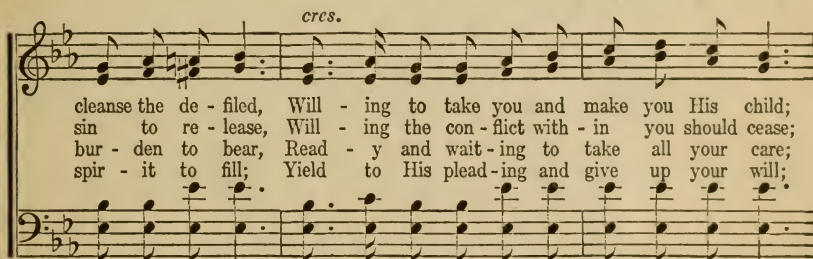
El Nathan.

James McGranahan.



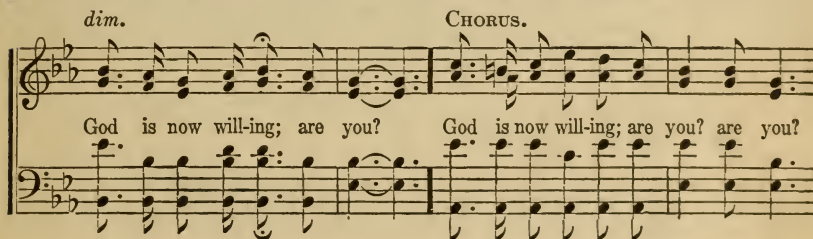
1. God is now will-ing, in Christ rec-on-ciled, Will-ing to par-don, and
 2. God is now will-ing to give you His peace, Will-ing from bond-age of
 3. God is now will-ing to an-swer your prayer, Per-fect-ly will-ing your
 4. God is now will-ing with-in you to dwell, Will-ing with bless-ing your

cres.

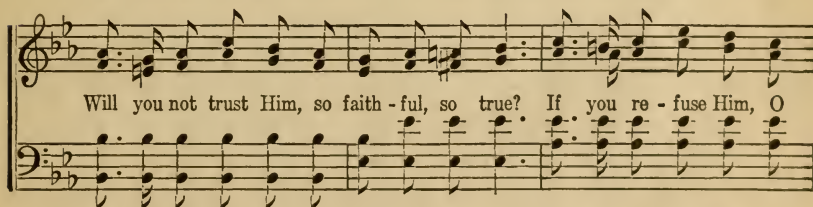


cleanse the de-filed, Will-ing to take you and make you His child;
 sin to re-lease, Will-ing the con-flict with-in you should cease;
 bur-den to bear, Read-y and wait-ing to take all your care;
 spir-it to fill; Yield to His plead-ing and give up your will;

dim. **CHORUS.**

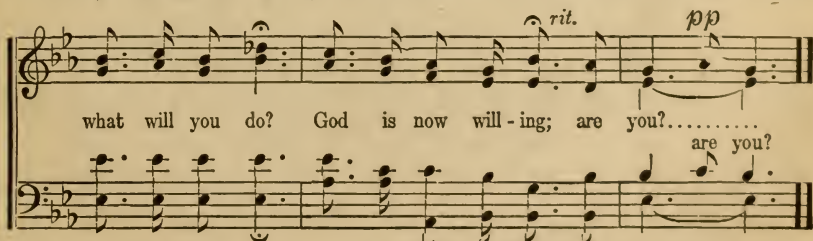


God is now will-ing; are you? God is now will-ing; are you? are you?



Will you not trust Him, so faith-ful, so true? If you re-fuse Him, O

rit. *pp*



what will you do? God is now will-ing; are you?.....
 are you?

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *Very slow.*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Pleading for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for

you and for me, See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me.
 Mer - cies for you and for me.
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
 Come home, come home,

cres. *pp* *ppp*

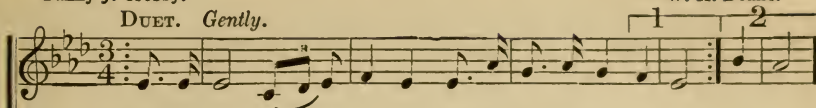
Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

rit. *pp*

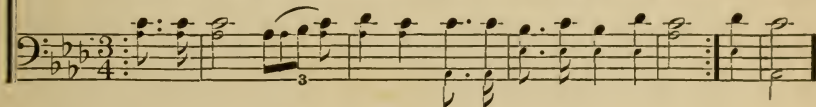
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Fanny J. Crosby.

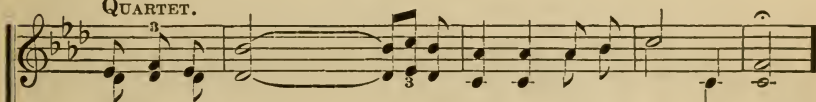
W. H. Doane.

DUET. *Gently.*

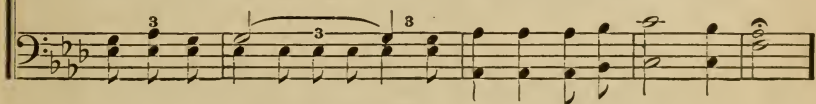
1. "Though your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;



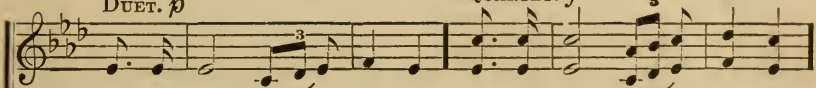
QUARTET.



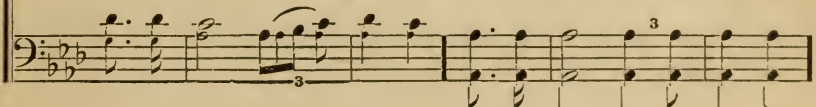
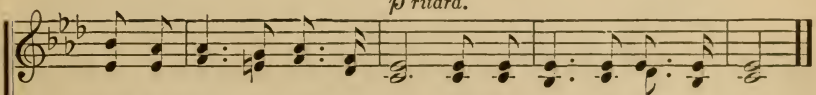
Though they be red like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great com- pass- ion, And of won-drous love;
 "Look un-to Me, ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;



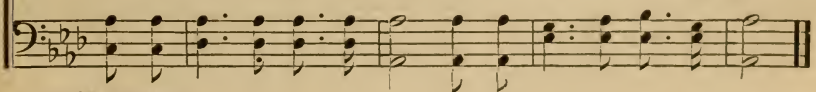
Though they be red

DUET. *p*QUARTET. *f*

"Though your sins be as scar-let, Though your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.



Fanny J. Crosby.

George C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
 4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN.

Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

I Am Praying for You.

Samuel O'M. Cluff.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait-ing in
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er-A peace that the
 5. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing

Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in
 ter-ni-ty bless-ed and true: And soon He will call me to
 glo-ry my wan-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all
 friends of this world nev-er knew: My Sav-iour a-lone is its
 Sav-iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may

ten-der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour tool
 meet Him in heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me tool
 shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re-ceive-ing one tool
 Au-thor and Giv-er, And oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
 bring them to glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing,

rall.

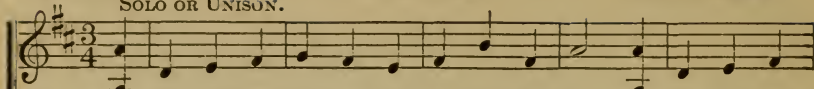
For 'you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

Ada R. Habershon.

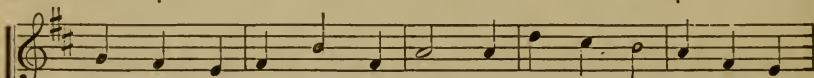
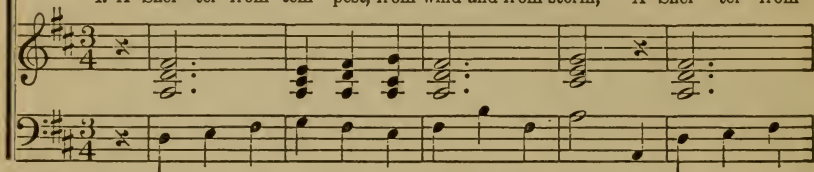
(The Pilot Song.)

Robert Harkness.

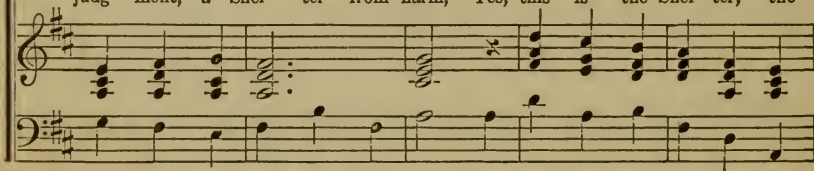
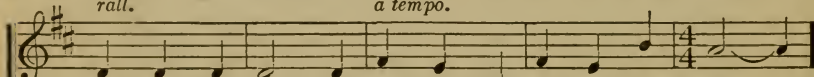
SOLO OR UNISON.



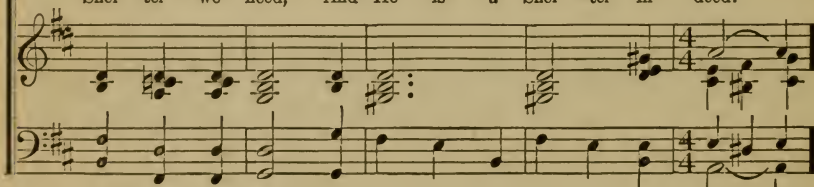
- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. A Sav - iour who died our sal - va - tion to win, | A Sav - iour who |
| 2. A Shep - herd who giv - eth His life for the sheep, | A Shep - herd both |
| 3. A Pi - lot who know - eth the dan - gers at hand, | A Pi - lot who |
| 4. A Shel - ter from tem - pest, from wind and from storm, | A Shel - ter from |



knows how to save us from sin,— Yes, He is the Sav - iour, the
 might - y to save and to keep,— Yes, this is the Shep - herd, the
 bring - eth all ves - sels to land,— Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
 judg - ment, a Shel - ter from harm,— Yes, this is the Shel - ter, the

*rall.**a tempo.*

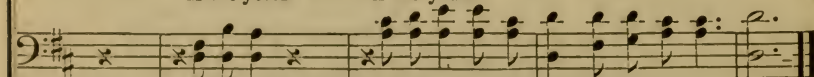
Sav - iour we need,	And He is a Sav - iour in - deed!
Shep - herd we need,	And He is a Shep - herd in - deed!
Pi - lot we need,	And He is a Pi - lot in - deed!
Shel - ter we need,	And He is a Shel - ter in - deed!



CHORUS.



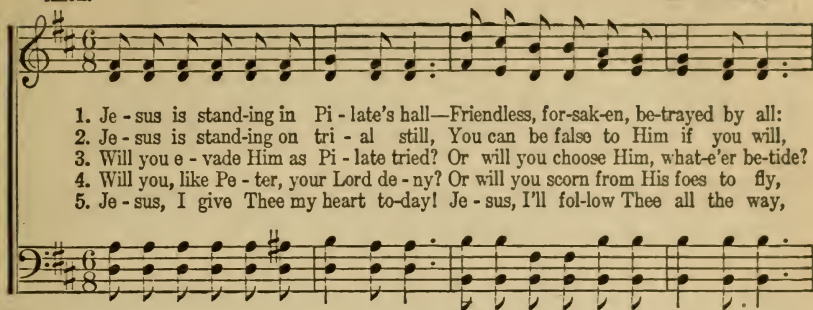
Is He yours? is He yours? Is this Sav-iour, who loves you, yours?
 Is He yours? is He yours?



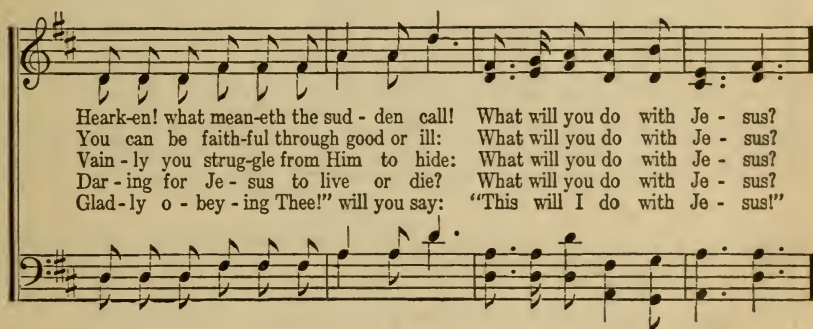
"What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. xxvii: 22.

Anon.

M. L. Stocks.

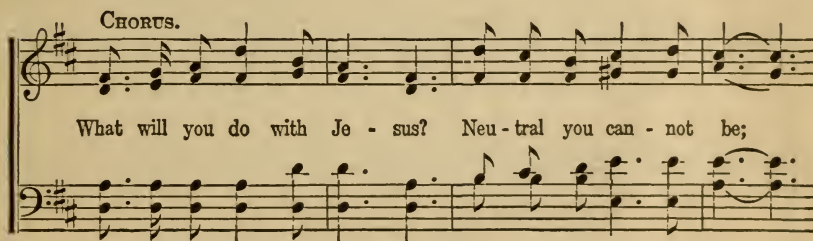


1. Je - sus is stand - ing in Pi - late's hall—Friendless, for - sak - en, be - trayed by all:
 2. Je - sus is stand - ing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will,
 3. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried? Or will you choose Him, what - e'er be - tide?
 4. Will you, like Pe - ter, your Lord de - ny? Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
 5. Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day! Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee all the way,

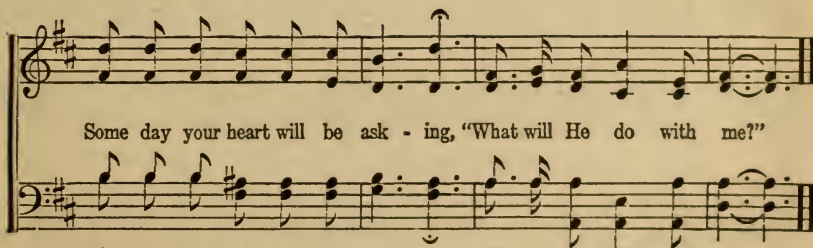


Hear - en! what mean - eth the sud - den call! What will you do with Je - sus?
 You can be faith - ful through good or ill: What will you do with Je - sus?
 Vain - ly you strug - gle from Him to hide: What will you do with Je - sus?
 Dar - ing for Je - sus to live or die? What will you do with Je - sus?
 Glad - ly o - bey - ing Thee!" will you say: "This will I do with Je - sus!"

CHORUS.



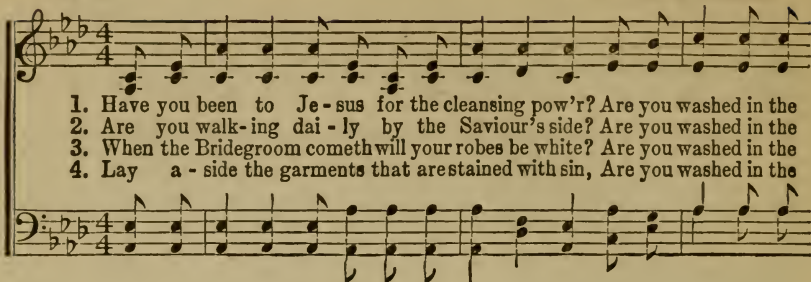
What will you do with Je - sus? Neu - tal you can - not be;



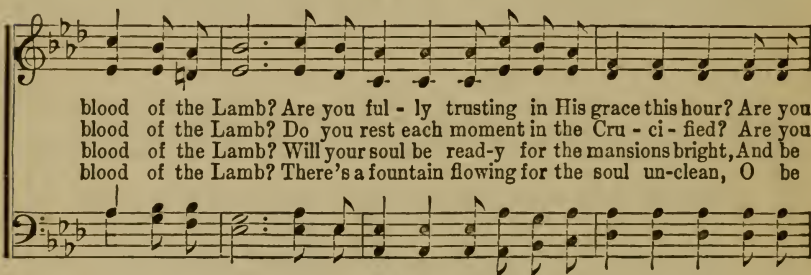
Some day your heart will be ask - ing, "What will He do with me?"

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

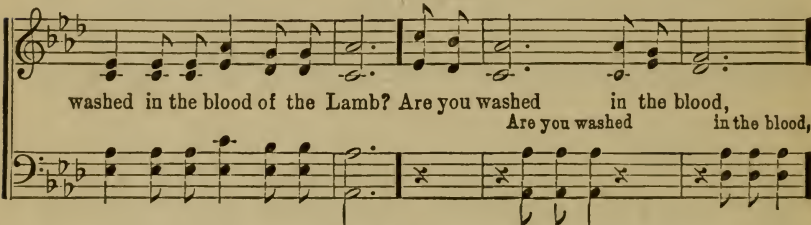


1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Are you washed in the
 4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, Are you washed in the

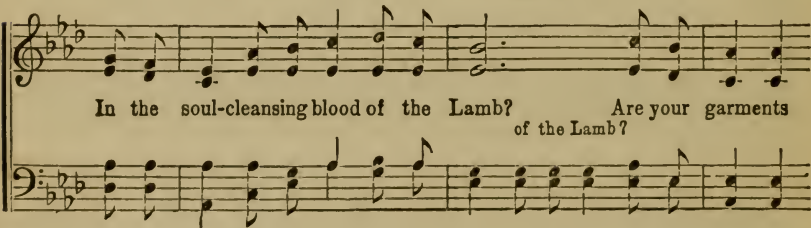


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean, O be

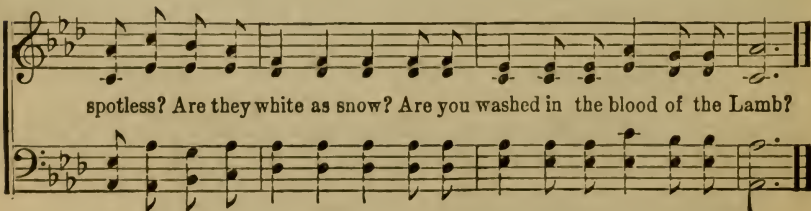
CHORUS.



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
 Are you washed in the blood,



In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 of the Lamb?

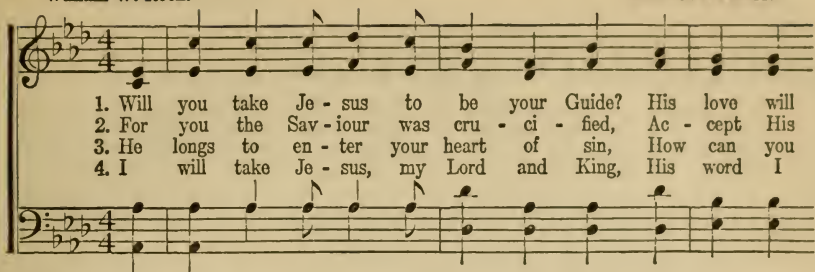


spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Will You Take Jesus To-day?

William W. Rock.

Robert Harkness.

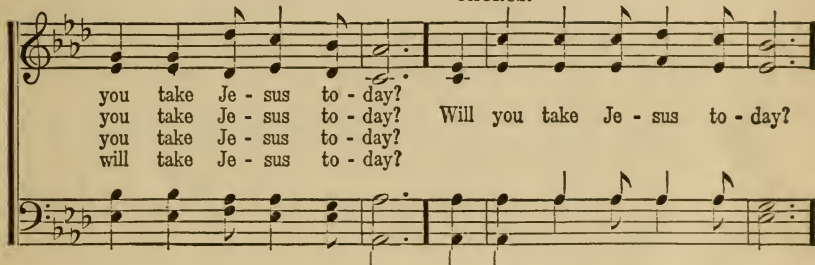


1. Will you take Je - sus to be your Guide? His love will
 2. For you the Sav - iour was cru - ci - fied, Ac - cept His
 3. He longs to en - ter your heart of sin, How can you
 4. I will take Je - sus, my Lord and King, His word I

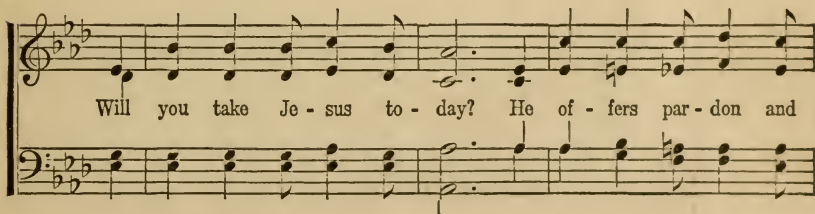


bright - en the way; Safe in His keep - ing you may a - bide, Will
 love while you may; The door of mer - cy stands o - pen wide, Will
 turn Him a - way? Throw wide the por - tal and let Him in; Will
 glad - ly o - bey, My sins for - giv - en, His praise I'll sing, I

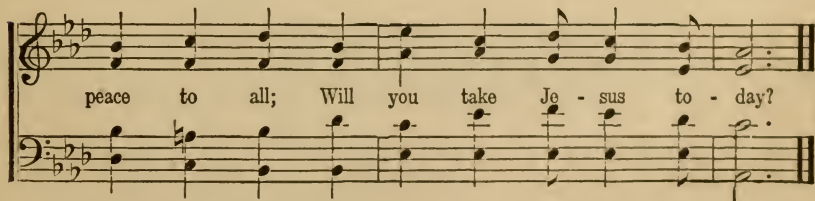
CHORUS.



you take Je - sus to - day? Will you take Je - sus to - day?
 you take Je - sus to - day?
 you take Je - sus to - day?
 will take Je - sus to - day?



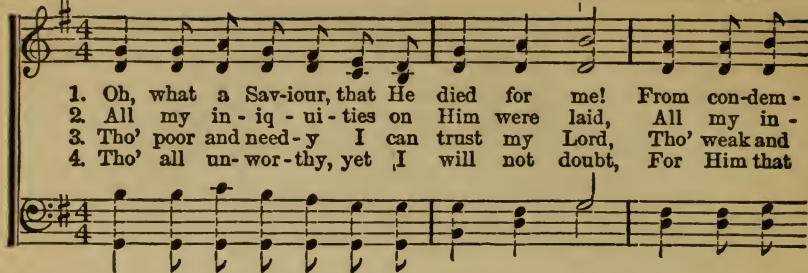
Will you take Je - sus to - day? He of - fers par - don and



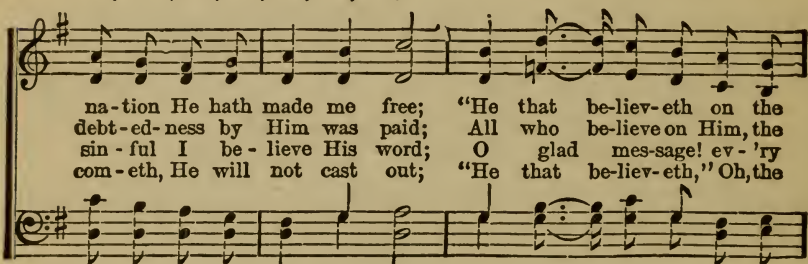
peace to all; Will you take Je - sus to - day?

G. M. J.

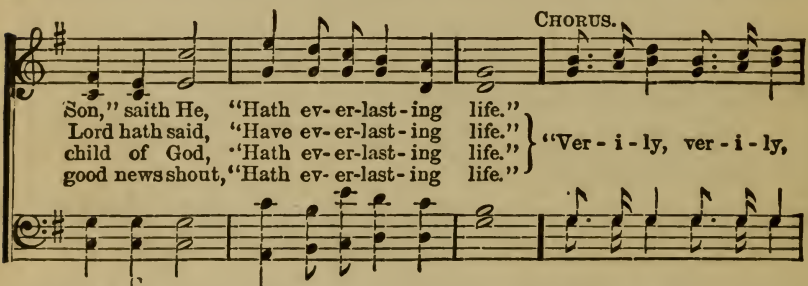
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



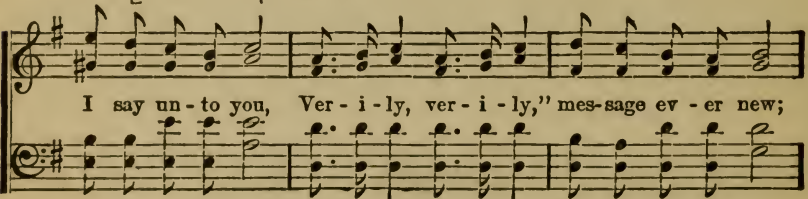
1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, that He died for me! From con-dem-
 2. All my in - iq - ui - ties on Him were laid, All my in -
 3. Tho' poor and need - y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
 4. Tho' all un - wor - thy, yet I will not doubt, For Him that



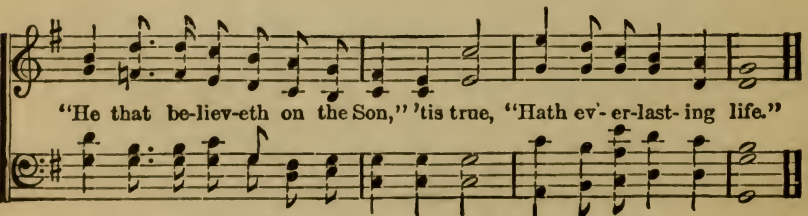
na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the
 debt - ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the
 sin - ful I be - lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - 'ry
 com - eth, He will not cast out; "He that be - liev - eth," Oh, the



CHORUS.
 Son," saith He, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."
 Lord hath said, "Have ev - er - last - ing life."
 child of God, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."
 good newsshout, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." } "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,



I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly," mes - sage ev - er new;



"He that be - liev - eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."

F. J. Crosby.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 good-ness, lost in His love.

song; Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

J. B. Atchinson.

E. O. Excell.

J. B. Atkinson. E. C. Excell.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The lyrics are: 1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? 4. Now ad - mit the heaven-ly Guest, Let Him in; Let Him in; Let Him in; Let Him in; Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heaven-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

He has been there oft be - fore,
If you wait He will de - part,
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
He will make for you a feast,

Let Him in;
Let Him in;
Let Him in;
Let Him in;
Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth - ties all are riven,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heaven, Let Him in.

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.

Shall You? Shall I?

M. E. I. Arr. by G. M. J.

James McGranahan.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
 2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
 4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
 Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?

Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have

there be - hold, Feast on the pleas - ures so long fore - told; Shall you? shall I?
 earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's re - ward: Shall you? shall I?
 gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more: Shall you? shall I?

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan - derer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

W. E. Witter.

H. R. Palmer.

1. { While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 { While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. { Are you too heav - y - la - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
 { Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. { Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!
 { Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

Come, Sinner, Come!—Concluded.

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

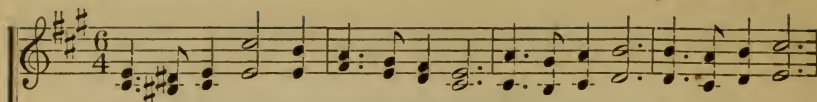
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

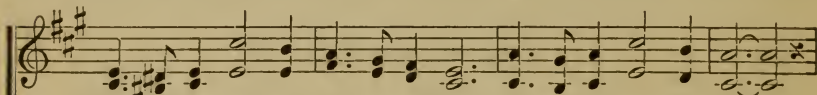
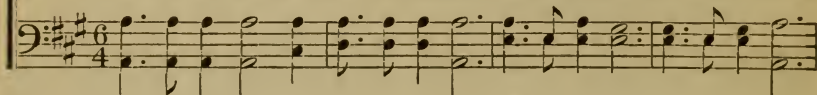
{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

William T. Sleeper.

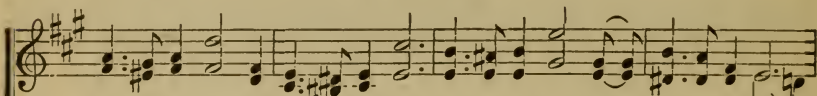
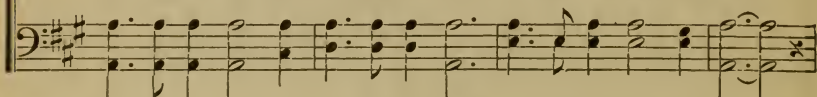
George C. Stebbins.



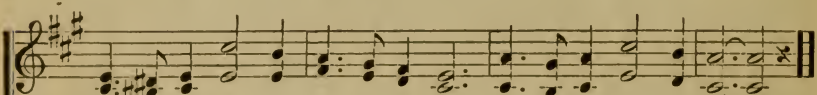
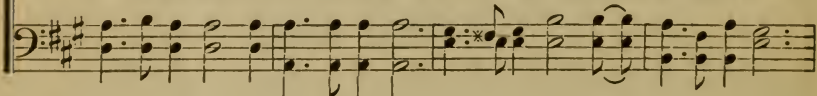
1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



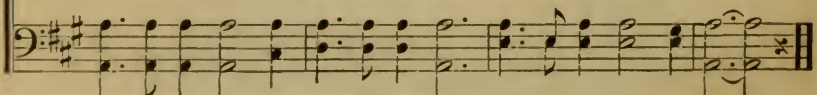
In-to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to the joy and light of my home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sickness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

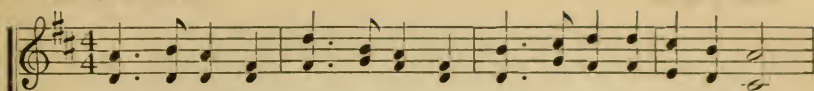


Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

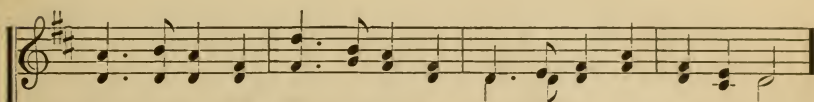


Rebecca S. Pollard.

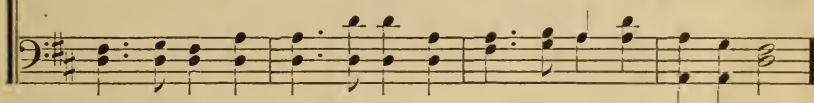
D. B. Towner.



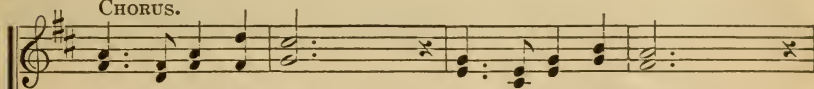
1. Sav - iour, 'tis a full sur - ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
 2. As I come in deep con - tri - tion, At this con - se - crat - ed hour,
 3. No with - hold - ing - full con - fes - sion; Pleas - ures, rich - es, all must flee;
 4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
 5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!



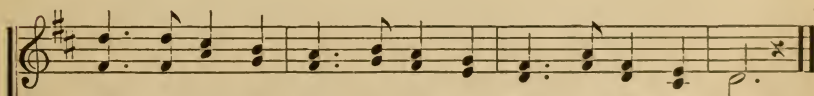
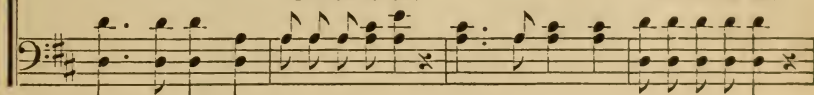
Thou my Lead - er and De - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's power!
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos - ses - sion! I no more, but Thou in me.
 This my rap - ture, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
 Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.



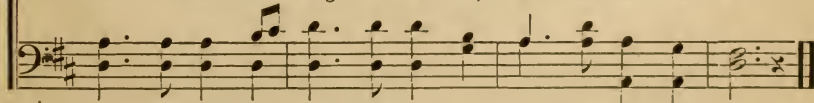
CHORUS.



I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!

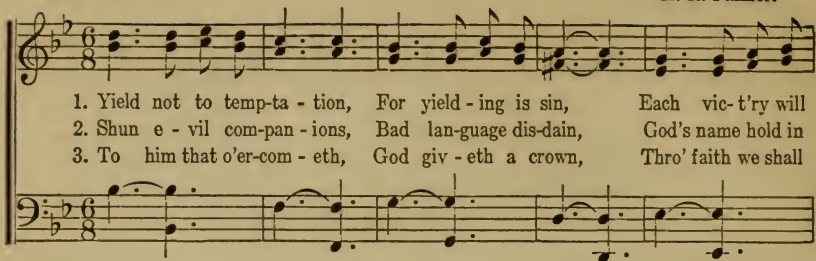


All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!

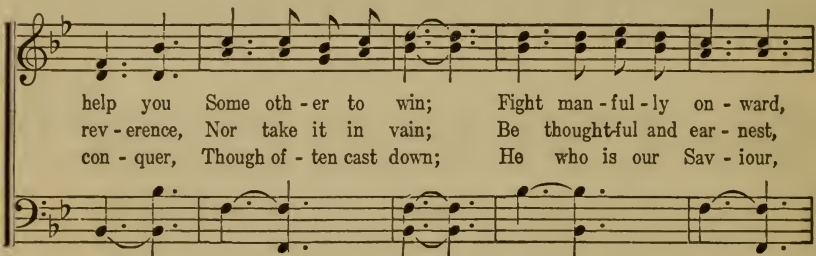


H. R. P.

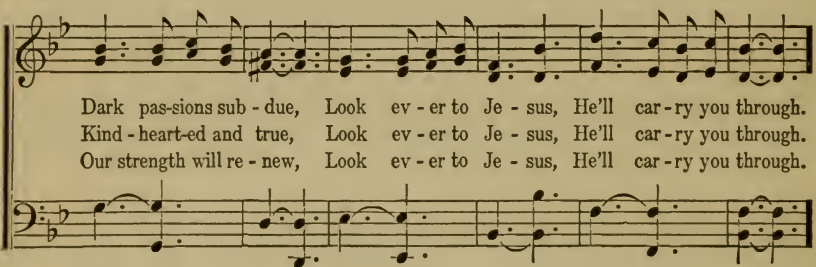
H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pa-n - ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

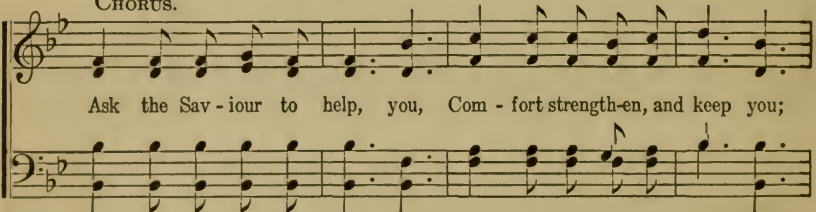


help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev - erence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
 con - quer, Though of - ten cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

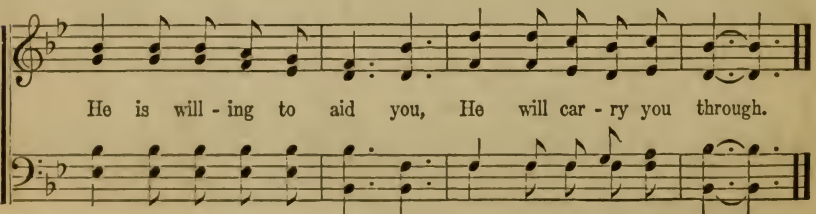


Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Kind - heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.



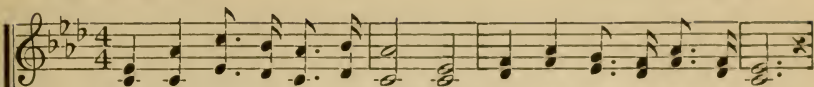
Ask the Sav - iour to help, you, Com - fort strength-en, and keep you;



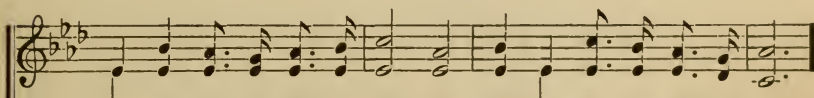
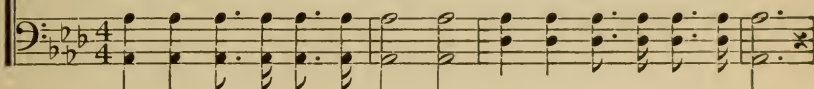
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

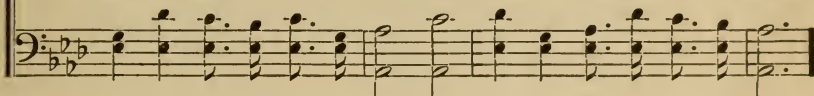
W. H. Doane.



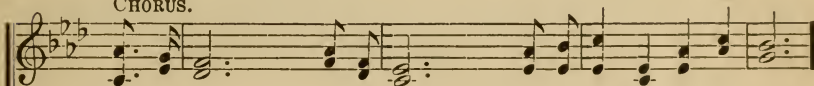
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the pracious name of Je - sus; How it thrills oursouls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet.



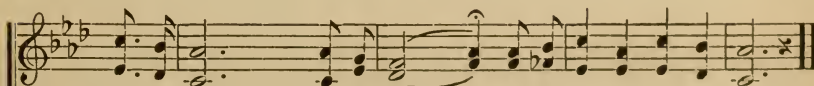
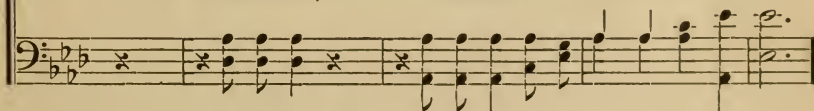
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



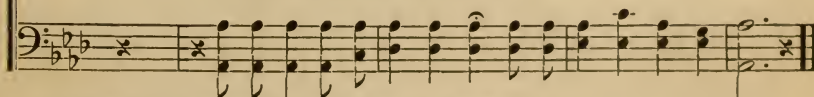
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!

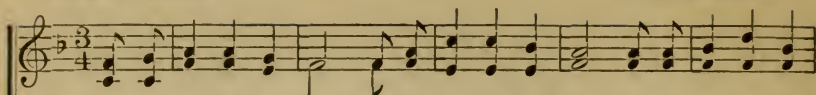


Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

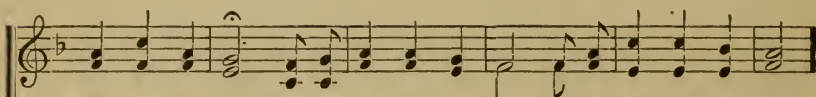
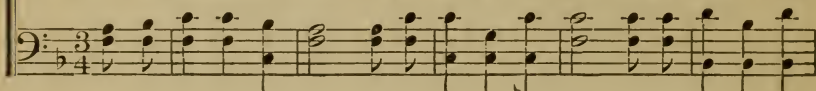


Rev. J. H. Sammis.

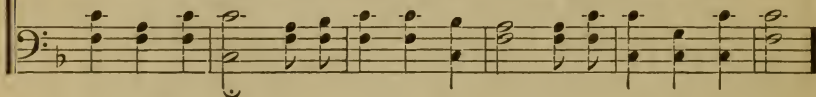
D. B. Townner.



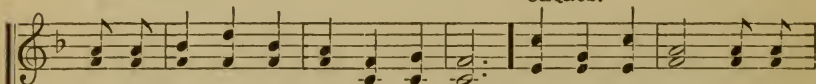
1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



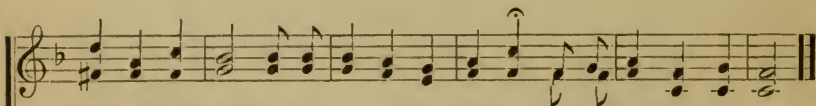
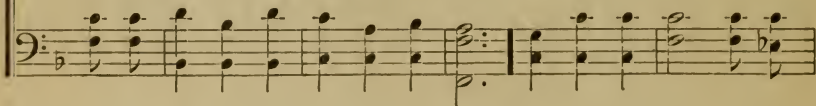
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh or a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—



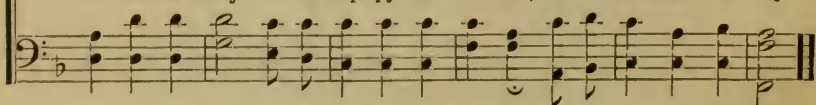
CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o - bey.



Isaac Watts.

R. E. Hudson.

1. { A - las and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
Would he de-vote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?

2. { Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree,
A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
rolled a-way,

Permission of Mrs. Mary Hudson.

Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

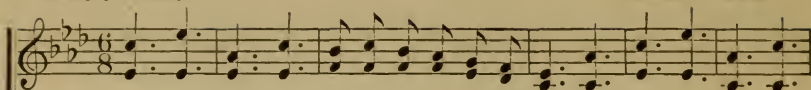
4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

*For verses 3 and 4, see bottom of page.

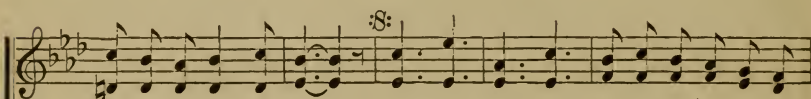
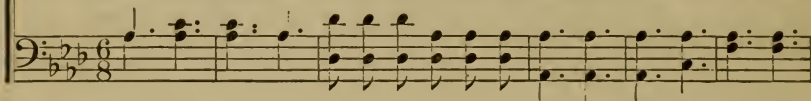
Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby.

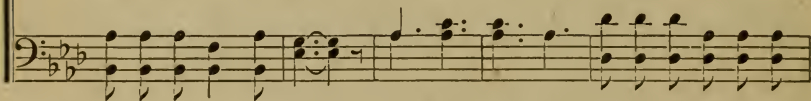
Chester G. Allen.



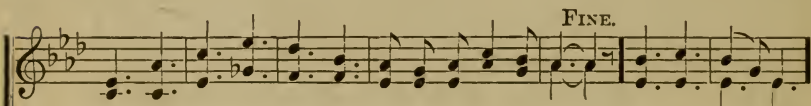
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth— His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals



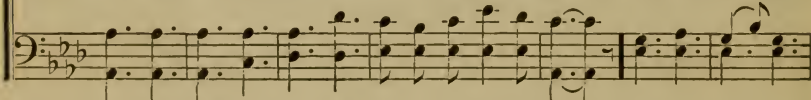
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
 suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reign-eth for-ev-er and



D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

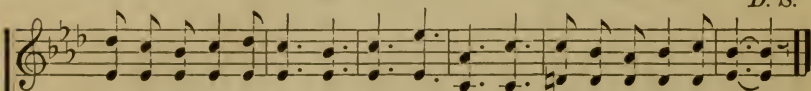


glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd
 va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
 ev-er; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing!

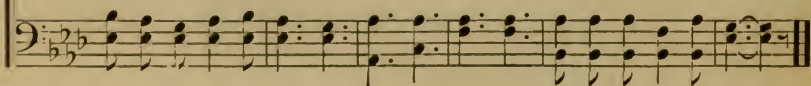


great-ness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

D. S.



Je-sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
 Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
 o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long;

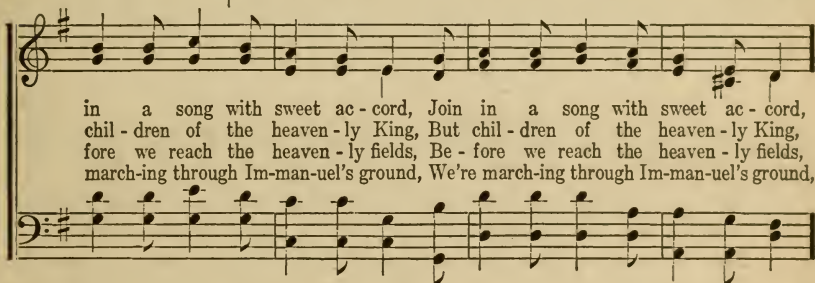


Isaac Watts.

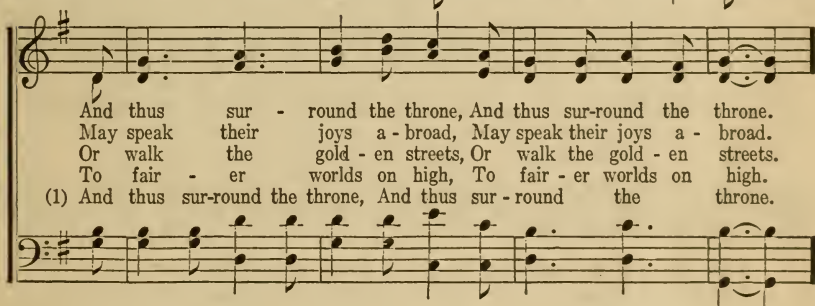
Robert Lowry.



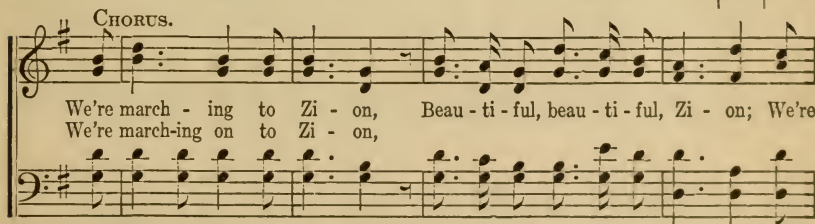
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



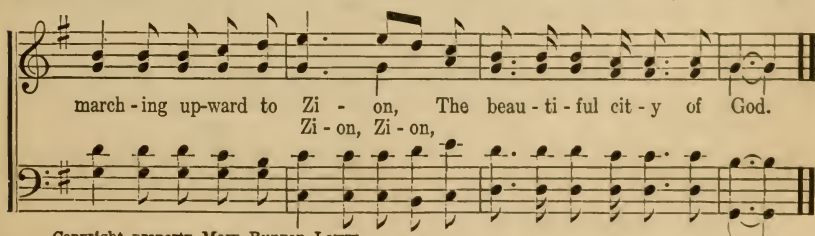
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav - en - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav - en - ly King,
 fore we reach the heav - en - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - en - ly fields,
 march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, We're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 (1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.
 We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

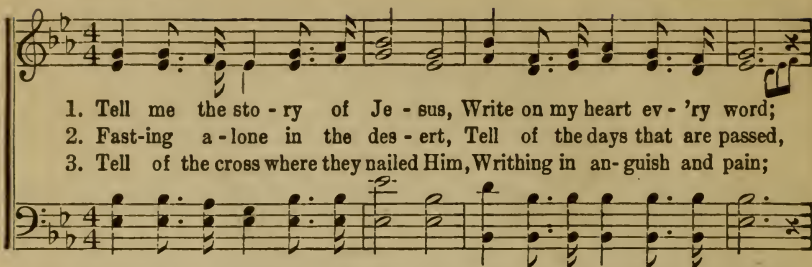


march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

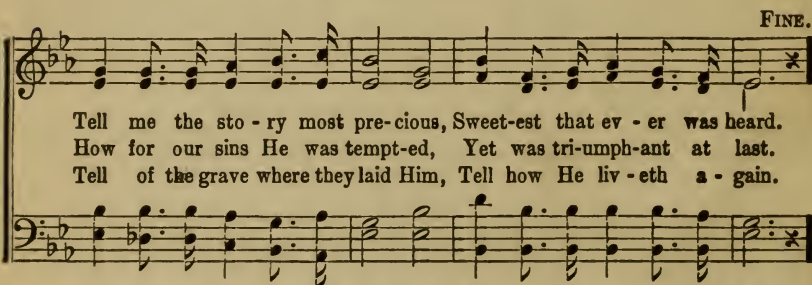
Fanny J. Crosby.

Jno. R. Sweney.



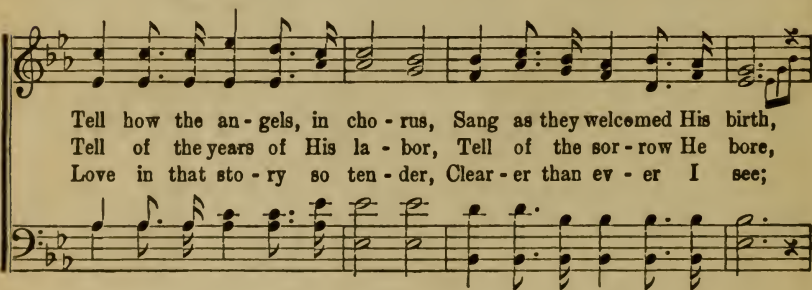
1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
 2. Fast-ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
 3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in an - guish and pain;

CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;

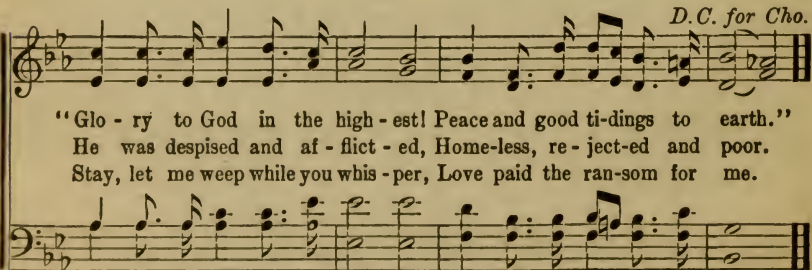


Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
 How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - umph - ant at last.
 Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.



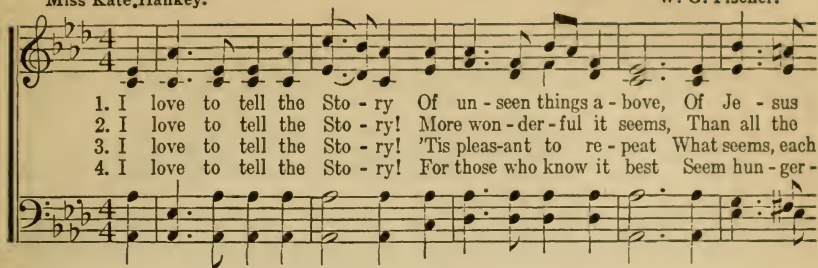
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel - comed His birth,
 Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
 Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



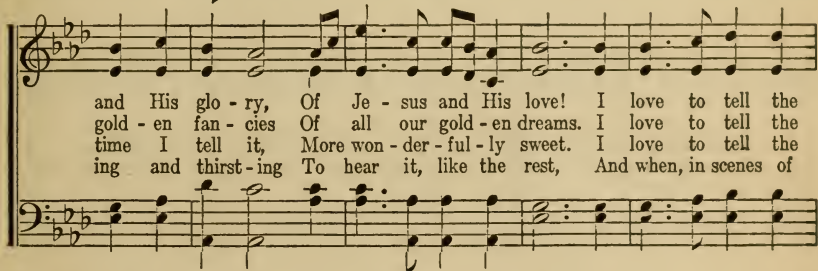
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
 He was des - pised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
 Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

Miss Kate, Hankey.

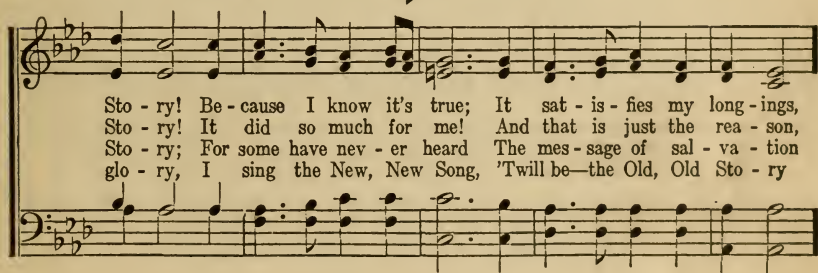
W. G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems, Than all the
 3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each
 4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

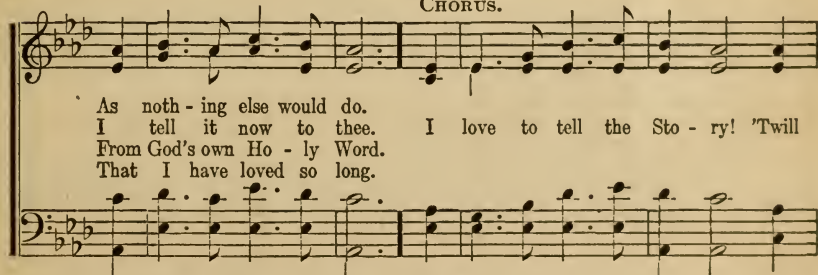


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
 gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
 time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest, And when, in scenes of

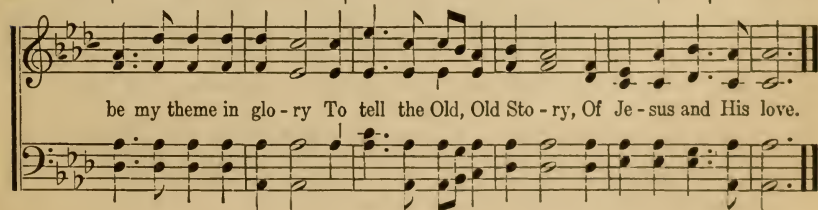


Sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings,
 Sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son,
 Sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
 glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be—the Old, Old Sto - ry

CHORUS.



As noth - ing else would do.
 I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill
 From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 That I have loved so long.

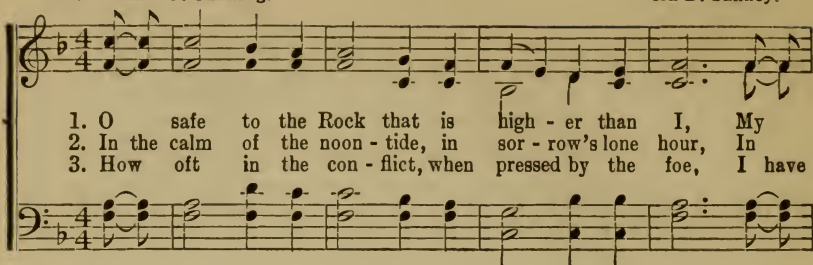


be my theme in glo - ry To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

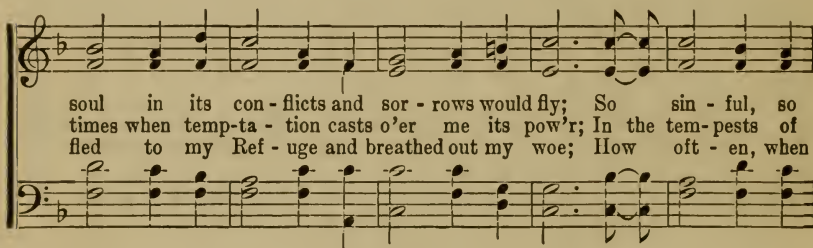
Hiding In Thee.

Rev. William O. Cushing.

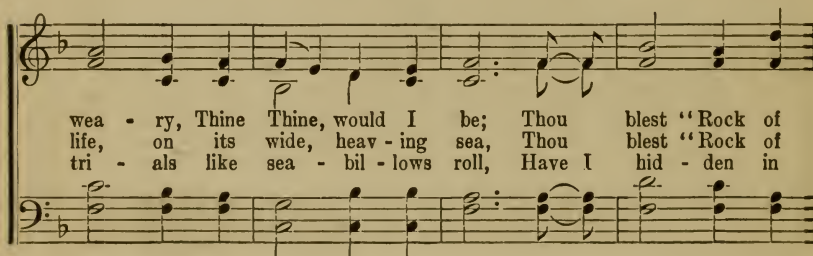
Ira D. Sankey.



1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My
 2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe, I have

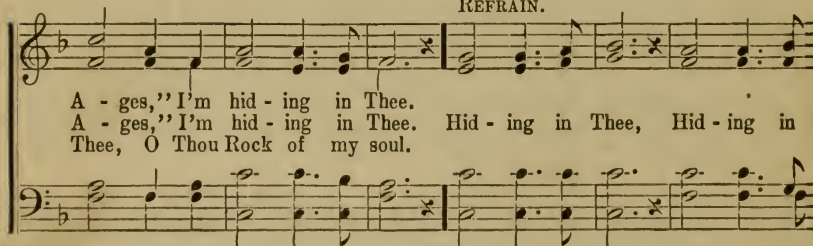


soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so
 times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of
 fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en, when

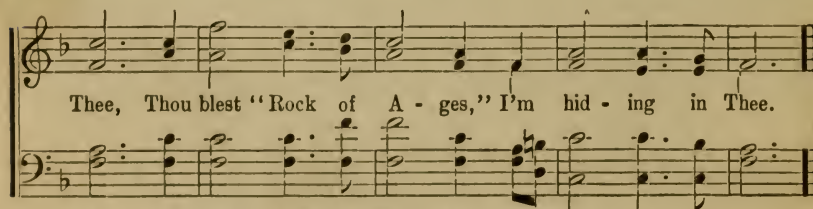


wea - ry, Thine Thine, would I be; Thou blest "Rock of
 life, on its wide, heav - ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of
 tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in

REFRAIN.



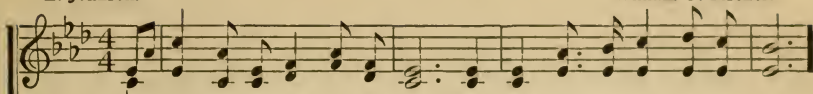
A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee. Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in
 Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.



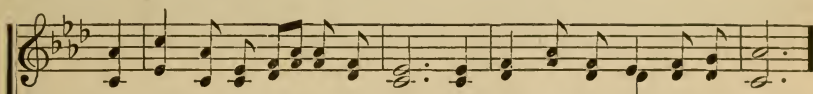
Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

E. Johnson.

William G. Fischer.

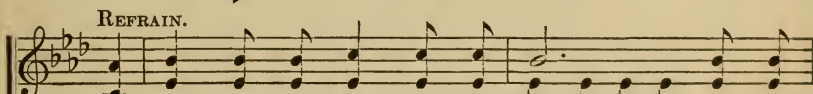


1. O some-times the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
 2. O some-times how long seems the day, And some-times how wea-ry my feet;
 3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;

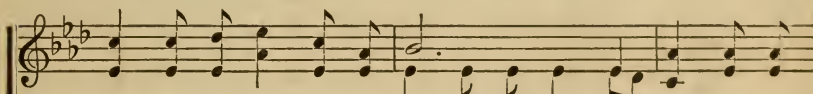


And sor-rows some-times how they sweep Like tem-pests down o-ver the soul!
 But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad-ow, how sweet!
 Or climb-ing the moun-tain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

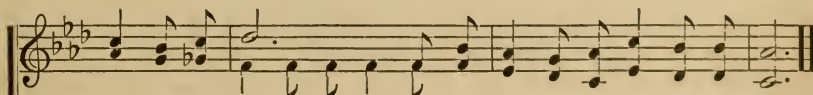
REFRAIN.



O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high-er than I; O then to the
 is high-er than I;

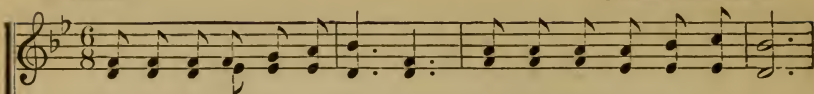


Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I!

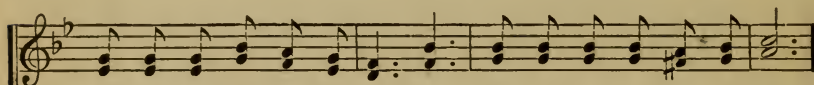
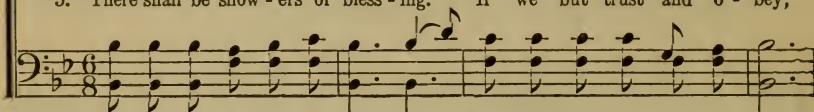
400 "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

El Nathan.

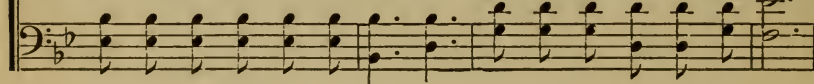
James McGranahan.



1. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing." This is the prom - ise of love;
2. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing,"— Pre - cious, re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing." Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
5. "There shall be show - ers of bless - ing." If we but trust and o - bey;

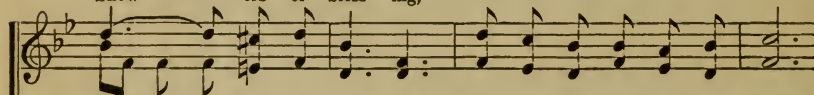


There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bund - ance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing; Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
 There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, If we let God have His way.

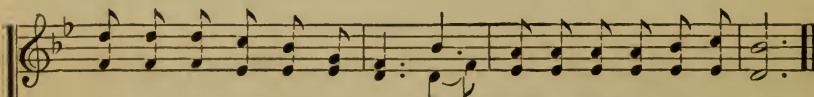
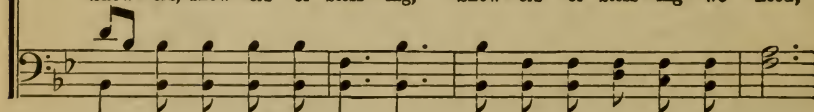


CHORUS.

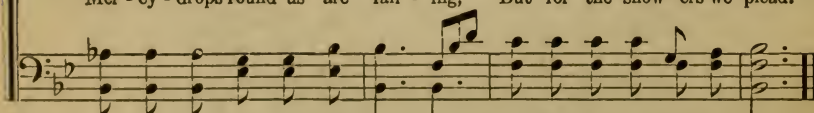
Show - - ers of bless - ing,



Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;



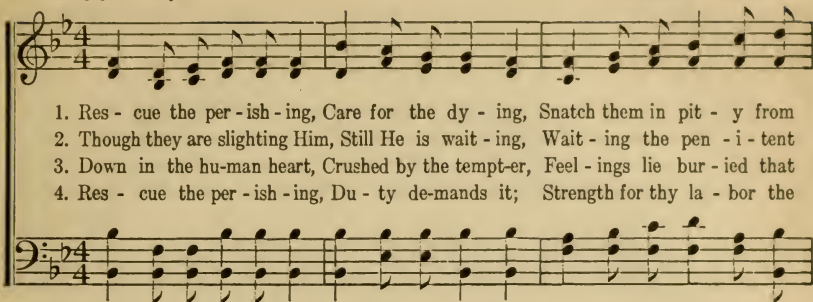
Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.



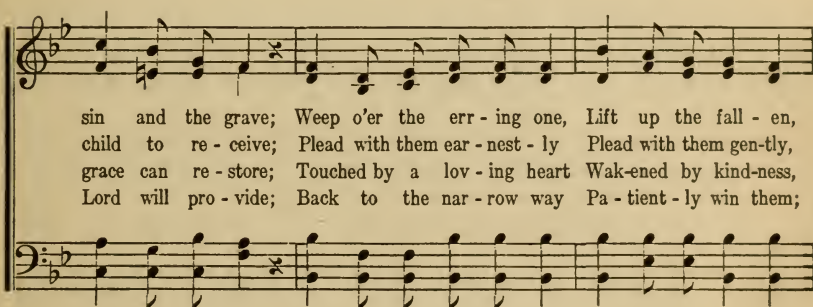
Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

William H. Doane.

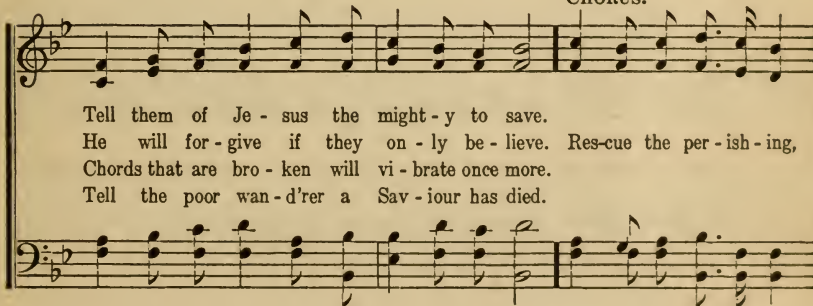


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

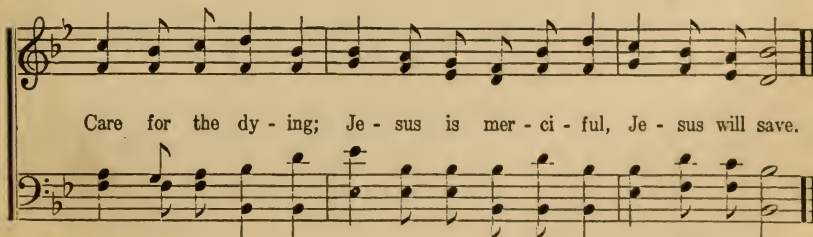


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly Plead with them gen - tly,
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart Wak - ened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.



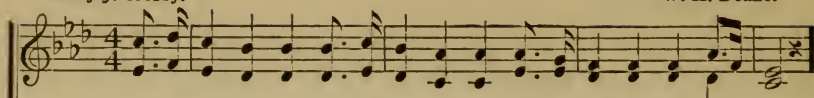
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wan - d'r'er a Sav - iour has died.



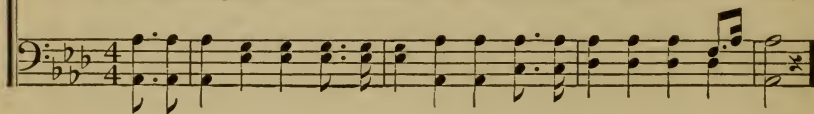
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Fanny J. Crosby.

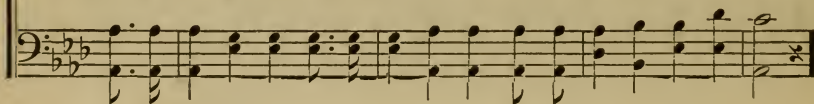
W. H. Doane.



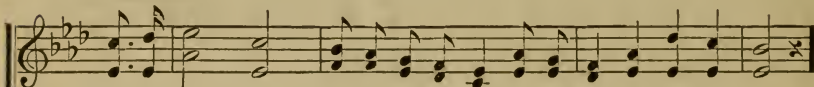
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the power of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,



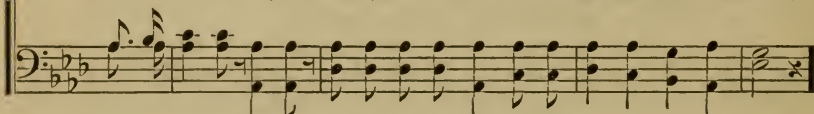
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo - ser drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



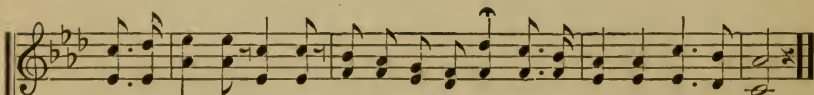
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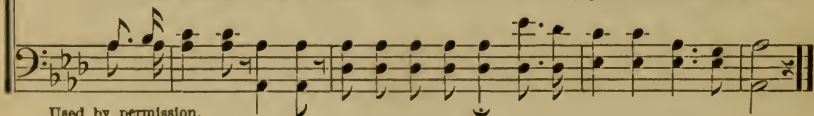
Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,



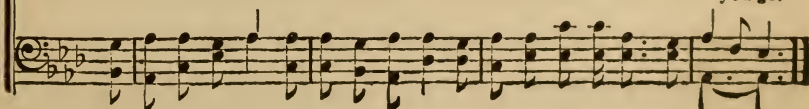
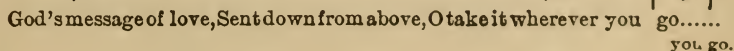
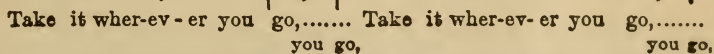
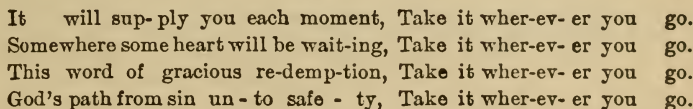
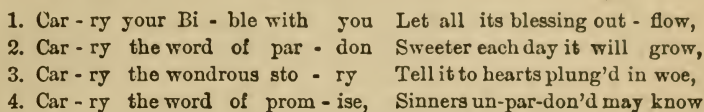
near-er, near-er,



Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.



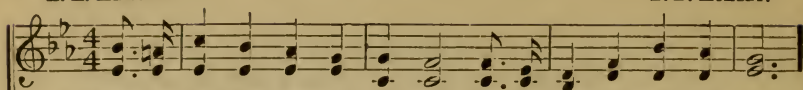
ROBERT HARKNESS.



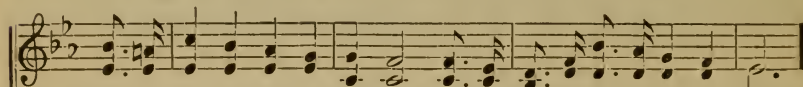
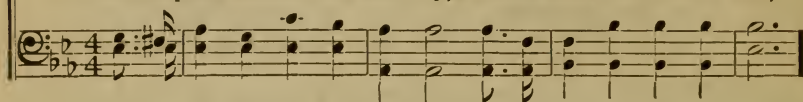
404 Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

E. E. HEWITT.

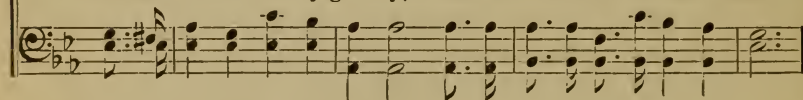
B. D. ACKLEY.



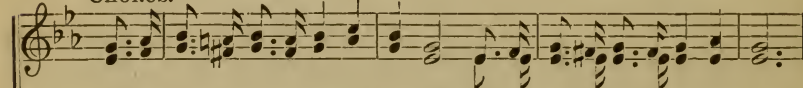
1. Once my way was dark and drear-y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trusting soul:
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto - ry, Oth-er souls to Je - sus win;



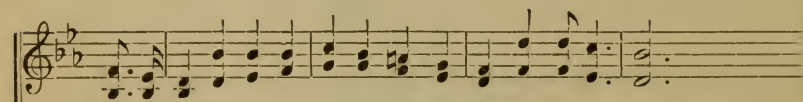
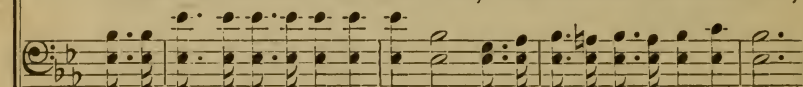
But the sky is bright and cheery, Since the fullness of His love came in.
Power to cleanse and make me holy, Je-sus shall my yielded life control.
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the fullness of His love came in.



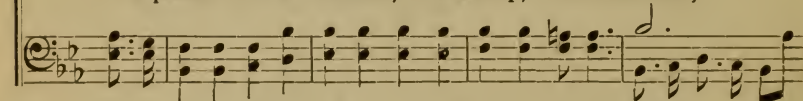
CHORUS.



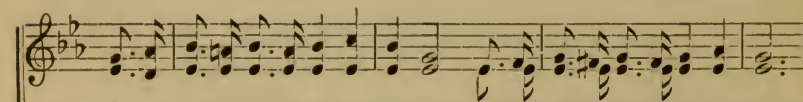
I can never tell how much I love Him, I can never tell His love for me;



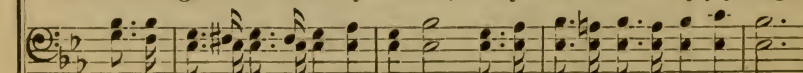
For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathomed sea;



deep, unfathomed sea;



'Tis redeeming love in Christ my Saviour, In my soul the heavenly joys begin;



Since the Fullness of His Love Came In—Concluded.

And I live for Je- sus on - ly, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

405

Here Am I, Send Me.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. Hast Thou, O Lord, a work to do?
2. O touch my lips with fire di-vine, Here am I, send me!.....
3. A low-ly ves-sel at Thy feet, O Lord, send me!
4. My heart now longs and yearns to go,

The field is white, the la-b'ers few,
The dross con-sume, the gold re-fine, Here am I, send me!.....
O cleanse and for Thy use make meet. O Lord, send me!
To reap Thy har-vest here be-low,

CHORUS.

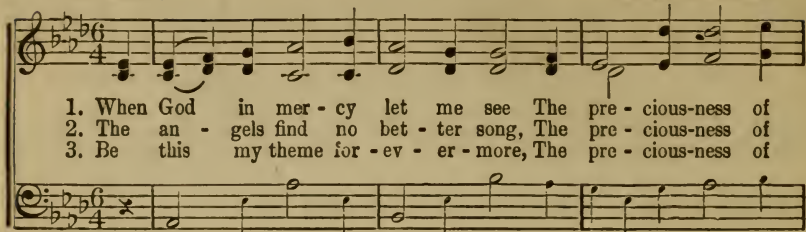
O-ver mountain, plain or sea, Here am I, send me!..... I'll
O Lord, send me!

go to the ends of the earth for Thee, Here am I, send me!.....
O Lord, send me!

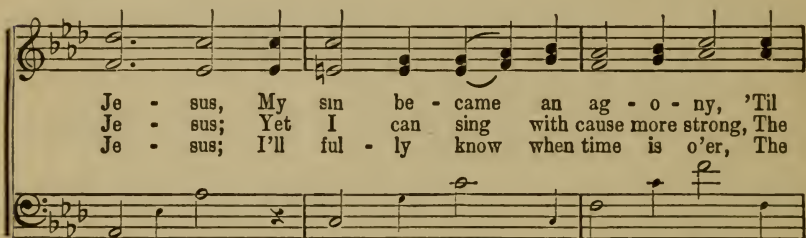
S. E. Paxton.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY GEORGE S. SCHULER.

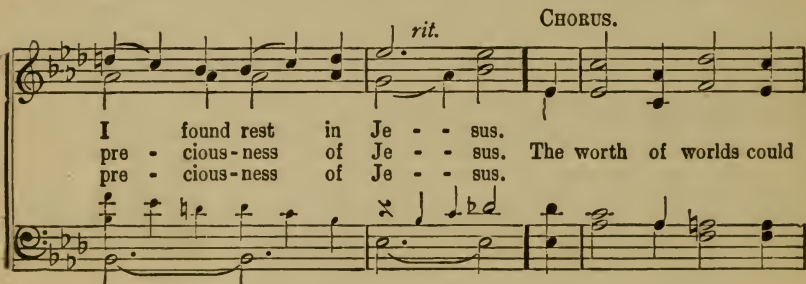
George S. Schuler



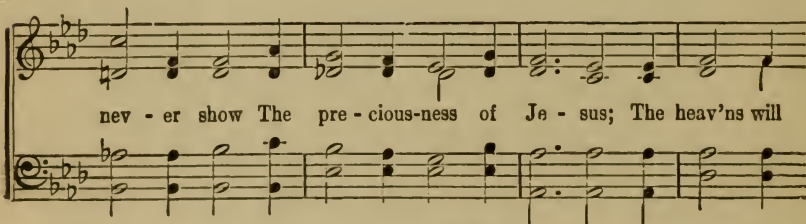
1. When God in mer - cy let me see The pre - cious-ness of
 2. The an - gels find no bet - ter song, The pre - cious-ness of
 3. Be this my theme for - ev - er - more, The pre - cious-ness of



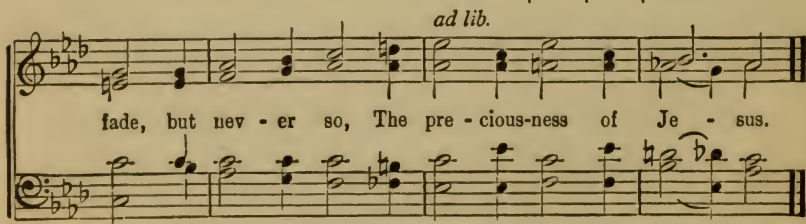
Je - sus, My sin be - came an ag - o - ny, 'Til
 Je - sus; Yet I can sing with cause more strong, The
 Je - sus; I'll ful - ly know when time is o'er, The



rit. CHORUS.
 I found rest in Je - - sus.
 pre - cious-ness of Je - - sus. The worth of worlds could
 pre - cious-ness of Je - - sus.



nev - er show The pre - cious-ness of Je - sus; The heav'ns will



ad lib.
 fade, but nev - er so, The pre - cious-ness of Je - sus.

Philip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
 2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done; the great tran - sac - tion's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 4. High Heaven, that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear,

Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
 Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRBN.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day:

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; In Thy
 2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way; Keep Thy
 3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be; Thou hast
 4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do Thy will; Bless-ed

pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed
 flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed
 mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free: Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed
 Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy love our hos-oms fill: Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed

Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee; Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee.
 Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

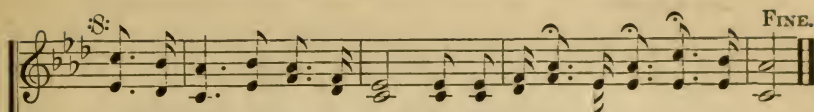
Saviour, More Than Life to Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

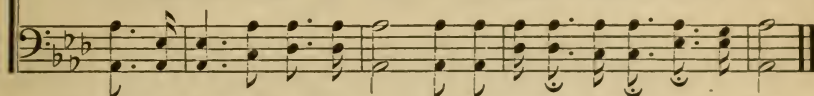
W. H. Doane.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
 2. Through this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

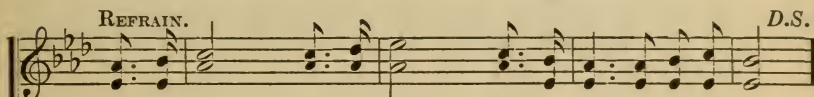
Saviour More Than Life to Me.—Concluded.



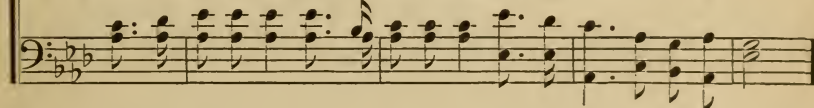
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.



D.S.—May Thy ten-der love to me, Bring me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing power;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour, .

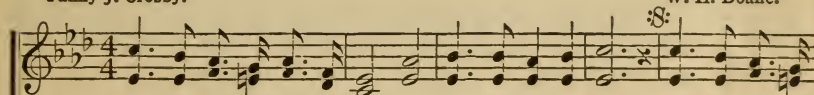


410

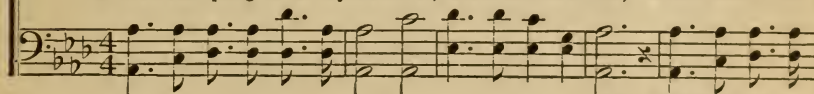
Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

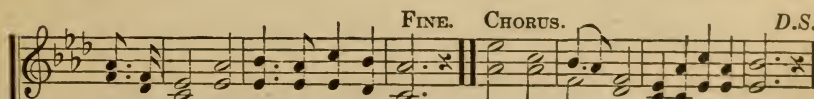
W. H. Doane.



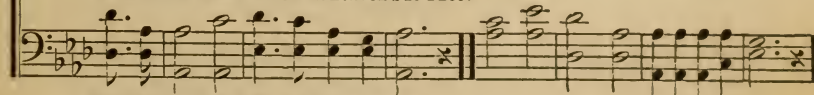
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound-ed,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



D.S.—While on oth-ers



Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?



Thou art call-ing Do not pass me by.

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I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af-ford.
 power When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee!

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Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
 make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what-ev - er I know;
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow;

Whiter Than Snow.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

413

What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

FINE.

D.S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D.S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

R. H.

Robert Harkness.

I am in-clud-ed! I am in-clud-ed! When the Lord said

"Who-so-ev-er" He in-clud-ed me; I am in-clud-ed! I am in-

clud-ed! When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er" He in-clud-ed me.

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R. H.

Robert Harkness.

When God for-gives, He for-gets, When God for-gives, He for-gets;

No more He re-mem-bers our sins, When God for-gives, He for-gets.

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Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

Anon.

Anon.

1. God has blot-ted them out, I'm hap-py and glad and free; God has

blot-ted them out, I'll turn to I - sa - iah and see; Chap-ter for - ty - four,

Twen - ty-two and three; He's blotted them out and now I can shout, For that means me.

R. H.

Robert Harkness.

Can the Lord de - pend on you? Can the Lord de-pend on you?

Does He find you ev - er true? Can the Lord de-pend on you?

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els,
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,

All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own,—
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,

They shall shine in their beau - ty, His loved and His own.

O Lord, Send a Revival!

James M. Gray.

D. B. Towner.

O Lord, send a re - vi - val! Lord, send a re - vi - val!

O Lord Send a Revival.—Concluded.

O Lord, send a re - vi - val, And let it be - gin in me!

420

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

Frederick Whitfield.

Anon.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day,
 4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep - est woe,

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre - cious blood; The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 And though I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun - shine all the way.
 Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.

CHORUS.

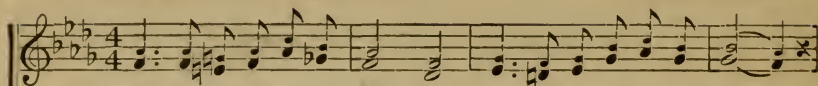
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.

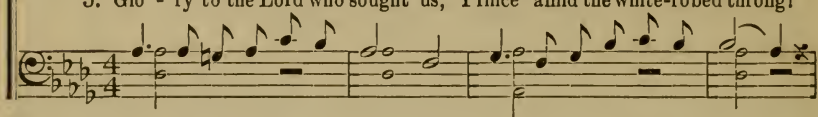
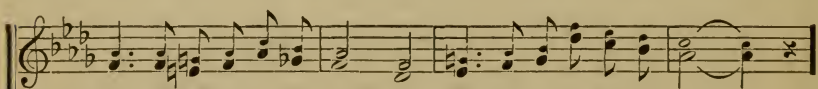
421 Call Him by His Name of Jesus.

L. A. BENNETT and RICHARD HARMSWORTH.

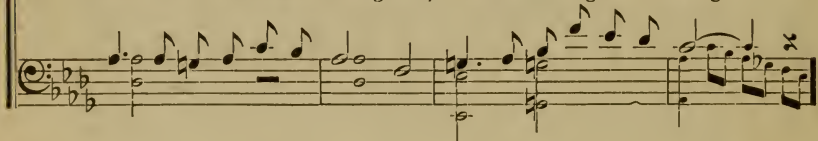
HALDOR LILLENAS.



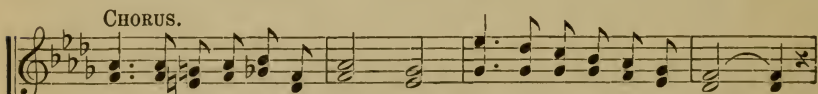
1. Call Him by His name of Je - sus, Name all other names a - bove!
2. For the wounded broken spir - it, This the healing balm we need;
3. Tell the blessed name of Je - sus, Un- to those who need its cheer,
4. Softly breathe the name of Je - sus, When the eve of life shall come;
5. Glo - ry to the Lord who sought us, Prince amid the white-robed throng!

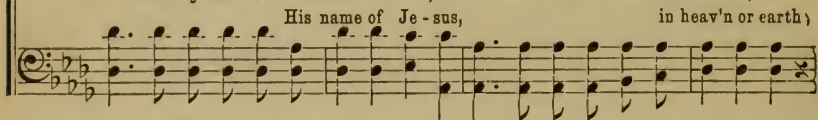
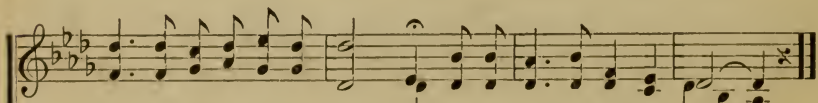
From all guilt He hath redemed us, Lord of life and King of love.
 We will bring no oth-er mer - it, Je - sus is the name we plead.
 It will comfort those in sor - row And will drive a-way all fear.
 His the first glad voice to greet us And to speak a "welcome home."
 "Praise to Him who loved and bought us," Burden of our gladsome song.



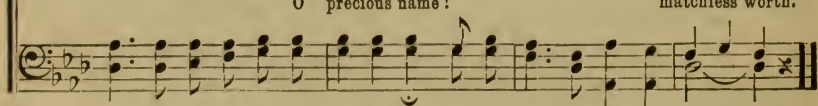
CHORUS.



Call Him by His name of Je - sus, Sweetest name in heav'n or earth;
 His name of Je - sus, in heav'n or earth,

Blessed, hallowed name of Je - sus, Who can ful - ly speak its worth.
 O precious name! matchless worth.

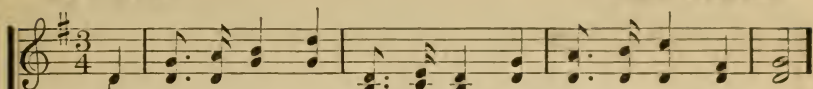


I Can Depend On Him.

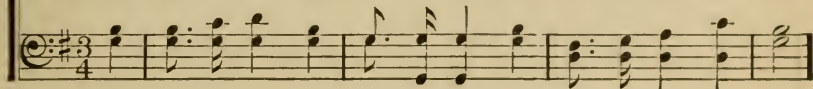
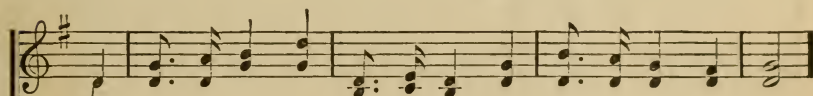
"The Lord shall be thy confidence."—Prov. 3: 26.

ADA. R. HABERSHON.

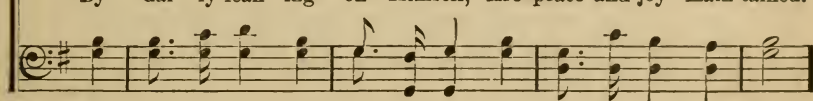
ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. My con-fi-dence is in my Lord, My hope is not mis-placed
 2. I look to Him for all I need For He a-lone can save,
 3. In days of sor-row and of joy, I find Him such a Friend,
 4. I can-not on my-self re-ly, Or on ex-pe-rience gain'd,

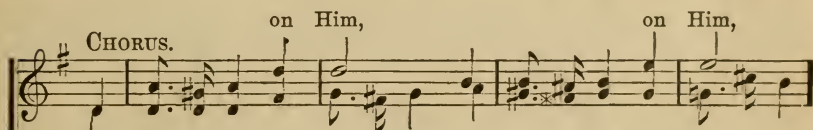



The trust of those who lean on Him, Was nev-er yet dis-graced.
 I know that He can nev-er break The prom-is-es He gave.
 For life, for peace, for need-ed grace, I must on Him de-pend.
 By dai-ly lean-ing on Himself, Are peace and joy main-tained.

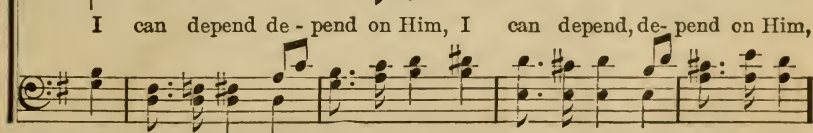
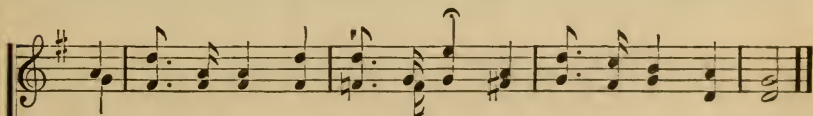


CHORUS.

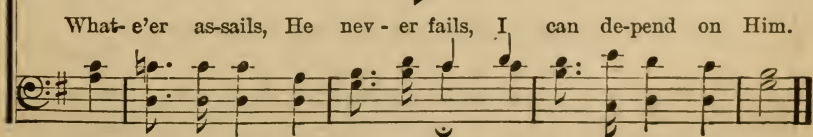
on Him, on Him,



I can depend de-pend on Him, I can depend, de-pend on Him,

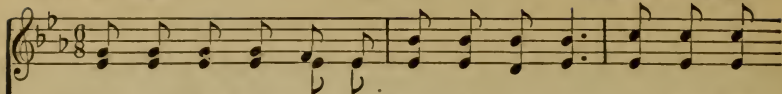



What-e'er as-sails, He nev-er fails, I can de-pend on Him.

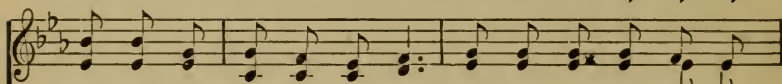
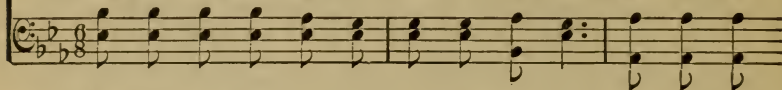


AVIS BURGESSON.

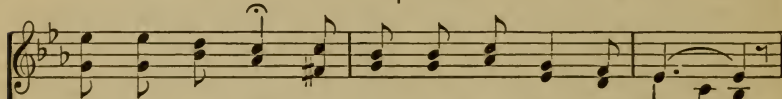
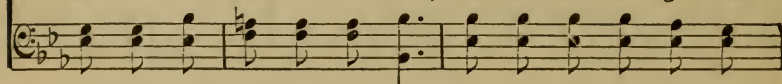
HALDOR LILLENAS.



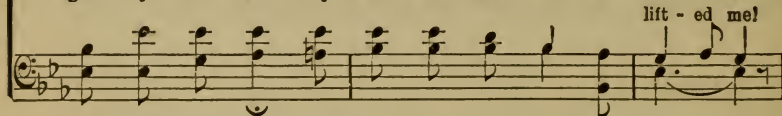
1. Out of the depths to the glo - ry a - bove, I have been
 2. Out of the world in - to heav - en - ly rest, In - to the
 3. Out of my - self in - to Him I a - dore, There to a -



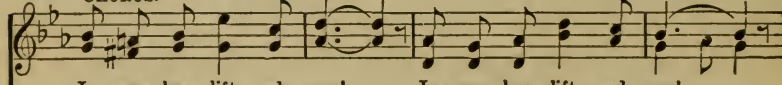
lift - ed in won - der - ful love; From ev - 'ry fet - ter my
 land of the ran - somed and blest; There in the glo - ry with
 bide in His love ev - er - more, Thro' end - less a - ges His



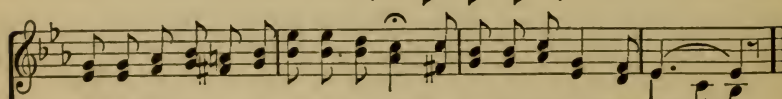
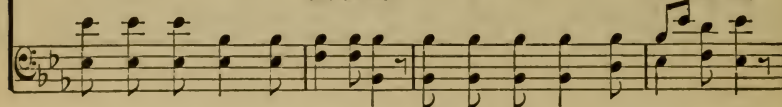
spir - it is free— For Je - sus has lift - ed mel.....
 Him I shall be— For Je - sus has lift - ed mel.....
 glo - ry to see— My Je - sus has lift - ed mel.....



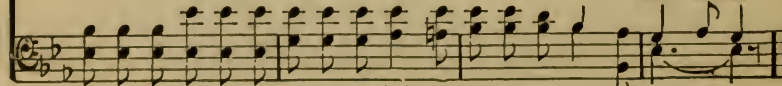
CHORUS.



Je - sus has lift - ed mel.... Je - sus has lift - ed mel.....
 lift-ed mel lift - ed mel

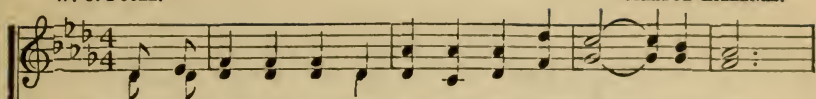


Out of the night in - to glo - ri - ous light, Yes, Jesus has lift - ed mel.....
 lift - ed mel



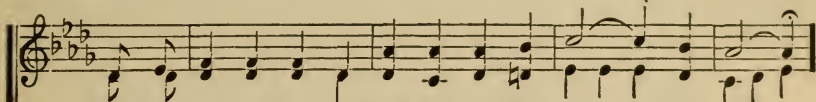
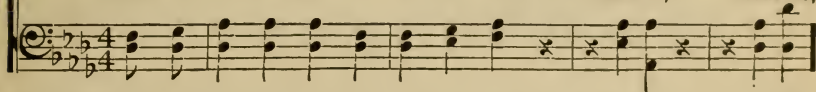
W. C. POOLE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



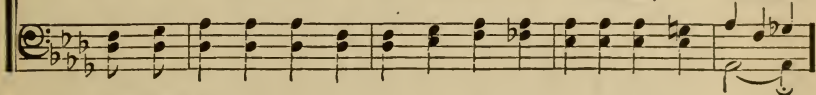
1. When you count the ones who love the Lord, Count me, count me;
2. When you count up those who're saved by grace, Count me, count me;
3. When you count up those who do the right, Count me, count me;
4. When you count up those who forward press, Count me, count me;

Count me, count me;

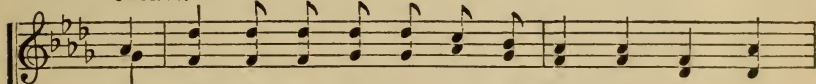


When you count up those who trust His word, Count me, count me.
 Who have found in Christ a hid-ing-place, Count me, count me.
 Who are walk-ing in the gos-pel light, Count me, count me.
 Who shall gain the crown of right-eous-ness, Count me, count me.

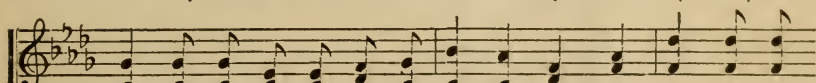
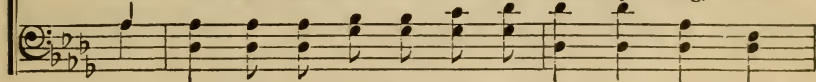
Count me, count me.



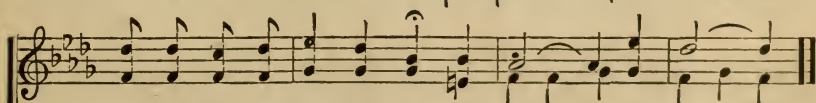
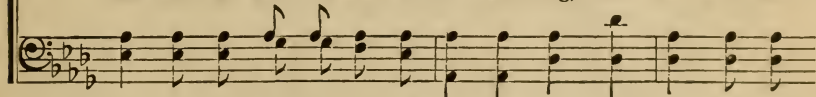
CHORUS.



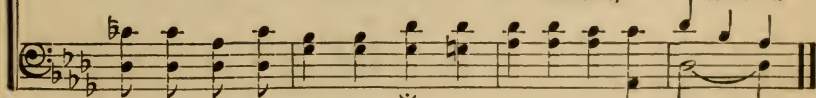
Count me with the chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, Count



me with the ser-vants who would ser-vice bring, Count me with the

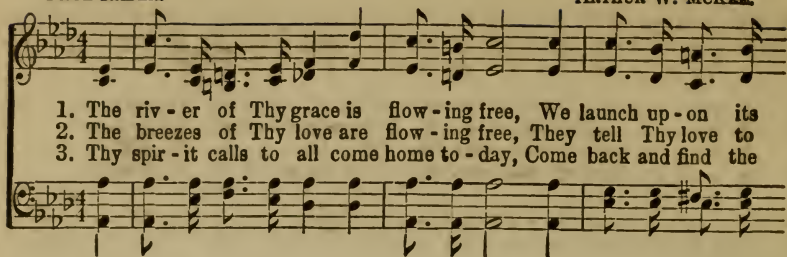


ransomed who His prais-es sing, Count me, count me.
 Count me, count me.

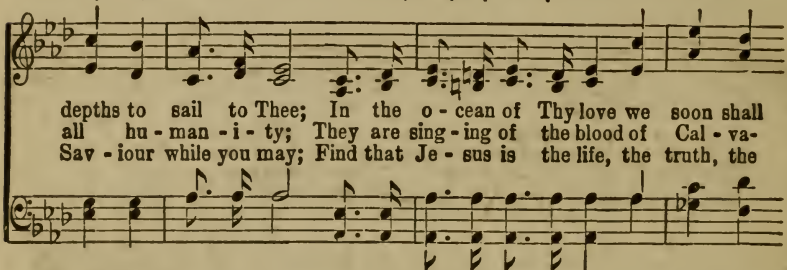


PAUL RADER.

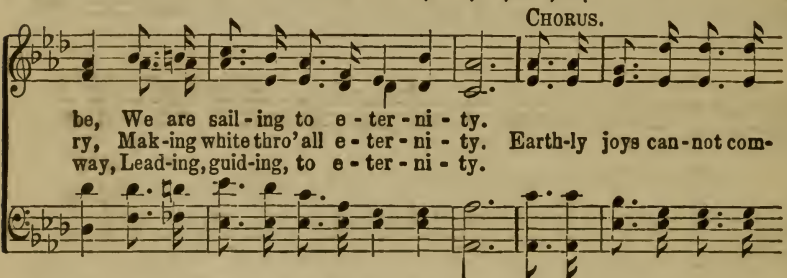
ARTHUR W. MCKEE.



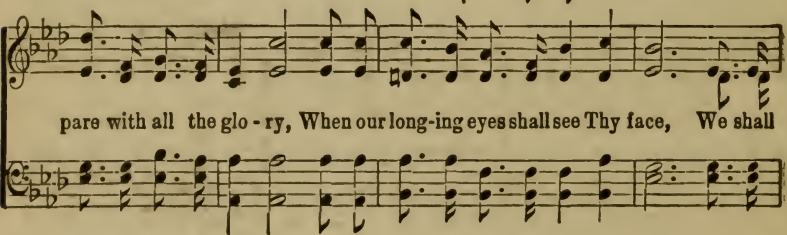
1. The riv - er of Thy grace is flow - ing free, We launch up - on its
 2. The breezes of Thy love are flow - ing free, They tell Thy love to
 3. Thy spir - it calls to all come home to - day, Come back and find the



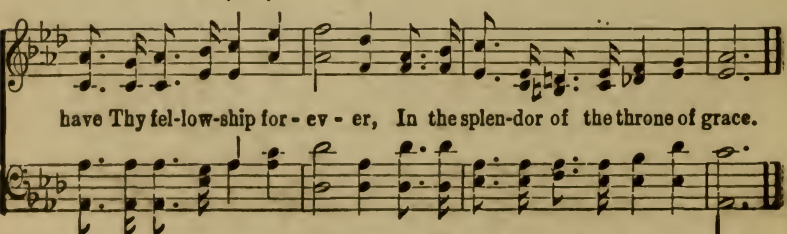
depths to sail to Thee; In the o - cean of Thy love we soon shall
 All hu - man - i - ty; They are sing - ing of the blood of Cal - va -
 Sav - iour while you may; Find that Je - sus is the life, the truth, the



CHORUS.
 be, We are sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty.
 ry, Mak - ing white thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. Earth - ly joys can - not com -
 way, Lead - ing, guid - ing, to e - ter - ni - ty.



pare with all the glo - ry, When our long - ing eyes shall see Thy face, We shall

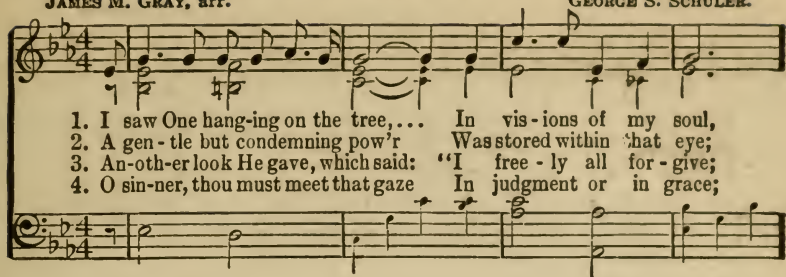


have Thy fel - low - ship for - ev - er, In the splen - dor of the throne of grace.

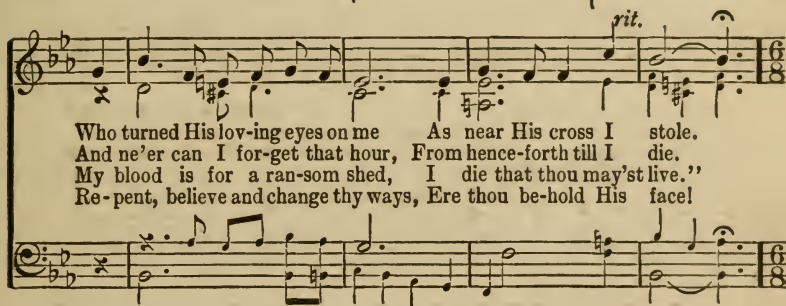
He's Looking On You.

JAMES M. GRAY, arr.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.

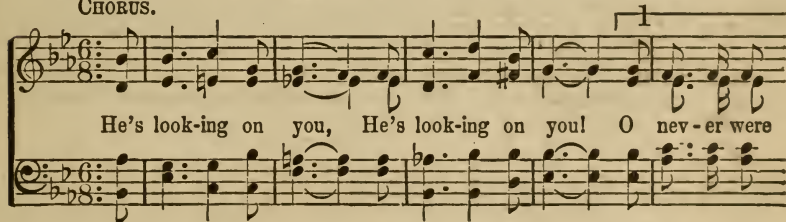


1. I saw One hang-ing on the tree,... In vis-ions of my soul,
 2. A gen-tle but condemn-ing pow'r Was stored within that eye;
 3. An-oth-er look He gave, which said: "I free-ly all for-give;
 4. O sin-ner, thou must meet that gaze In judg-ment or in grace;

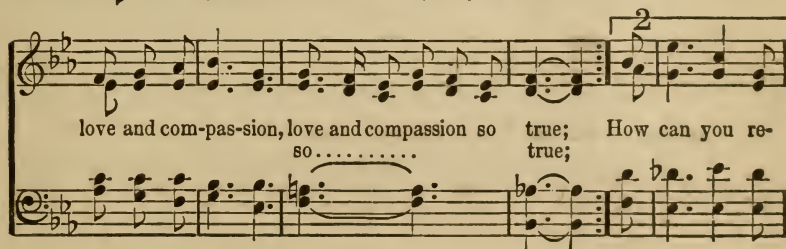


Who turned His lov-ing eyes on me As near His cross I stole.
 And ne'er can I for-get that hour, From hence-forth till I die.
 My blood is for a ran-som shed, I die that thou may'st live."
 Re-pent, believe and change thy ways, Ere thou be-hold His face!

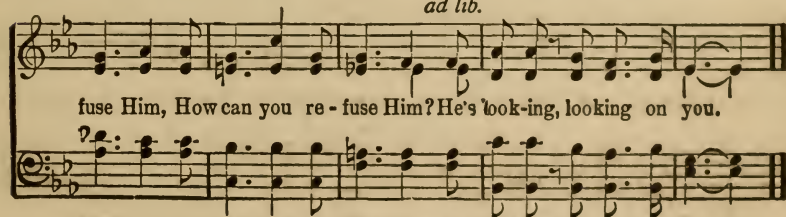
CHORUS.



He's look-ing on you, He's look-ing on you! O nev-er were



love and com-pas-sion, love and compassion so true; How can you re-
 so..... true;

ad lib.


fuse Him, How can you re-fuse Him? He's look-ing, looking on you.

Colin Sterne.

H. E. Nichols. Arr.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who
 4. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions, Who the path of

heart to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
 hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
 reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
 sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might

sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
 shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
 come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.

CHORUS.

For the dark-ness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great Kingdom shall come to earth, The King - dom of love and light.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Romans xvi, 20.

J. E. Rankin, D.D.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! When life's perils thick con-found you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Put His lov - ing arms a - round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

CHORUS.

Till we meet!..... till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet! till we meet a-gain! Till we meet!

Till we meet!..... till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
 Till we meet! till we meet again!

Scripture Readings

429

PRAISE

PSALMS 145

I will extol thee, my God, O king; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name forever and ever.

430

LOVE

1ST CORINTHIANS 13:1-13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Scripture Readings

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

431 THE BLESSED LIFE

MATTHEW 5:1-16

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

432 THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

JOHN 1:1-18

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

Scripture Readings

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

John bare a witness of him, and cried, saying, This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me: for he was before me.

And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.

For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

433 THE WARNING

2ND TIMOTHY 3:1-17

This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.

For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy,

Without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good,

Traitors, heady, high minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God;

Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.

For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, lead away with divers lusts,

Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth: men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith.

But they shall proceed no further: for their folly shall be manifest unto all men, as their's also was.

But thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience,

Persecutions, afflictions, which came unto me at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra; what persecutions I endured: but out of them all the Lord delivered me.

Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived.

But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them;

And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Scripture Readings

434 GIVING UP AND GIVING OUT

ROMANS 12:1-18

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulations; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

435 RELATIONSHIP

JOHN 17:1-13

These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee:

As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.

I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word.

Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee.

Scripture Readings

For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me.

I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine.

And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them.

And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled.

And now come I to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves.

436 CHRIST'S PROPHETIC RETURN

ISAIAH 53:1-11

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

437 THE CROSS

PSALMS 22:11-18; JOHN 19:16-24

Be not far from me; for trouble is near, for there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaw; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me.

They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away.

And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, **JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.**

This title then read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews.

Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did.

438 THE WORLD AND THE CHRISTIAN

JOHN 17:14-26

I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.

As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.

And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;

That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.

And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one:

I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.

O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee: but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me.

And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.

Scripture Readings

439 HIS PROGRAM

1ST THESSALONIANS 4:13-18;

ACTS 1:3-11

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

440 THE GOSPEL

ACTS 10:34-43

Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:

But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ: (he is Lord of all:)

That word, I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judaea, and began from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached;

How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him.

And we are witnesses of all things which he did both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree:

Him God raised up the third day, and shewed him openly;

Not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead.

And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead.

To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.

441 EXHORTATION

1ST JOHN 2:9-17

He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now.

Scripture Readings

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.

But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.

I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.

I write unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one. I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father.

I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

442 ETERNAL LIFE

REVELATION 22:1-14

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.

Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

443 THE CALL TO PRAISE

PSALM 103

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his

righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

444 GOD'S BOOK

PSALM 119:9-16, 18, 32, 44-48, 54-56

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

Scripture Readings

I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

445 GOD'S HOUSE

PSALM 43:3-4; 122

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

446 GOD THE GREAT KING

PSALM 47:1, 2, 5-9; 29:2-8, 10, 11

O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever.

The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.

Scripture Readings

447 THE ALL-WISDOM OF GOD

PSALM 139:1-12, 17, 18, 23, 24

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassedst my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

448 GOD IN HIS WORLD

PSALM 147:12-18; 104:10-32

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth, his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Scripture Readings

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

449 THE ONLY TRUE GOD

PSALM 115:1-16

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens:

he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:

They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.

The Lord shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

450 GRATITUDE FOR GOD'S MERCY

PSALM 136:1-9, 25, 26

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Scripture Readings

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever.

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

451 GOD OUR DEFENCE

PSALM 89:1, 5-9, 11-18

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our king.

452 PERFECT TRUST IN GOD

PSALM 33

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

Scripture Readings

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

453 OUR WEAKNESS WITHOUT GOD

PSALM 90:1, 2, 4-6, 10, 12, 14, 16, 17

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

454 THE MAN GOD LOVES

PSALM 15; PSALM 1

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Scripture Readings

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

455 MY DUTY TO GOD

PSALM 116:1, 2, 9, 12-14, 17-19

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

456 THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD

PSALM 19:7, 8; EXODUS 20:1-17

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

Scripture Readings

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

457 THE UNRULY TONGUE

JAMES 3:2-18

For in many things we offend all. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body.

Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth.

Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the

whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.

For every kind of beasts and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind:

But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God.

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.

Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?

Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine figs? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh.

Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

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